J

Liberty

A Great New Story
By W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM

Book: WAKE FOR A LADY
About a Beauty-Contest Winner, a Press Agent—and a Murder

APRIL 26, 1947
10 CENTS

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HENRY FORD II
(See DREAM DEPARTMENT)

WHAT MAKES GERMANS SADISTS By Alfred Toombs

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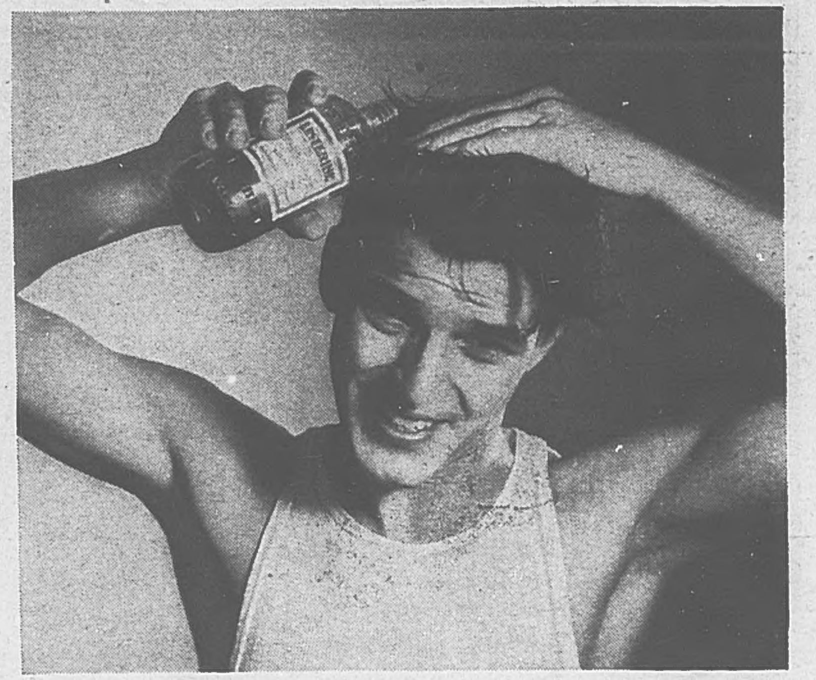
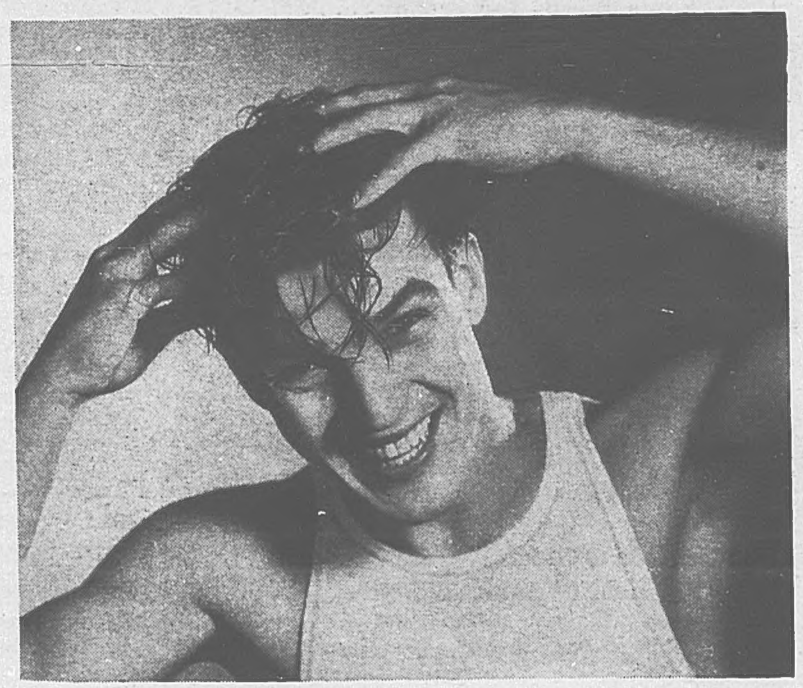
It's getting to be a weekly "Must" with MEN

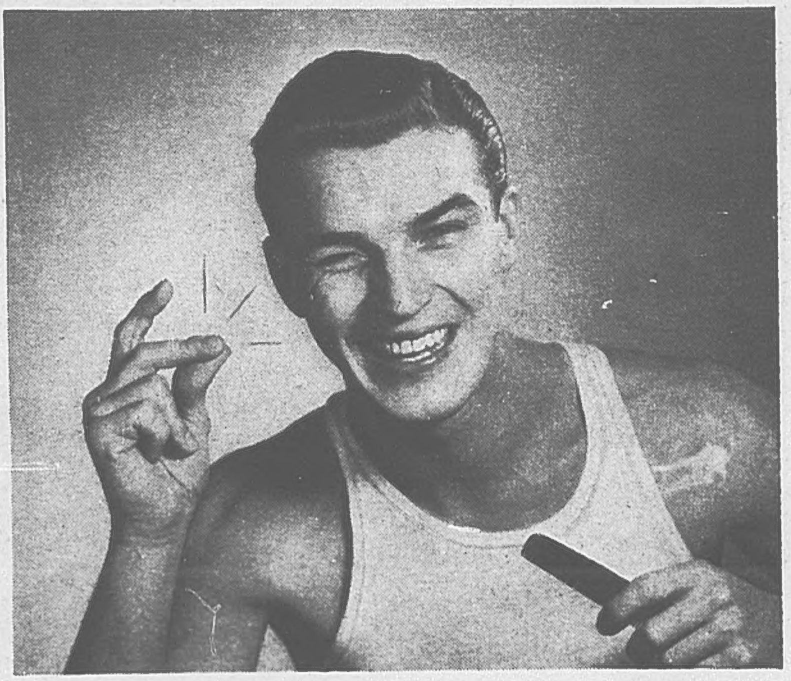
"You bet I use Listerine Antiseptic and massage every time I wash my hair! I'm no dummy! I know how common and how catching infectious dandruff can be, and how hard it is to get rid of. And, in my book, Listerine Antiseptic is a jim-dandy precaution as well as a slick twice-a-day treatment. Nothing complicated about it at all . . . it's as easy as it is delightful.



"It's really fun to use Listerine Antiseptic; no greasy salves, no smelly lotions—just good clean Listerine Antiseptic doused on full-strength. Right away the old scalp gets a real antiseptic bath that makes it feel simply great. And, get this: Listerine Antiseptic kills the stubborn 'bottle bacillus' by millions. That's the baby that a lot of top scalp experts say is a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

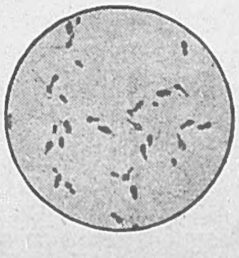


"Next comes vigorous fingertip massage. That's to loosen those ugly flakes and scales that embarrass a guy. I let Listerine Antiseptic stay on as long as I can. Boy, is my scalp clean! And does it feel wonderful! No wonder men go for this routine! And don't think the little woman overlooks it either. She knows a good thing when she sees it.



"No kidding! It's a grand and glorious feeling to realize that your scalp and hair look fresher and are fresher. It's satisfying to know that you've taken a swell precaution against the infectious type of dandruff which can be such a doggone nuisance. All I can say to every man is, try Listerine Antiseptic. You'll like it!"

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC for Infectious Dandruff



The "Bottle Bacillus" (P. ovale) which Listerine Antiseptic kills so readily. Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for over 60 years in the field of oral hygiene.
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NO SALE

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Used by more men today than any other hair tonic

Liberty

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The next issue will appear Friday, April 25, 1947

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Just Between Ourselves

HE KNOWS FROM FIRSTHAND

ALFRED TOOMBS is not writing off the cuff when he tells us WHAT MAKES GERMANS SADISTS. Mr. Toombs knows from firsthand. After V-E Day he was named Chief of Intelligence, Information Control Division, Office of Military Government (U. S.) in Berlin, or "Hey, you!" for short, as he modestly puts it. "I had direct charge of the work," declares Mr. Toombs, "of the mission of scientists assigned to study the German people. I got so absorbed in their studies—and so mad at a number of Nazis who were trying to slip past our investigators and get jobs with AMG—that I forgot to come home until last fall." Mr. Toombs' absorption in his unique task netted the first scientific diagnosis of the mass German mind, which has baffled and menaced the world for generations. "It's a long haul, if we're to teach them anything," concludes Mr. Toombs, "but it can be done."

Mr. Toombs' own education was completed at the University of Maryland, from which he graduated in 1933, the year Hitler came to power. After working on newspapers in Washington and Chicago, he went into the OSS in 1943 and landed in Normandy on D plus 3.

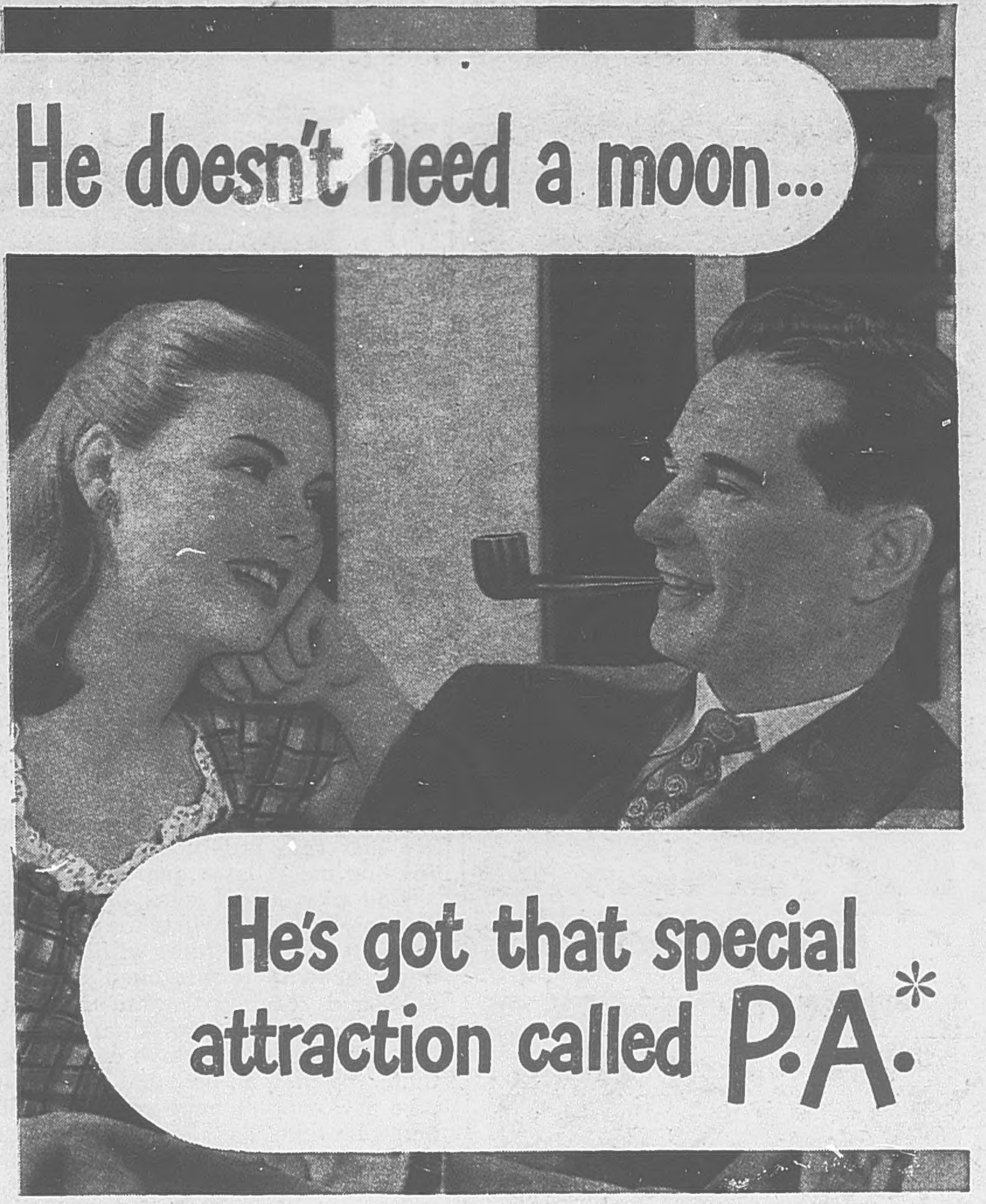
"I'm writing a novel now," he reports, "with background in Germany—nach—and living a simple but warm life in Florida."

WHAT'S BEHIND HENRY FORD

IN case you're wondering what's behind Henry Ford II on the cover of this issue of Liberty, it's a Ford production chart—the miraculously complex symbol of shiny new cars leaving assembly lines. This cover, incidentally, is an Ektachrome by Liberty's staff photographer Emil Herman, ace color man who enjoys that especial prerogative of all news photographers—the right to push presidents, generals, even union leaders, around. Mr. Ford and Mr. Herman immediately found a common interest: amateur photography, one of Mr. Ford's hobbies. So interested was the young motor magnate in Mr. Herman's photo gadgets, that a fifteen-minute appointment lengthened to an hour—with handsome results for Liberty.

COMING UP

LIKE a good scrap? The May 10 Liberty brings you NAVY VS. AIR FORCE ON HOW TO FIGHT THE NEXT WAR. Former Assistant Secretary of the Navy H. Struve Hensel slugs it out with Liberty's tough Bob Allen who, though a former ground-force colonel with General Patton, takes air power's part. This has Washington buzzing before publication. Watch for it! . . . Also watch for Bob Hope's hilarious MY BASEBALL FORECAST FOR 1947 in the same big May 10 issue. . . . On the fiction front you'll find OUT OF THE DARK, by Hyatt Downing, an exciting new kind of Western —the first of two parts.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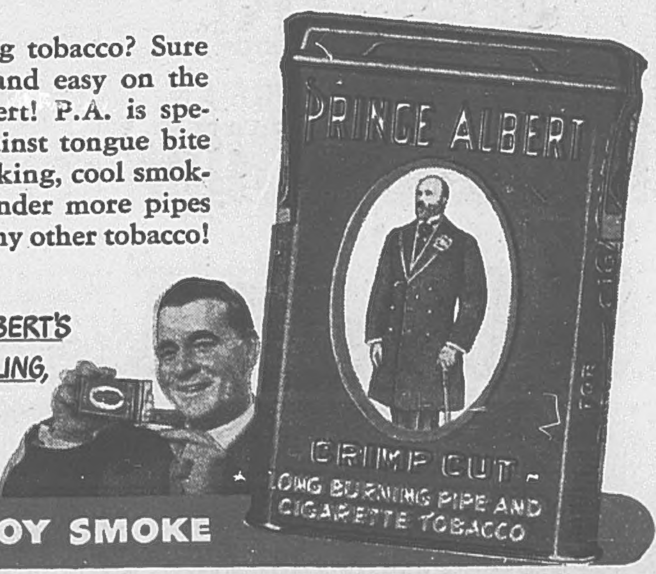


Two dames are out to get him....

One with her lips...

The other with a gun!

Paramount presents

ALAN LADD

GAIL RUSSELL · WILLIAM BENDIX

in "CALCUTTA"

with JUNE DUPREZ

Lowell Gilmore · Edith King

Directed by JOHN FARROW

VOX POP

"The Voice of the People"

A CROSBY RATING

SCRANTON, PA.—With many of my friends, as with myself, Bing Crosby rates as *tops.* We're delighted with Liberty's Bing-and-sons cover (March 15). Does it portray him costumed? And if so, for what? Do tell us all.—*June Birch.*

Pat Holbrooke's cover portrait shows Bing costumed for his part in The Emperor Waltz, a Brackett-and-Wilder (Paramount) "human comedy with songs" to be seen and heard next fall.—VOX POP EDITOR.

YOU TELL HER, GIRLS

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.—The serial, Paradise with Serpent, now running in Liberty is an insult to the American soldier, especially the officers. I have been under the impression that we had real red-blooded boys defending us. What a gag!

God pity a girl who wastes time waiting for a man like that to come back. If she gets him, within thirty days she will be wretchedly miserable and disgusted with the self-righteous, holier-than-thou nature. No *real* woman can love a man like that. And no man like that can *really* love a woman! I hope when he gets home he finds his Leila has married and is the mother of quads from his worst enemy.

I'll bet nine out of every ten women readers will feel just like I do. What do the girls think about it? —*Gip Akin.*

STORK PLUMAGE

NEW BEDFORD, CONN.—Just taking time out to say I believe your numerous pictures of maternity styles (Eyewitness, March 1) were downright vulgar. My boy friend and I were looking at the magazine together, and were we embarrassed! Those pages were turned over quickly. Why did you do it?—*Sorry Subscriber.*

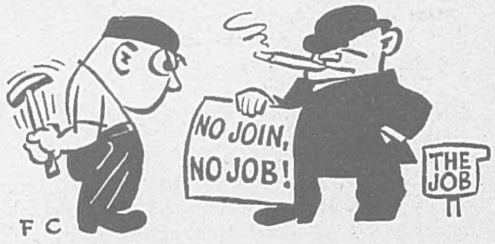
DATES HIM?

EIGHTH ARMY OFFICERS' CLUB, YOKOHAMA, JAPAN—In Ernest Chiriacka's illustration of Edward Hope's Captain Willoby receiving the luscious wench in Paradise with Serpent (February 1), the captain is shown wearing insignia of rank on his shirt epaulets. (This was abandoned by War Department directives in August, 1942.) He is wearing no insignia on shirt collar or cap. (This went into effect when the shoulder insignia went out.) His pocket is unbuttoned. (Tch, tch!) Leather trouser belt. (Egad!) He is wearing a tie. (I wonder where he got it in the first stages of the occupation.) *And* there just ain't no such critter in the Pacific area as that native gal. At least, such has never been mentioned in the barracks bull sessions I've attended during my three years in this area.—*Capt. Mike Mansfield.*

OUGHT TO BE A LAW?

INDEPENDENCE, MO.—In your February 15 issue, Jimmy Backus says the world is "full of willing people—some willing to work, and the rest willing to let them."

Now, what the world wishes is that this were true. What the majority wishes is that some law will be made speedily which will prohibit strikes or dissolve unions, so those who are willing to work can do so and those who are not willing to work can be *made* to let those work who are willing.—*J. F. P.*



A WORD WITH THE UNIONS

LIMON, COLO.—I read with great interest the article, Which Way, America? (March 1), by my old friend Alfred P. Sloan, Jr. He hits the nail on the head.

I have been a union man ever since I was a boy—was the youngest machinist taken in at that time. I paid lots of money into unions and have received nothing. I believe unions have become too big for their pants.

There is a limit to what labor can be paid for what it produces. I have watched plenty of lost motion as people employed would go visiting or

(*Continued on page 8*)

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E. HALDEMAN-JULIUS
Editor of the
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1753 Why Many Women Are Unattractive
1756 Simplified Cook-Book
1761 America's Little Hitlers
1826 How to Cash In On Your Veteran's Benefits. The G.I. Bill of Rights
1831 Sex-Life in Soviet Russia
1847 The Meaning of All Common Given Names

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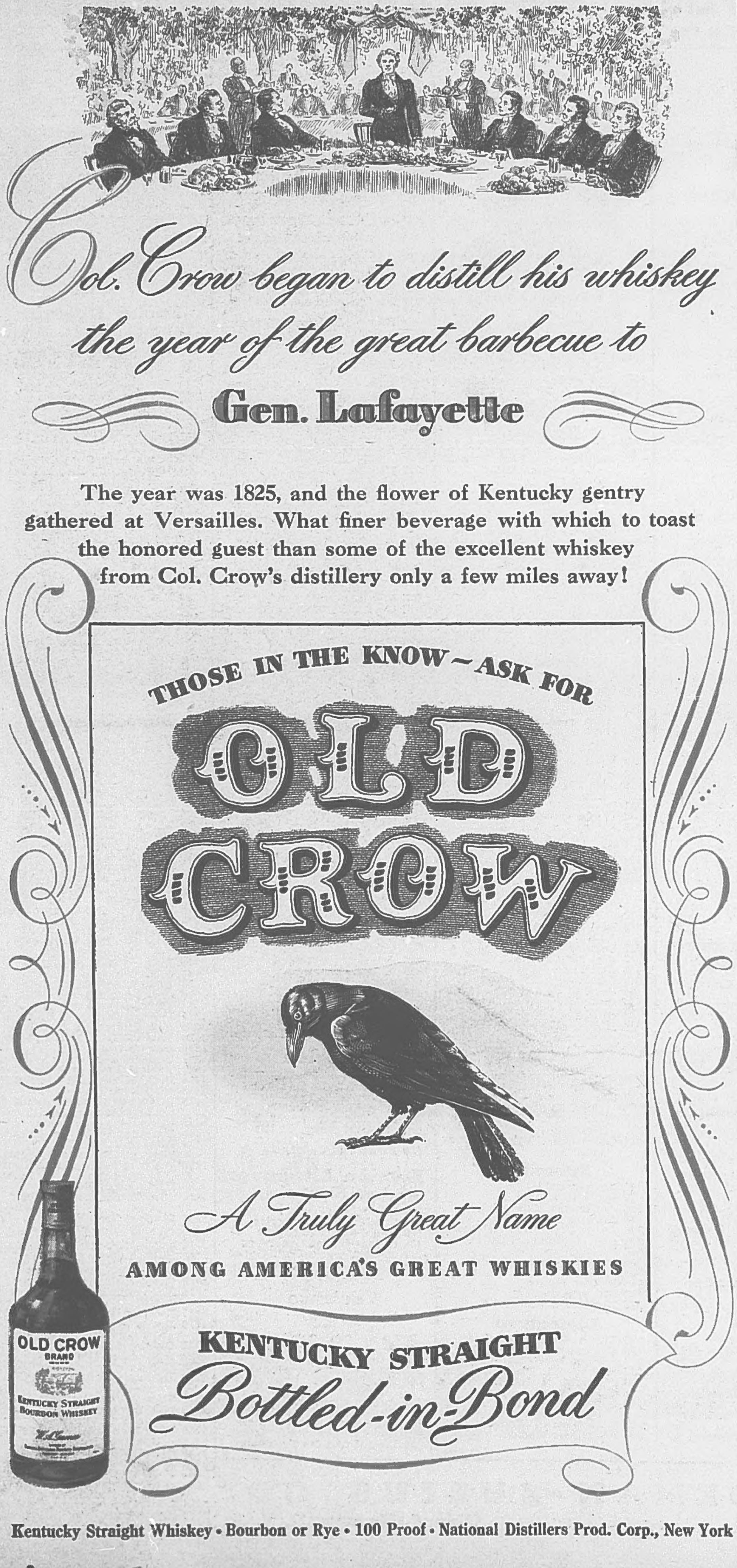

Col. Crow began to distill his whiskey the year of the great barbecue to

Gen. Lafayette

The year was 1825, and the flower of Kentucky gentry gathered at Versailles. What finer beverage with which to toast the honored guest than some of the excellent whiskey from Col. Crow's distillery only a few miles away!

THOSE IN THE KNOW—ASK FOR

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AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT

Bottled-in-Bond

Kentucky Straight Whiskey • Bourbon or Rye • 100 Proof • National Distillers Prod. Corp., New York

(*Continued from page 6*)

just bum around on the boss's time. They don't realize that the cost of production is put onto them in the long run.

The average war worker today hasn't as much left as the soldier that came back after winning the war—and that is nothing and no home, either.—*Art Hamlin.*

A TWENTY-ONE-GUN SALUTE

MANHATTAN, KANS.—I have never in my life enjoyed a story more than I did Liberty's condensation of Thomas Heggen's Mister Roberts (March 1). This is the most absorbing true-to-life story I ever read.

HA-HA-HA-HA-HA-HA-HA
Liberty
F C

And I laughed out loud throughout the entire story. It sounds exactly like the navy (I'm a former ensign) and what everybody would like to do to some pain-in-the-neck person —not necessarily the skipper.—*D. A. Askew.*

BR'ER WOLF SPEAKING?

ATLANTA, GA.—Read with much interest Mrs. Newill's What Chance Has a Girl in Alaska? (March 15). How about getting her to air her views on what chance a man has? I'd like to go up there, but never can find anyone to tell me about it. I'm single, but assure you I never go anywhere with the fourth (ring) finger of my left hand extended.—*Constant Reader.*

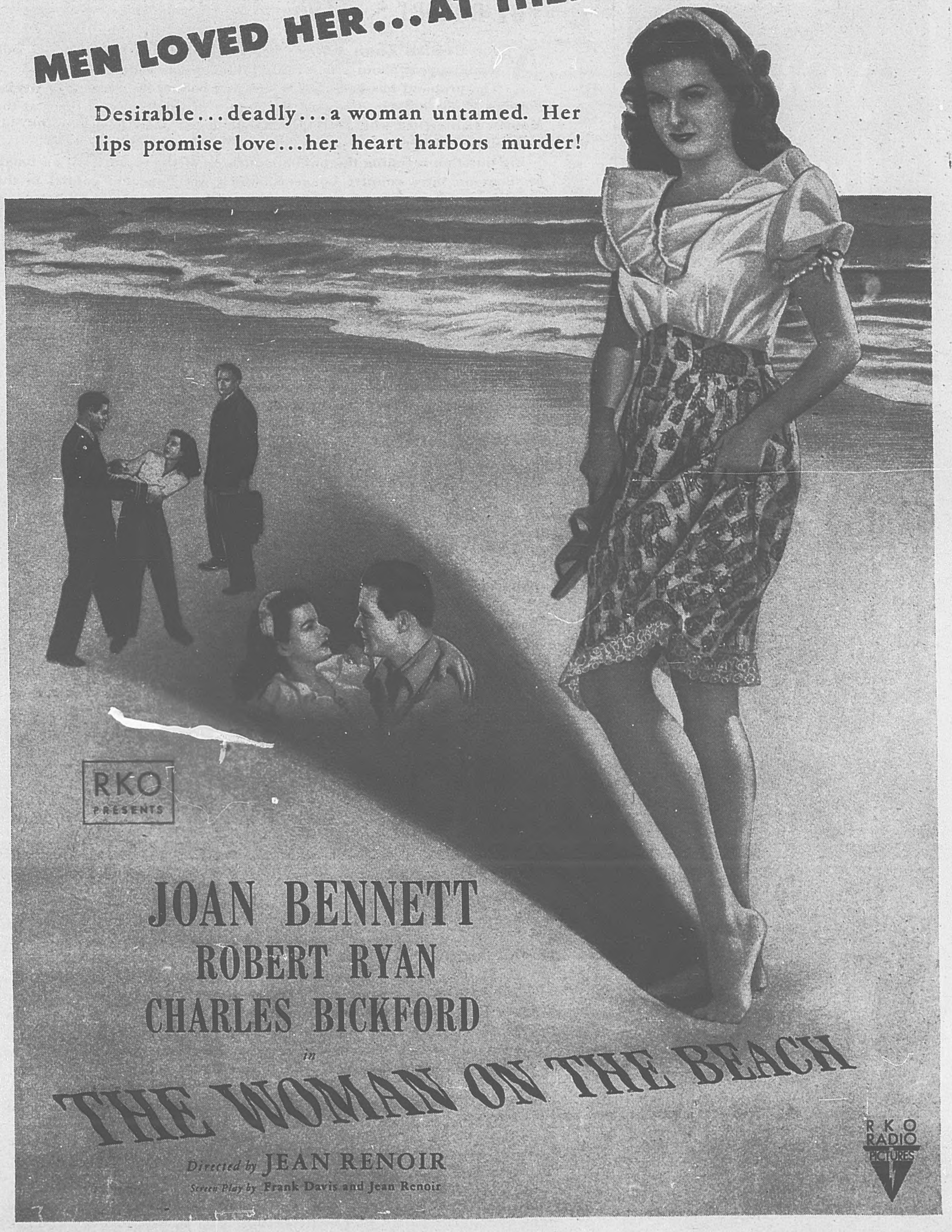
NOMINATIONS SECONDED

GLEN COVE, N. Y.—Paul Hunter's editorial, General Ike Says "No"—But—(March 1) was one of the best I have read up to now on Republican nominations for the Presidential and Vice-Presidential candidates for 1948. These two men, Eisenhower and Stassen, make a perfect pair, not only for their wide experience and intelligence but for their honesty and integrity. If 1947 brings a state of political bungling in the White House, as the past decade or so has, we will positively need two men such as these.—*Gerald F. Gorman.*

SOMERSET, KY.—Ah! I think Paul Hunter has it, in his March 1 editorial. Here's one ex-soldier with a Democratic background who would vote in 1948 for the Eisenhower-and-Stassen team *on the Republican ticket.* Bravo! (And I'm from the solid South—Birmingham.)—*Lyman H. Ash.*

MEN LOVED HER...AT THEIR OWN RISK!

Desirable...deadly...a woman untamed. Her lips promise love...her heart harbors murder!



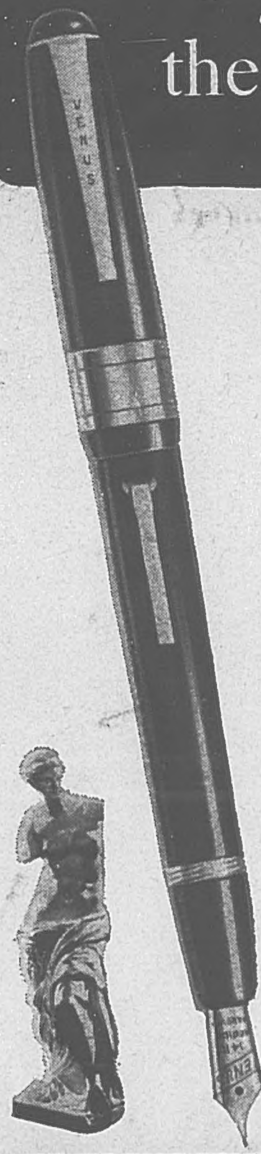
RKO PRESENTS

JOAN BENNETT
ROBERT RYAN
CHARLES BICKFORD
in

THE WOMAN ON THE BEACH

Directed by JEAN RENOIR
Screen Play by Frank Davis and Jean Renoir

RKO RADIO PICTURES



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compare
...the *pen* and the *price!*

Stop at your favorite pen counter. *Look* at *all* the popular brands. Then...*see* and *write with* the Venus *President*—that gives you *every essential writing feature of pens costing twice as much.*

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Makers of famous Venus Pencils

WASHINGTON UNDERCURRENT

BY ROBERT S. ALLEN

New British Loan • Don't be surprised if newspaper stories suddenly appear about a new multi-billion-dollar loan to Britain.

The proposal has been busily brewing behind the scenes for weeks. Foreign Minister Bevin discussed the matter privately several times at the Moscow Conference with Secretary Marshall and John Foster Dulles, his Republican adviser.

Big question is timing the public launching of the move. That's a tough problem on three counts: Congress, which was none too cordial to the previous loan; the strained situations in Palestine, Greece, and other hot spots; and fear of a flood of demands from other countries, particularly Russia.

BEVIN

Meanwhile the stage is being deftly set for Britain's drive. A leader in this is one of Downing Street's ablest and smoothest prop setters—Charles Campbell, member of the British Embassy with the title, director of the British Information Service.

Genial and astute, Campbell is unknown to the U. S. public. But he is intimately and ingratiatingly known at the National Press Club, hangout of government officials, members of Congress, and correspondents. Campbell has a wide acquaintance among the latter.

Basis of the new loan plan is Britain's economic plight, which is almost as bad as it is being shrewdly pictured. Last year, England borrowed $3,750,000,000 from us, plus $1,000,000,000 from Canada.

But owing to increased prices here, serious setbacks in British production and exports, and heavy drains in Germany and elsewhere, consumption of the loans has greatly exceeded estimates. At the present rate, Britain will exhaust the borrowings by 1949—two years ahead of schedule.

Sound Advice • Although still not legally a senator, "The Man" Bilbo's office on Capitol Hill is a beehive of activity. An $8,000 administrative assistant, a secretary, and four women clerks, all paid by the government, grind out a large quantity of franked mail daily.

Administrative assistant J. O. Day says the staff is busy handling correspondence from Mississippi constituents. Day also professes no qualms over Bilbo's eventual seating.

Just before Bilbo departed to undergo his recent mouth operation, he was asked by Ed Hart to appear on the latter's radio forum. Bilbo said he would like to, but first wanted to consult his lawyer.

A few minutes later, Bilbo called back and said, "Ah'm awfully sorry, Brother Hart, Ah'd lak to go on yore sho', but mah lawyer says Ah cain't. He says Ah've got to keep mah big mouth shut. It's distressin', but Ah guess he's right."

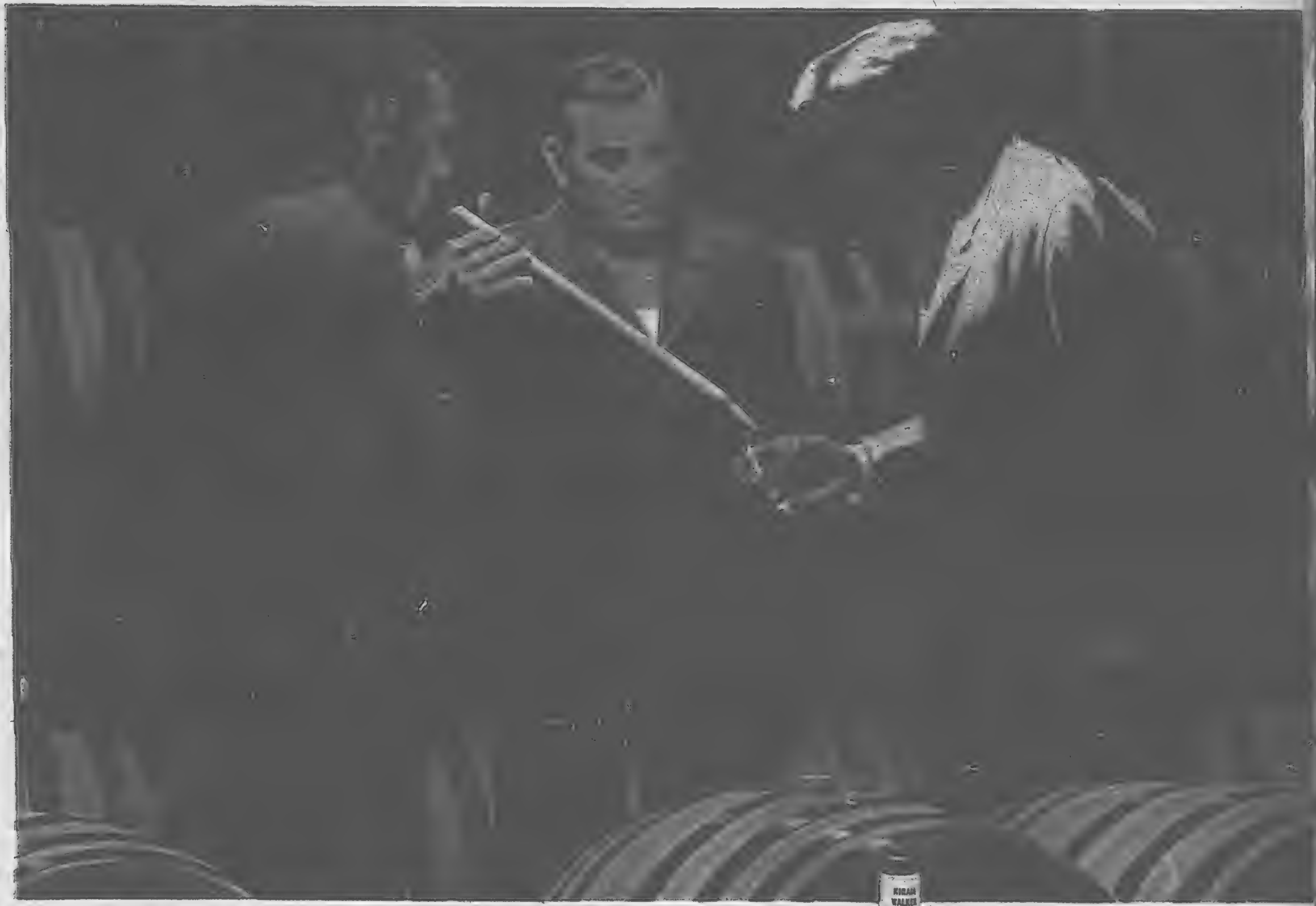
BILBO

Around the Circuit • It is costing the United States around $1,000 a month for every man in the overseas occupation forces. . . . A Treasury drive launched two years ago this month already has netted more than $2,000,000,000 in additional income taxes plus penalties. . . . As of December 2, 1946, every power plant in Nebraska is publicly owned. This is the only state where this is so. . . . So far, 61 ex-G.I.s have enlisted under General Eisenhower's new rule permitting handicapped veterans to join the Regular Army. . . . A significant change has recently taken place in the Russian Army. At the same time it was being somewhat reduced, the number of political commissars was substantially increased.

Out on a Limb • The Senate will not confirm the promotion of Colonel James A. Kilian, convicted in the Lichfield brutality trials. . . . Marshal Tito, Red dictator of Yugoslavia, will disappear from the international scene this year. . . . The Civilian Production Administration will go out of business by May 1. . . . Major General John H. Hilldring, Assistant Secretary of State in charge of Military Government, will soon be looking for a new job. . . . There will not be a fight over tariff policy in Congress this year. It will go over to 1948.

Do fine whiskies need something more than time for ageing?

Indeed they do. Hiram Walker's whiskies are not forgotten during their mellowing years in the warmed rackhouses. As these fine base whiskies mature in charred oak barrels, Hiram Walker men watch and test them with exacting care. Here Artist Fred Ludekens shows these men at work in the distillery at Peoria. We hope you'll come one day to see how skillfully Hiram Walker applies its 89 years of whiskey-wisdom. Then, whenever you order Imperial, you'll know the reason for your complete enjoyment of this finer whiskey.



It's good to know!

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700,000 STOCKHOLDERS

They are all a part of good telephone service

The owners of the Bell System are everyday people like the rest of us, in all walks of life, in the cities, towns and rural areas of America.

More than half of the 700,000 owners of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company have been stockholders for ten years or more. More than half are women. One in every fourteen is a telephone employee.

About 210,000 stockholders own 5 shares or less. The average holding is 30 shares. No one person or institution owns as much as one-half of one per cent of the stock.

The savings of many people helped build the Bell System which serves so many people and gives employment to 625,000 men and women.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF
A FREE PEOPLE

Seven per cent of all babies are prematurely born. In a city once notorious for violent death, they are safest — thanks to a dramatic, heart-warming system

By Albert Q. Maisel

Chicago Fights for Its Tiniest Babies

READING TIME • 17 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

WOULD it surprise you to learn that Chicago, long noted for violent death, has made itself one of the safest places in which to be born? Despite corruption, crime, rickety wooden slums, and an ever-growing, overcrowded Negro colony, the Windy City offers its newest citizens the best chance of life of any major city in the country.

By 1945, Chicago could boast of having only 96 deaths of mothers in almost 60,000 births; its death rate among full-term babies stood at the all-time low of barely 6 per 1,000—99.4 per cent survived their first fourteen days. These figures are impressive. But even more so is Chicago's fight to save the lives of its least-likely-to-survive 7 per cent—those minute victims of nature's haste who are born prematurely.

In the last five years 18,699 of these mites have squealed their first weak cries in Chicago—mouselike creatures weighing as little as a pound and three ounces. In spite of every effort, 3,750 of them have died. But if the next 2,608 of these "premies" had not happened to be born in Chicago, they too would have died.

CHICAGO DAILY NEWS PHOTO

Chicago's stork special ambulance is equipped with a portable incubator and an oxygen tent for the safe delivery of premature babies from the home to the hospital. In 1946 800 premies rode to survival under the watchful eye of a trained nurse.

Chicago hasn't worked these miracles by any wonder pill. At least, I don't suppose that would be a properly respectful term to apply to a health commissioner. For more than twenty years Herman Bundesen, peppery, sharp-tongued, fighting president of the Board of Health, has remained in office come good mayors or bad and despite the plots of every "special interest" from Al Capone on down. From his dilapidated headquarters on dreary Dearborn Street this fighting health commissioner has built and directed his wonderful human machine: a network of specially equipped hospitals and especially trained nurses that springs into action within less than an hour after each premature birth.

For in Chicago the law requires that the Health Department be notified of the birth of premature babies within sixty minutes. And that law is observed—literally. In hospitals on the North Side gold coast, nurses are trained to turn to the phone even before the mother is wheeled from the delivery room. Back of the stockyards, the few remaining midwives follow the same rule.

By now, city doctors have learned that even their wealthiest patients cannot possibly buy better care for a premie than the Health Department can ensure for them. But it has not alway been so. There was the time when one of Bundesen's nurses found a bearded old-time physician who placed a two-pound baby in a shoe box on a radiator and refused to let it be hospitalized.

There was another time when the baby was not to be found at all when the Health Department nurse came clanging up in her white ambulance. But a young brother helpfully told the nurse, "I got a brand-new sister. She ain't done yet, so we put her in the oven to finish her up."

Such mistreatment of premies hasn't always been at the hands of the poor and the ignorant. Many a premie has died because an overanxious nurse or physician has tried to do too much for it. Sometimes stimulants, such as coramine, have been administered—bringing death where they were meant to protect life. Sometimes, in the excitement and panic that surround an unexpected birth, nurses have tried to feed a premie in its first squalling hours—when feeding is the worst thing that can be done. But cases like these are rare exceptions nowadays. Usually parents, relatives, and physicians all are delighted to turn the whole problem of life saving over to the brisk and competent Health Department premie nurses.

And thus, no matter where a premie is born in Chicago—in the splendid sanitation of Passevant Hospital or in some cold-water flat—it becomes "Uncle Herman" Bundesen's problem before it is sixty minutes old.

If it has come into the world in a taxi or a phone booth or a private home—and 7,500 babies were *not* born in hospitals last year in the Windy City—the premie ambulance dashes from its parking lot in the Loop. As it careens through the streets, the nurse inside has already turned on the preheater that warms up a specially built portable incubator. It is no more than a matter of minutes before the little glass-windowed box has received its new tenant. Then, heat turned on and oxygen whistling into the container, the baby rides in style and safety to one of the city's two special premie centers.

EVEN the premies born in Chicago's hospitals become wards of the Health Department before they are an hour old. Fifty-seven of Chicago's hospitals are today permitted to operate maternity wards. Because of increasingly stringent regulations, perhaps a dozen others have given up their inadequate maternity sections, where it was impossible to protect infants and mothers properly against infection. Those hospitals still operating maternity wards are divided into three groups. Twenty-four of them, feeling that they cannot meet all of the Chicago standards for the care of premies, have a standing arrangement with the Health Department under which their premature babies are speedily transported to special, central premie nurseries.

Twenty-four other hospitals have adequate facilities for the care of premies—a special nursery isolated against infection and equipped with incubators, oxygen tanks, and all the other apparatus required for the city's high standard of premie care. But the present nursing shortage has prevented these hospitals from maintaining full, round-the-clock staffs of specially trained premie nurses. So their babies, too, are shifted at the earliest opportunity to the premie centers.

In the third group—now numbering nine—are the hospitals fully equipped and fully staffed to provide permanent care for even the tiniest, weakest, and most premature of babies. Premies born in these hospitals are almost never transferred. Yet they are constantly under the critical eyes and, if need be, the control of the Health Department.

Sometimes the inspecting nurses have visited a single nursery three times within twenty-four hours. Time of day means nothing to these young ladies, and every hospital supervisor knows that they are quite likely to appear at three in the morning. The nursing shortage has accentuated the need for these inspections, for there is a constant turnover of nursing personnel. New nurses and old are thus forever being checked to make certain that the highly specialized and infinitely detailed routines of premature-baby care are followed to the last letter.

The pride of Chicago is focused on the two unique premie centers to which babies are shifted from other points. For under the system which Herman Bundesen has fathered, the outlying hospitals are never allowed to fill up if this can be avoided. Instead, the aim is always to keep one or two incubators free at each hospital nursery as a reserve for emergencies. Thus, day after day the special ambulance—the only such ambulance in the country—ferries premies to Chicago's two central premie stations, at Sarah Morris and Cook County hospitals.

Here, in rooms barred not only to the public but to other hospital personnel, stand row after row of incubators and heated bassinets filled with undersized, underaged babies. And here the privileged visitor can watch the very process of saving creatures too tiny and too young to maintain their own body heat.

INP PHOTO

Two sets of twins, a few hours old, get eye-dropper feedings. The set on the right, both boys, were born a month prematurely.

CHICAGO DAILY NEWS PHOTO

Dr. Herman Bundesen, Chicago's forthright Commissioner of Health, insists that premature infants are meant to live.

You enter the premie wards at Cook County solemn with awe. But your first few minutes with Dr. Harold Gerber, the senior resident who rules this tiny world, dispel any illusions you may have had that the saving of tiny lives is a grim and gruesome process. To Dr. Gerber and his specially trained nurses, even these minuscule babies have personality and character. To the visitor they all look alike. But the nurses will tell you, "We call this little fellow Smiley—he's the happiest brat in the ward."

Most of all they boast about their "graduates"—the babies they saved years ago who now come back to visit them and prove the value of their work. Even the factual hospital records tell exciting tales. You pick up one, of baby Elizabeth J——, born in the lobby of the hospital last June 21. At birth she weighed but 23 ounces. Three days later her weight had fallen to 18 ounces. Then it began to climb, shakily at first. At the end of her third week she crossed the two-pound line. By late August she was approaching 4 pounds. On October 12, when she went home, she was a bright-eyed, perfectly normal infant, tipping the scales at 5 pounds 1 ounce. And just before Christmas, when her mother brought her back for a "visit," little Elizabeth weighed 9 pounds 3 ounces.

With never fewer than fifty babies, and often as many as seventy-five, Dr. Gerber's wing is an almost complete little hospital in itself. New premies are brought first to an isolated admitting room where they spend at least ten days. Thus any infection that might enter with a new infant never gets a chance to spread.

At the end of ten days, the babies are "promoted" to one of the three main wards. Here they lie—row on row —in tiny heated beds—chrome-plated creations that look like descendants of an old-fashioned wash boiler. Under the metal-and-glass hoods of these Hess beds, the nurses watch their little charges, turning them gently from side to side every four hours to avoid lung congestion. Never does the nursery temperature fall below 75 degrees. When the babies are removed for bathing, room temperatures are raised to 80 degrees or higher. In the incubators the temperature (*Continued on page 86*)

The Mother

By W. Somerset Maugham

The strange story of a woman possessed by a dreadful, unnatural passion

READING TIME • 24 MINUTES 7 SECONDS

SOUNDS of a quarrel in the patio brought two or three people out of their rooms to listen.

It was a two-story tenement house in a back street of La Macarena, roughest quarter in Seville. The rooms were let to working men and to the small functionaries with which Spain is overrun—postmen, policemen, tram conductors. The place swarmed with children. There were twenty families there. They squabbled and made it up; they chattered their heads off; they helped one another when help was needed. The Andalusians are good-natured people, and on the whole they got on well enough together. One room had been for some time unlet. A woman had taken it that morning, and an hour later had brought her bits and pieces, carrying as much as she could herself, with a *Gallego*—the Galicians are the general porters of Spain—laden with the rest.

The quarrel was growing more violent, and the two women above, anxious not to miss a word, leaned over the balcony.

They heard the newcomer's shrill voice raised in a torrent of abuse and the man's sullen interjections.

"I shan't go till you pay me," he kept on saying.

"But I've paid you already. You said you'd do it for three reales."

"Never! You promised me four."

ILLUSTRATED BY PAT HOLBROOKE

For $10 a year you can have all the sport, recreation, and fishing you want from your own pond — plus two solid meals weekly for the family

How TO PLANT A FISH

By Allen Rankin

READING TIME•3 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

IF you're one of those old-fashioned fishermen who trust to luck, now's the time to start planting your own fish. You can now plant and grow a bass as easily as a tomato or a petunia—more easily, for vegetables and flowers depend on unpredictables, like weather. Fish growing does not.

Hundreds of thousands of fish beds or small artificial ponds are being built all over the country. Alabama alone has 5,000. Pond owners who get the best results are those taking the advice of the professors at the nation's "fish colleges." Of these, Alabama Polytechnic Institute at Auburn, Alabama, with 1,300 acres of experimental ponds, has long been a pioneer in the science of fish culture.

Here's how to plant your own fish:

First—unless you've more than the average pocket change—interest a group of your friends in forming a fishing club to split the cost. The 60 members of the Auburn Outing Club have built, and are maintaining, a 12-acre pond for a cost of $10 a year per member. For the $10, every member gets all the fish and recreation he wants.

Sometime over the week-end ride out and find a place that might lend itself to becoming a pond. No running stream is necessary. If you can find a low place in the land, you can throw a dam across it very cheaply, and your county agent will show you how. If no natural "water catcher" exists, you can have a shallow basin rooted out with a bulldozer. Water from surrounding land will fill a one-acre pond in the course of normal winter and spring rains. For one family, one acre will be enough. For a club, you'll want the pond larger. It should cost you no more than $200 an acre to build.

You can lease the land for a small sum per club member per year. Or the owner may let you use it for free since fish ponds build up the natural fertility of the land.

You can stock the pond as soon as one tenth of the bottom is covered with water. Your county agent can help you get the fish free from a state or government hatchery.

Try to choose a type of fish which thrives best in your area. If you follow Auburn's methods, you'll put 1,500 bream (perch) to 100 bass (trout) into the pond at the same time, if you intend to fertilize it; 400 bream to 30 bass, if you don't.

Fertilizing scientifically helps fish. It will cost an extra $20 an acre per year; but the cost will be more than offset by the size of the crop. The fertilizer feeds microscopic plant life, called algae, which in turn feeds tiny water insects and animals, and the fish eat these.

Buy the standard commercial 6-8-4 mixture of nitrogen, phosphoric acid, and potash. Add to this 10 pounds of nitrate of soda. Spread it from the shore line or drop it slowly from a moving boat.

You may begin fishing your pond toward the end of the first year that it is stocked. Then the bream will tip the scales at a quarter of a pound; the bass at a half to a full pound. How large they'll be in two years depends on how much you fish. The more you catch, the faster the other fish have room to grow.

Weeds and moss will come up soon enough. Weeds start in water less than two feet deep and spread. Pull them before they get into deeper places. Prevent moss growth by building your pond so that all parts are at least two feet deep. Emergent weeds, such as water lilies and lotus, should be clipped out with a scythe.

If you're a landowner or farmer, you can sell fishing rights and pick up from $10 to $20 an acre of water per year. In some states farmers sell the fish they take from their ponds. But the value of the pond in irrigation, cattle watering, and increasing the fertility of the land is by far the greatest.

"But is this kind of fishing sporting?" many old dyed-in-the-wild anglers ask. "Will there be enough of the element of doubt and uncertainty left in it?" The answer is definitely yes. It is sporting to increase the wild life of the country and put it on a sound paying basis. And as for the doubt and uncertainty, the actual sport of the thing, who can predict a fish's biting humor anywhere, any time?

THE END

What

For the first time science explains why Germans periodically run amuck, to become dangerous bullies, tyrants, and the willing slaves of dictators

By Alfred Toombs

READING TIME• 14 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

AN American jeep, bouncing along a German highway, ran into a young bicyclist. He was only slightly injured, and the driver of the jeep took him home to his father, then went for a doctor.

As the doctor examined the injuries, the boy began to whimper a little. His father, a roughly dressed farmer, warned him sternly against any further outcry. But as the doctor applied antiseptic to the wounds, the boy cried out again. Sharply, this time, the father told him to be quiet; but the smarting pain was too much, and the youngster whimpered again. As fast as a rattler striking, the father dealt the boy a blow that knocked him across the room.

"I told you to keep quiet!" he roared.

The American who witnessed this scene was a social scientist who had come to Germany for the express purpose of gathering such pertinent data on German life as this. He belonged to the scientific mission assembled by the Information Control Division of Military Government to undertake one of the boldest ventures of its kind in the annals of modern research.

The mission was seeking, through use of scientific techniques, to solve one of the most perplexing riddles of our time: What is it about the German people which has led them to start two world wars, submit eagerly to dictatorship, and support institutionalized crime?

Psychiatrists have learned to treat the mental ills of individuals. Psychologists have become skilled in probing the minds of groups of people. Anthropologists have been successful in picturing the way of life of savage tribes and ancient peoples. Experts from all three fields were called together to make the first effort at a concerted study of a wayward nation.

The incident of the injured boy filled one page in the book of notes which they compiled during the past year. It was one of thousands of little clues which enabled the scientists to diagnose the German sickness.

In their search for information, they wandered through a strange Never-Never Land, where children were scared to death of Santa Claus; where a young man could tell what the lifework, political conviction, and religious persuasion of his grandson would be a generation before the child was born; where almost every family had its own little dictator—where most boys' worst enemies were their fathers.

The information gathered points to the conclusion that almost every German born during the past 100 or so years has been run along the assembly line of the world's most efficient Fascism factory. And that assembly line is continuing to produce new model Fascists today, under the noses of several hundred thousand conquering soldiers.

The father who slapped his injured son around was a part of that assembly line. So was the old Socialist who was observed addressing a youth meeting in the American zone of Germany. He was an anti-Nazi who had suffered under Hitler, and was now trying to win German youth away from the Nazis' teachings. As a climax to his speech, he recalled the old days when Socialist youth had marched through the streets in uniform, singing the party songs. Now that democracy was restored, those happy days would come again—youth could march in uniform and sing the Socialist songs. As he finished, he shouted three times, "Long live the Socialist Party!" His audience, with arms outstretched, replied three times, "*Hoch!*"

In the pulpit of a Bavarian church a priest who had often deplored the excesses of the Nazi regime was reading a pastoral letter. It was a bitter denunciation of the Poles and Czechs, who were charged with driving German settlers out of their countries like cattle. It was barbaric to allow the people of the East to treat Germans in such a fashion, he declared.

These are the types of influences which have, since before the time of Bismarck, been conditioning Germans to tyranny, militarism, and hatred of their neighbors. There is nothing special in "German blood" to make warriors, bullies, and sadists. It is simply the environment of Germany—those customs and traditions which the scientists call German culture. The few Germans who have been liberated from these prevailing influences have emerged as democrats.

It was the work of a Harvard psychologist, Major Donald V. McGran-

Makes Germans Sadists

ahan, attached to the Psychological Warfare Division of SHAEF, which blazed the trail which the scientific mission was to follow. As puzzled as anyone by the combination of virtues and vices he found among the Germans, Major McGranahan devised a series of psychological tests which he believed would show the extent to which Germans had accepted Nazi ideas.

One day the test was given in a small convent school near Bad Homburg. This school had been a small island in Nazi Germany where democratic thinking had been preserved by a group of intelligent and determined women. Students had been free of German home influence and insulated from German teaching and thinking. As a result, the tests showed, their political thinking was roughly the same as that of American and British children. No, they did not think that Germans were a superior race—all races had good and bad people. Who had started the war? Germany, of course. Who was the greatest figure in world history? Christ, said some. It had not occurred to any other German children to nominate Him—they had gone heavily for Frederick the Great.

This experience showed clearly that under proper influence German youth could develop a rational, democratic outlook. It seemed imperative, then, to study German society to find out what influences had been making a majority of the people into irrational totalitarians.

Dr. David M. Levy, one of America's outstanding psychiatrists, was brought to Germany to direct the first phase of the work. He made case studies of Germans who had been in concentration camps as a result of fighting the Nazis. As he listened to the details of the lives of a score of them, he discovered that certain influences—the same in almost every case—had created democrats willing to fight for their convictions.

"My father died when I was five. . . . I lived two years with my mother's family in Holland. . . . I like Hemingway and Sinclair Lewis. . . ."

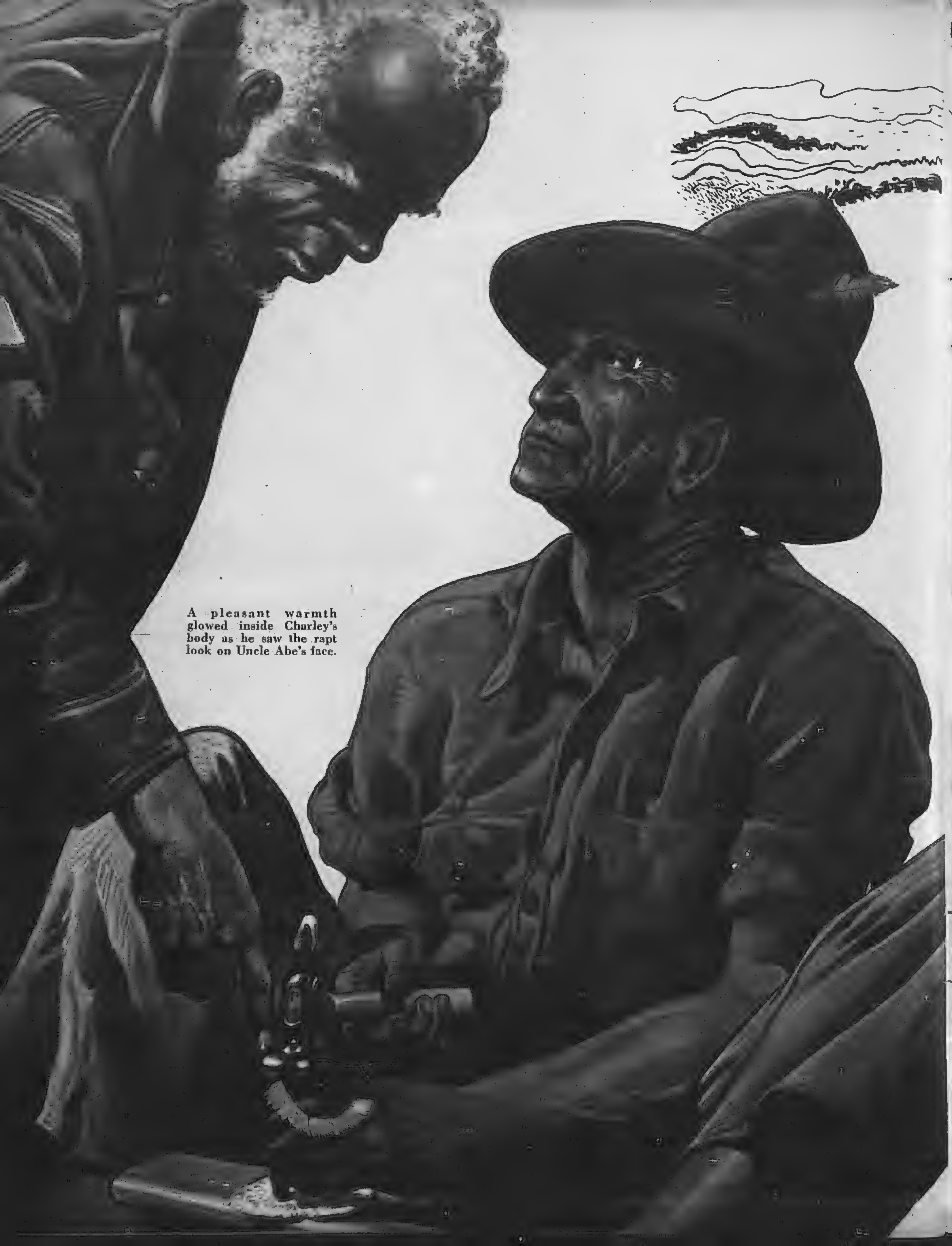
"My father was Belgian. . . . I think we did not have a home like most in Germany. . . . I learned to like French literature. . . . My family never made me go to church. . . ."

"I was an illegitimate child. . . . My mother sent me to school in Switzerland. . . ."

"My father was always sick and never beat me. . . . My mother was a Catholic, but my father said he was an atheist. . . . Is Bernard Shaw still alive? I saw Pygmalion when I lived in London. . . ."

(*Continued on page 73*)

Young Germany is no longer in uniform, but the Reich's efficient Fascism factory is still turning out model Fascists.



A pleasant warmth glowed inside Charley's body as he saw the rapt look on Uncle Abe's face.

Hollywood Columbus

The movies' champ new-face discoverer is Hal B. Wallis, who spotted Errol Flynn, Bette Davis, Olivia de Havilland, and Humphrey Bogart

By Elizabeth Wilson

READING TIME●5 MINUTES 35 S[illegible]DS

HAL B. WALLIS has long been the champion new-face discoverer of Hollywood. Nine years ago Wallis told an executive meeting at Warner Brothers: "We all know that new faces, new talent, and different personalities are needed constantly in the motion-picture industry. When we recognize real talent early enough to bring the young player to pictures while he or she is still in the formative period, we have a real accomplishment to our credit." That year Wallis added John Garfield, Priscilla Lane, Eddie Albert, Jeffrey Lynn, John Payne, and Bonita Granville to the studio contract list. Previously he had been responsible for adding such names as Errol Flynn, Bette Davis, Olivia de Havilland, and Humphrey Bogart.

Wallis has been harping on new faces and new talent ever since 1928, when he first became production boss at Warner Brothers. In October, 1944, when he checked out of Warners and set up shop for himself as a producer on the Paramount lot, Hollywood said, "Well, now that he has to spend his own money, Wallis won't be so keen about taking chances on new talent."

But even though he is spending his own money today, bucketfuls of it, Wallis is still in there pitching for new faces and new talent. Since establishing his own company—which at present has a Paramount release—he has elevated to stardom such comparative unknowns as Lizabeth Scott, Don De Fore, Burt Lancaster, Ann Richards, and Kirk Douglas. Also under contract to Wallis, and bound to be stars, are Douglas Dick, Wendell Corey, Kristine Miller, and Betsy Drake. Lizabeth Scott, a fashion model and understudy for Tallulah Bankhead, he first saw sitting at a near-by table at the Stork Club. He decided that she was a "different" personality, and asked her to take a screen test. Without even a preliminary warm-up, he starred her in You Came Along; later in The Strange Love of Martha Ivers; and still later in the soon-to-be-released Desert Fury. Lizabeth Scott proved that she was not a flash in the pan. In Wallis' The Affairs of Susan, a young actor named Don De Fore, who had been playing obscure parts in pictures for several years under six different names, won instant audience approval. In Love Letters and The Searching Wind, he gave Australian actress Ann Richards (who hadn't fared too well at Metro) her first Hollywood break.

Kirk Douglas, recruited from the New York stage, made a big hit as the weakling husband in The Strange Love of Martha Ivers, his first screen role, and is a cinch to become one of Hollywood's most sought-after actors. It was Lauren Bacall who told Wallis, "I wish while you're in New York you'd look up a swell actor I went to dramatic school with—name of Kirk Douglas." Wallis took her tip. Douglas was playing in The Wind Is Ninety. So was another young actor, Wendell Corey. Wallis tested and signed both of them. Wendell Corey will have the fans clamoring for more when he makes his screen debut in Wallis' Desert Fury. Douglas Dick, who did a stand-out job of the young soldier in The Searching Wind, came from the little theater in Tucson, Arizona.

Kristine Miller was spotted by Wallis in a little-theater production in San Francisco. Three weeks later, after a Hollywood screen test, Kristine was signed for an important part in Wallis' forthcoming The Beggars Are Coming to Town. Over a year ago, Wallis caught the last act of A Sound of Hunting and became interested in an unusual new face that belonged to an ex-acrobat who was playing his first part on Broadway. Wallis, who was looking for a "new Humphrey Bogart," signed Burt Lancaster immediately. While readying a starring role for him in Desert Fury, he loaned Lancaster to Mark Hellinger for The Killers. He's already one of the hottest young actors in Hollywood.

Wallis believes that new faces and new talent are more necessary now than ever before. "Hollywood's progress in the next few years," he says, "will be determined in terms of new

Hal Wallis, never a guy to rest on his laurels, even though he discovered such stars as Lizabeth Scott, Humphrey Bogart, Bette Davis, and John Garfield, still hunts for new talent.

personalities, and its success will be measured in the ability of the men and women who make pictures to uncover and develop talent capable of catching and holding the public fancy."

Harold Brent Wallis, the only producer in Hollywood who has twice won the coveted Irving Thalberg Award, was born in Chicago, Illinois, forty-seven years ago. Family circumstances required him to quit school at fourteen, so he got a job as office boy with a real-estate firm, to help support his mother and two sisters. He spent his evenings at the neighborhood library. At seventeen he became sales manager for an electric heating company, a job which he held until 1922, when his mother became gravely ill and the family moved to southern California. Wallis liked Hollywood.

As manager of the Garrick Theater in Los Angeles, his enthusiasm caught the attention of the late Sam Warner, who got him a job in the publicity department of the Warner Brothers studio. When Charles Kurtzman moved on to other things, young Wallis fell heir to the spot of publicity director. He had never tried writing, and he had a bunch of temperamental actors, including John Barrymore and Rin Tin Tin, on his hands. One of the new directors on the lot was a cigar-smoking little German named Ernst Lubitsch. Wallis wrote a news story about "the Lubitsch touch" and started something that became tradition. It was also during those frightening early days that he met Louise Fazenda, the star of the lot, and finally gathered up courage to ask her to go for a drive in his secondhand Model T Ford. They were married a few months later. The Wallises live today on a ranch in Van Nuys, a short drive from Hollywood. They have one son, Brent, who likes nothing better than to go for Sunday horseback rides with his father.

In 1928 the Warners merged with First National in Burbank, and Wallis was promoted from publicity director to studio manager to production executive. One morning in 1931 he arrived early at his office to find an embarrassed workman shifting Wallis' name plate for that of Darryl Zanuck. In 1934 Zanuck left Warner Brothers to form Twentieth Century-Fox, and Wallis was back in his old job of production boss. It was after 1934 that Warner Brothers started gathering in the Academy Awards.

Sharp, handsome Hal B. Wallis has turned out somewhere between 350 and 400 pictures during his seventeen years as a producer. His Paramount deal calls for him to produce three or four pictures annually, instead of the forty he was responsible for at Warners. This will give him more time to experiment with new ideas and discover new talent.

THE END

★ **Liberty's Short Short Story**

Made of Money

Can a man succeed with a woman on his mind? Well, it depends on the woman

By Fred Lane

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

J. G. PEMBERTON is the biggest real-estate operator in a big city and he wants people to know it. His office furniture is impressive, and the feminine personnel is breathtaking as well as efficient.

Old Pemberton is doodling, drawing neat little squares, when he pushes the papers toward me. Also he is complaining fiercely about his calf-eyed salesmen who waste time gazing dreamily at the magazine-cover switchboard girl: "Man never gets any place worrying about women all the time." Somehow, his words start me thinking about the first time I met Linda.

I was a potential bill collector then, and I still had my first collection to make. I was waiting outside this swank apartment when a girl came along with a key in her hand. She was wearing a funny hat. I wondered if she was Miss Linda Carson—and if it was the bonnet she hadn't paid for. She was and it was.

"Oh, I'll pay for it—one of these days," she assured me with a smile. She wasn't the least bit perturbed. Apparently bill collectors were no new experience in her young life.

I knew when I was licked. I knew also I had only one talent—a talent for failure. For small-time failures.

Sighing unhappily, I turned away and started trudging, the uninspired way I'd be plodding after a new job in another day or so.

"Hey!" she called after me. "Aren't you going to threaten to haul me into court, or something?"

I turned around and asked dully, "Would that do any good?"

"N-no," she admitted with a wicked little twinkle. "But you really shouldn't give up that easily. None of the others have."

I shrugged. "Well, I'm just not cut out to be a bill collector. I've found that out in the last couple of days."

"What are you cut out for, then?"

She had me on that one. I didn't answer. I just stood there wondering what I was good for, anyway.

She opened the door of her apartment and I got a glimpse of the interior. She must have read my mind, because she said, "No, it isn't paid for yet. But it's very super, isn't it?"

I couldn't help it. I came back and poked my head inside.

"Come in," she said. "I love to have people admire my good taste."

I walked in, bug-eyed. It was so—well, beautifully comfortable is one way of describing it. I looked longingly at a big chair. She nodded and I sank down to my ears.

As she sat down opposite me, she took off the forty-dollar hat she hadn't paid for. It had things on it that looked like an insect's feelers and I told her I thought she'd been robbed. She studied it. "I don't know about that," she said slowly. "I've worn it only four times in the last three months, but there are times when I sort of need it. Of course, being a man, you wouldn't understand." Her wide blue eyes had a faraway look and I thought she was the loveliest girl I'd ever seen.

"There are lots of things I don't understand," I said. "For instance, aren't you worried about not paying your bills?"

"No." She shook her russet curls positively. "My sister and brother-in-law worry, my friends worry, and my creditors worry. No sense in my worrying too, is there?" Then she wrinkled her little nose very fetchingly and said, "But I'm interested in you. You have such a determined chin. I can't imagine a chin like that giving up so easily."

Before I knew it, I was telling her the story of my life. It was mighty grim and dreary. She just couldn't seem to understand. "You're not exactly cute," she said, "but your chin is magnificent. By the way, have you got a girl?"

"Girl?" I laughed bitterly. "I've never been able to afford to keep company with a paper doll."

She was thoughtful for a moment and then she asked, "What's your name?"

"Jim Ballard," I said.

She walked to her desk, sat down, and started writing. Finally she turned around and faced me triumphantly. "It's your name!" she cried. "It doesn't vibrate right. It ought to have an X in the middle. James X. Ballard—that'll do it! That's been your trouble all along. If you'd known about numerology before—"

"So that's all that's wrong with me," I said. "Let's see how the X works. I, James X. Ballard, would like to receive payment of—"

"That's not fair," she protested. "I just haven't got forty dollars. Even a proper vibration can't get blood out of a turnip."

I shrugged again. "Well, Miss Carson—that's the way it'll go, I guess. I can vibrate my big chin, but if people haven't the money to pay their bills, what good will it do?"

"That's just it. I knew being a bill collector wasn't what you were cut out for. I know all about them. But James X. Ballard would make a wonderful publicity man."

I thought over my qualifications. I'd been a soda jerker, a shipping clerk, and a grease monkey. "O.K.," I said. "When do I start?"

I STARTED the next morning. She had an office and the remains of a business—one account, all that was left after her brother-in-law pulled out to become public-relations counsel for a steamship line.

"The whole trouble," she told me, "is simply this: I've lost the accounts because firms only like to do business with men who have big chins like Ernie had."

I figured maybe Ernie might have had something else. But in spite of myself I was impressed when I got the Dairyland account. So was Linda. She went out and bought a new rug for her apartment.

Now, I thought she was a wonderful girl and I was beginning to get a funny feeling every time I looked at her, but just the same I spoke pretty harshly.

She blinked tearfully. "But you get half of everything. I'm only spending my own half—"

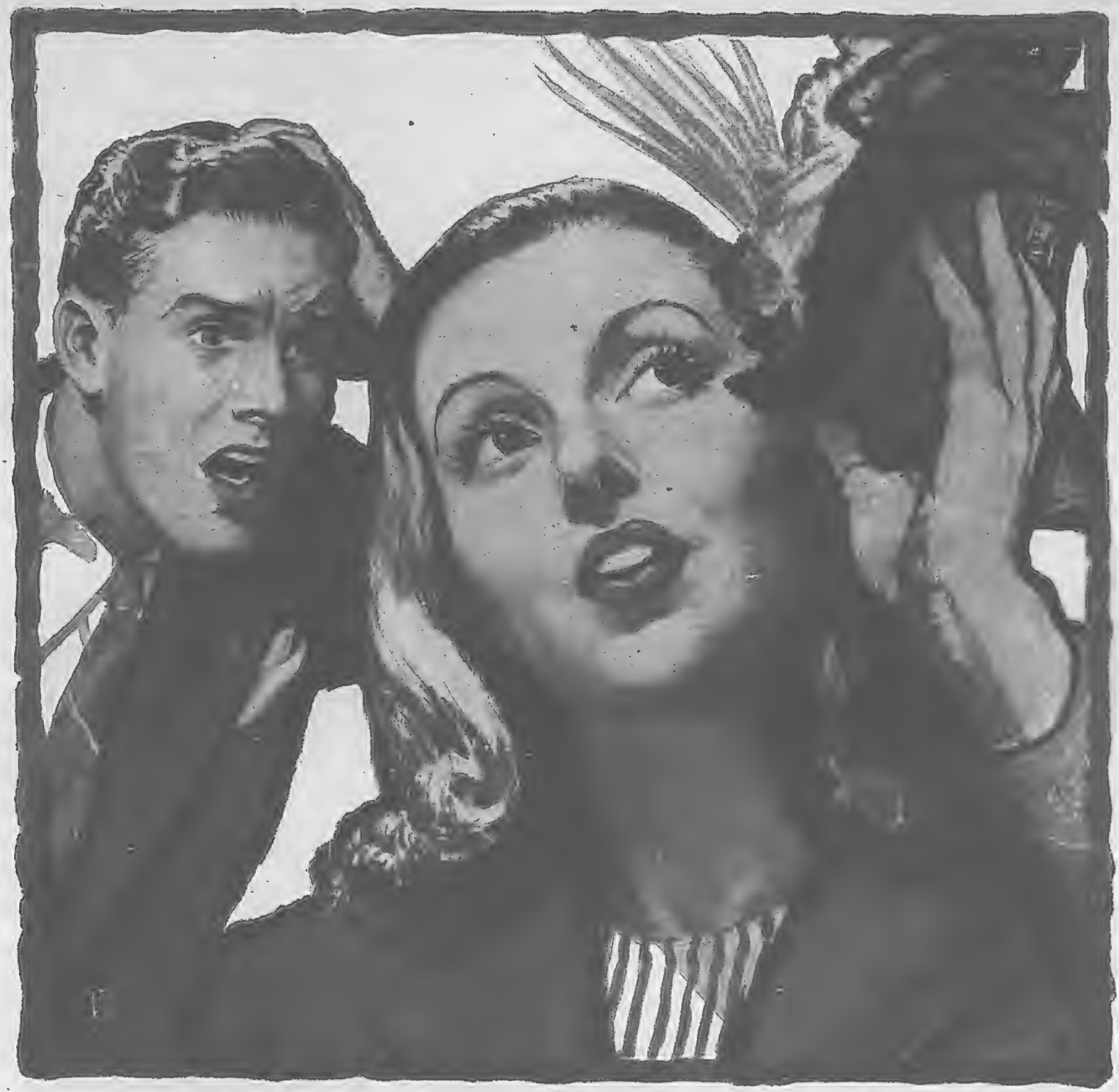
"That doesn't pay for the rug."

"W-well, it covers the down payment and leaves me something to pay off on my other bills."

"Linda," I said, "you'll never get out of debt at this rate."

"But according to the laws of economics, you're not supposed to," she said. "I read that plowing back your share of the wealth is what maintains our high standard of living. And so I'm only doing my duty—"

ILLUSTRATED BY PAT HOLBROOKE



"I've worn it only four times in the last three months," she said, "but there are times when I sort of need it."

I couldn't argue, didn't want to. Just wanted to kiss her. And I did.

But it convinced me that Linda was no business woman. I got to know every bill collector in town by his first name.

I had to land the Washington Leather account to pay our most pressing bills—and buy coffee and doughnuts. Somehow my half of the profits vanished almost before they got deposited in the bank. If it hadn't been for the Cramer account, we'd have gone under. That's when I told Linda I thought a woman's place was in the home. With heart-stirring humility, she agreed. We had a perfectly wonderful honeymoon, but it sure put James X. Ballard on the spot. It was sink or swim—and I managed a dog paddle that got us fairly close to shore.

After that, I decided to float for a while. But it was no go. Linda bought a ten-room house in Beachmont. She had to have new furniture, of course. And naturally, being in the suburbs, we had to buy another car. And then James X., Jr., came along. And you simply have to have a place in the mountains for a youngster in the summer. And—

I BECAME aware of Pemberton's orating: "Business is business—" He broke off as the phone rang. "Yes, dear," he said and, picking up his pencil again, began doodling. He made a pyramid of little boxes as he murmured, "Yes, dear," at intervals. Finally, instead of boxes, he started scribbling figures. His voice was mild, but he was glowering as he hung up.

He scowled at me. "My wife thinks I'm made of money. Has to have a platinum fox now!" He chewed the pencil for a second, then his eyes brightened. "I can get an option on the Francis block and—" He chuckled. "Now, why didn't I think of that before! I got an idea for a nice deal!" He snapped his fingers. "Goes to show you've got to keep your mind on business. Take a man like yourself, Ballard—biggest publicity man on the Coast. Where'd you be if you had a woman on your mind all the time?"

I grinned as I signed the contract for Pemberton's account. Now I'd be able to pay off the balance owing on Linda's mink. J. G. and I were all business. We didn't have women on the mind. Not much!

THE END

HOMES FOR AMERICANS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROGER STURTEVANT

Traditional furniture, even to an old spinning wheel, fits perfectly into the modern living room. Tile makes a cool, attractive floor.

Modern Ranch House

Born in the West, the "in-line" plan gives better living in any climate

By Darrell Huff

READING TIME • 3 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

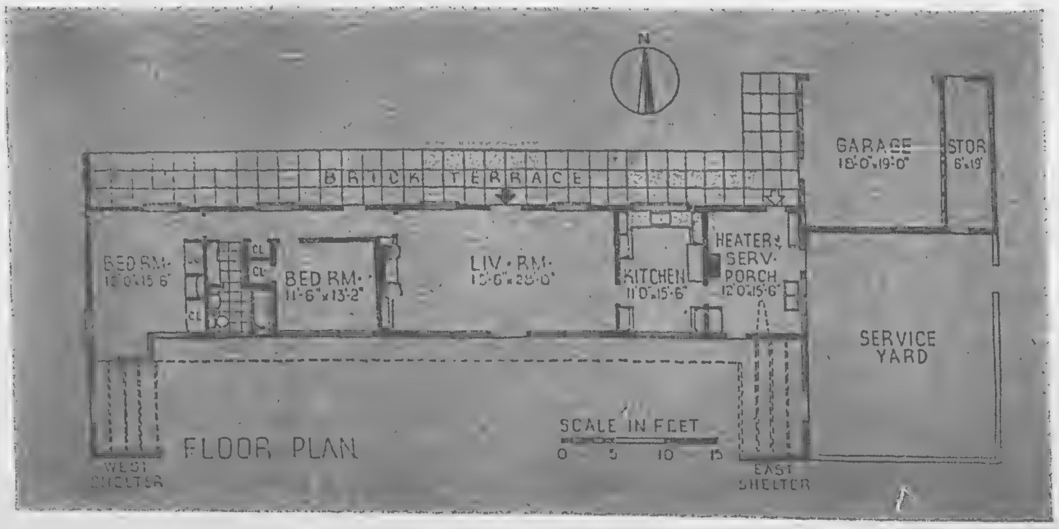
Of all the traditional styles in American architecture, the one that comes closest to satisfying 1947's living requirements is the Western ranch house. But, for all its charm, an authentic old ranch house is not quite the thing for most people in most climates today. It takes a lot of room, and its typical materials are not available in—or suited to—cold, wet climates.

The logical answer is the *modern* ranch house. The one shown on these pages retains the virtues of the traditionally friendly open plan, and adds the benefits of modern designing. The result: a house good anywhere, with a plan worth careful study by anyone interested in getting a better house.

The five rooms are arranged in a line. Although the shape calls for more than the usual amount of foundation and wall, it so simplifies the window problems of lighting and ventilation and other construction difficulties that the final cost is no more. As evidence, its prewar building cost was $4.92 a square foot, a low figure at any time. It would be a surprising amount of house for the money, even built at today's cost level.

One reason lies in the reasonable philosophy of its designers. What William Wilson Wurster, of the San Francisco architectural firm of Wurster, Bernardi and Emmons, has to say is well worth listening to. Mr. Wurster, after a quarter of a century of building Western homes, is now dean of the School of Architecture and Planning at Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

"If you are short on money," he says, "use it to buy space. Skimp on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BRICK TERRACE
GARAGE
18'0"x19'0"
STOR
6'x19'
BED RM
12'0"x15'6"
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BED RM
11'-6"x13'-2"
LIV RM
15'6"x28'0"
KITCHEN
11'0"x15'6"
HEATER & SERV PORCH
12'0"x15'6"
SERVICE YARD
SCALE IN FEET
0
5
10
15
FLOOR PLAN
WEST SHELTER
EAST SHELTER

This U-shaped plan offers a useful kitchen arrangement.

Bedroom's casement windows offer maximum ventilation.

decoration; leave your walls bare for a while, if you must; even pile your property in a corner until you can afford to add closets and cabinets—but don't skimp on space. That's the hardest thing to add to later."

This house, built in Stockton, California, for the Paul Campbells, is simple in finish and fittings—but the living room is fifteen and one half feet by twenty-eight feet. There is a kitchen adequate for family use and two bedrooms big enough to avoid any feeling of cramping. There is no dining room, since dining space can be provided in kitchen, living room, and—so long as the weather cooperates—outdoors.

The architects have added greatly to the usefulness of the house by providing a pair of shelters, partly enclosed "rooms" at the ends of the house. The shelter near the kitchen has been used most often for outdoor dining. Both are handy for storing outdoor furniture and as children's play space.

Typical of the ranch-house idea is the long roof overhang that protects doors and windows. It provides outdoor sitting space and at the same time a covered passageway between the garage door and the front and back doors of the house. The outside walls are tongue-and-groove redwood, used vertically, with battens. The trim is white, to contrast sharply with the dark natural redwood. Natural redwood is used also on the interior walls of the living room, giving the house exceptional unity.

The floors are hollow partition tile over a poured concrete slab. The tile has a permanent red color, requires no finishing except polishing, no maintenance except occasional waxing.

In a relatively warm climate, this house is heated by a conventional warm-air system. In a cold climate, the hollow tile permits a very inexpensive method of radiant heating.

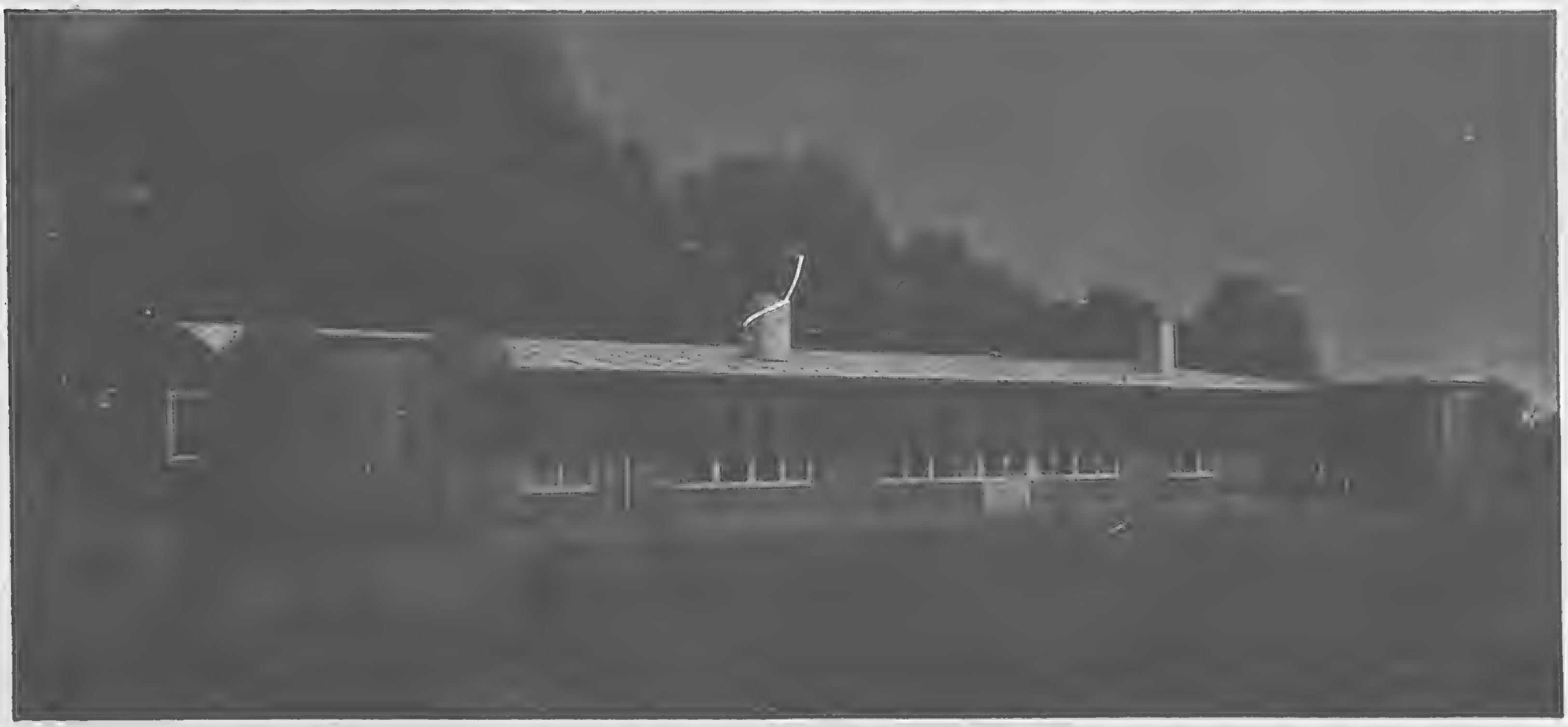
The usual method of radiant heating is to embed pipes in floor or ceiling (or even walls) and run hot water through them, thus converting the whole area into a low-temperature radiator.

The Campbell house gets a good deal of its heat free in the modern manner. The in-line plan permits every room to have an exposure to the south; a roof overhang keeps out summer sun but lets it come inside when needed in the winter.

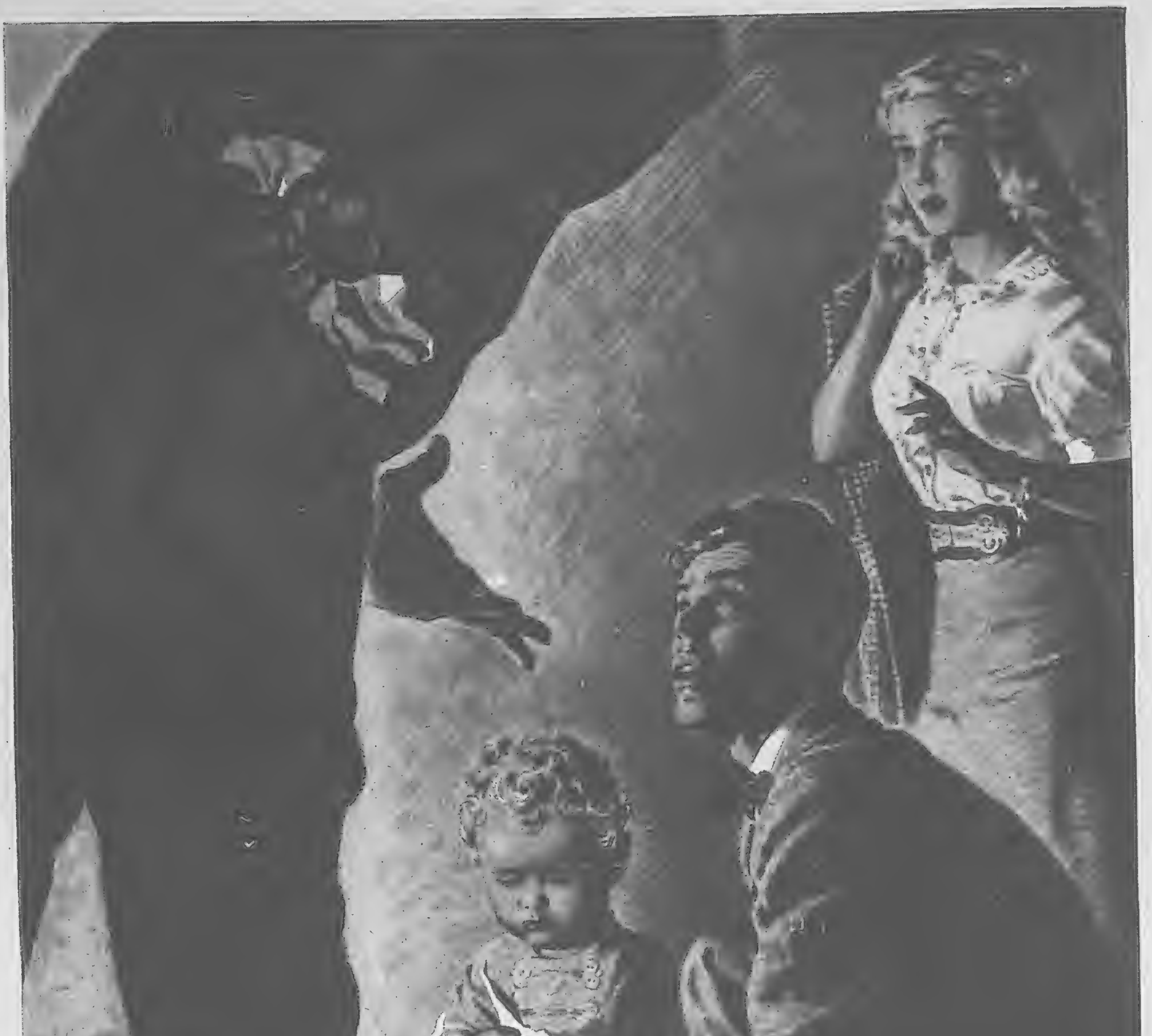
The picture of the Campbell living room shows how well good traditional furniture goes with a modern interior. No one need hesitate to build a modern house merely because he does not want to replace his traditional, perhaps antique, furnishings.

California houses, of which this one is a good example, have given new meaning to the word modern. It no longer means cold white surfaces, cubic shapes, forced overuse of glass block, corner windows, and flat roofs. It means honest use of natural materials, big panes of glass where light is needed or a view is to be had, fewer and bigger rooms, provisions for protected outdoor living. Perhaps most important of all, it means more living space per dollar.

THE END



The unusual length of the house is apparent here. At each end is an open shelter. The one near the kitchen is for outdoor dining.



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Some Words for Freddy

By Edwin Rutt

Again Fate's fickle finger points at Frederick—said finger being part of the cherubic, chubby hand of one Ricky-Rick, age two and one half

ILLUSTRATED BY LAWRENCE BUTCHER

READING TIME • 21 MINUTES 28 SECONDS

IN my salad days I am wont to look with graciousness upon the very, very young. Many times and oft has Frederick Sandford (the writer) tweaked the pigtails of hopscotchers in kindly fashion; congratulated members of junior teams after hard-won victories.

But from here in, the toddlers and the wigglers will struggle to manhood, womanhood, etc., *sans* the Sandford blessing. I have spoken.

It happens this evening that I elect to saunter to Al's Soda Bar.

Al, sachem of this spa, is a character of little Latin and less Greek. But, despite his failure to sojourn in classy halls, he possesses rudimentary intelligence. On certain occasions he tosses his weight about when the romance between your correspondent and Connie Parker—an ash-blonde whip-up with strictly Mediterranean eyes—nudges the reefs. But, more pertinent to the following, Al is a white-aproned encyclopedia on Shadow Orchard, N. Y.

"Good morrow, friend," I says. "Let us—" I stop.

Al lifts a countenance notable for utter lugubriousness.

"Al," I says, alarmed, "what's with?"

"Ah, Freddy," he shakes a doleful head, "I was just contemplating Shakespeare. Ever read King Leer? A well-thought-out work, dealing with human ingratitude."

"So!" I says.

"Shakespeare," pursues Al, "cogitated much upon ingratitude. To him we may safely ascribe the lines, 'Blow, blow, thou winter wind—'"

I tap the fountain smartly. "Very musical," I says, "but a Peach Pistachio Paradise, Al. Toot and sweet!"

He stares uncomprehendingly. "Peach Pistachio Paradise?"

"My gosh!" I exclaims. "You and I, in collaboration, fathered the fantasy. Snap back, Al!" I barks.

He comes to suddenly. "Eh? Oh, yes! A Peach Pistachio Paradise. Coming up!"

The P.P.P. could one day displace this ambrosia the gods toy with. Selecting narrow dish, arrange four scoops vanilla and pistachio ice cream in alternating alignment. Immerse in syrup of peaches. Surround groundwork cozily with peach slices. Fresco formation with whipped cream. Add shower pistachio nuts.

Al sets this spectacle before me. "Now, Al," I says, "give!"

He looks at me sadly. "You are possibly aware, Freddy, that Shadow Orchard's centennial is to be commemorated on Saturday."

"Quite," I says. "We celebrate one hundred years of growth and progress with bands, speeches, and similar at the ball park."

AT this point the phone rings and Al takes the call. "For you, Freddy," he announces.

When I answer, my heart leaps. "Connie!" I exclaims.

"Oh, Freddy! I've been phoning all around for you. You've got to come over. Right away!"

"Control yourself, Constance," I says reassuringly. "I can give you certain time later."

"Freddy," yammers the cookie, "if you don't come immediately—"

"Now, now," I soothes, "leave us waive hysteria. I am practically on the horse."

"Well, Al," I says, back under the bright lights, "youth calls to youth in the gloaming. So it is written."

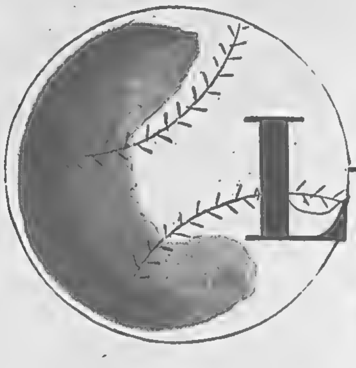
He flings out a tragic hand. "Go, Freddy," he says. "It is fitting that I be alone."

"And that you will, my man," I says warningly, "if you don't get this drip Shakespeare out of this soda bar. You will lose your clientele, plus shirt, to your bitter rival—Diffenderfer, down the street, on ac-

(*Continued on page 75*)

INP

Bucky likes the front office, so in two years he will probably turn over his field job to Chuck Dressen (right), brainy ex-coach of the Dodgers.



Lucky Bucky

By Stanley Frank

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

A GENT who is paid important money for a job several million mature Americans would leave their happy homes to take at no salary whatever, must be accounted lucky. And Stanley Bucky Harris, the New York Yankees' new manager, is lucky indeed. Cynics may comment that any man working for Larry MacPhail is to be commiserated rather than congratulated. But this is mere quibbling.

Harris now is managing in his fifth major-league city, an all-time record. In returning to the big leagues after a hitch at Buffalo, he is the first active manager to do so with the exception of Connie Mack. Managing a ball club is a notoriously precarious profession, yet he has found steady employment for twenty successive seasons, even though, during his last fifteen years, his teams finished as high as fourth on only two occasions. And here he is again in one of the preferred spots in the business.

There was a time when Harris was regarded as a triple-plated genius, but that was long ago. In 1924, his first year as a manager, his Washington Senators won the pennant and the World Series. When he again won the pennant in 1925, the fans spoke of him as though he had invented the game. But the honeymoon soon ended. Ban Johnson, the president of the American League, blasted Harris for losing the World Series by his handling of the pitching staff. The criticism was unjustified, but it gave people ideas.

The Boy Wonder legend deteriorated steadily as Harris and his ball clubs set up light housekeeping in the second division. As he drifted from town to town, his prestige was given southpaw slaps by the achievements of men who succeeded him. He was no ball of fire after his blazing start in the middle '20s.

How, then, does the fellow keep coming up with good jobs? Is he shot with luck? Could be; but a man who has survived terrific competition for nearly a quarter of a century must have something more than luck. There are snide whispers that he is willing to work cheaply. That explanation also is too glib. The real reason why Harris lands, year after year, one of the sixteen most desirable jobs in baseball, is as simple as it is startling:

He is a very nice guy.

In the long annals of baseball, nobody else ever has been rewarded so lavishly for admirable character or winsome personality.

Sometimes it appears that the hard-boiled individualists in baseball are abashed by a fellow who acts and talks like a gentleman. Harris married the daughter of U. S. Senator Sutherland of West Virginia, and he learned to lay on personal charm with a trowel while naviga-

Bucky Harris is still baseball's Wonder Boy. The wonder now is how he keeps coming up with cushy jobs — and what his new Yankee deal is all about

ting easily through what are known as the best social circles in Washington.

The funny part of the whole thing is that he didn't want the job of managing the Yankees; flatly refused it twice before he finally was induced to accept it on November 5, 1946. Now he makes no bones about the fact that it is merely a temporary detour to the executive spot he prefers.

"I won't manage long," he confides. "I have an agreement with MacPhail that I can go back to the front office any time I feel I've had enough of running the team on the field. This is what you might call an emergency situation for the team and me. I made up my mind I was through as a manager after my bad experience with the Phillies four years ago, and basically I feel the same way about it."

The common gossip around the circuit is that Harris will manage the Yankees for perhaps two seasons, or until Charley Dressen, his first lieutenant, hired away from the Dodgers last October, is thoroughly familiar with the personnel of the American League. The signing of Johnny Corriden, another former Brooklyn coach, by the Yankees is construed as an indication that Dressen is the heir apparent to the driver's seat.

One of the most interesting speculative angles of the current season has to do with the urbane Harris' relations with his volatile, uninhibited boss. Larry MacPhail is fond of blasting his players, second-guessing his managers, and raising the roof of the clubhouse after the team blows a tough one. He doesn't care what anyone says about him or the team as long as people talk about them. This is useful in show business, but makes rough going for a manager trying to maintain morale and harmony.

It has been predicted that MacPhail's periodic popping-off will antagonize Harris. However, he had good special training for MacPhail during the thirteen years he worked for Clark Griffith. And, anyway, he is too close to the main chance he always has sought to get obstreperous ideas. He is fifty, baseball is the only business he knows, and he wants the security of the front office.

"It seems to me," he says tactfully, "that a man who has invested money in a ball club is entitled to express himself and find out, any time he chooses, what's going on in the clubhouse."

He is candid in admitting he wants to get away from the strain and criticism every manager suffers. And, like everyone associated with baseball for a long period, he is tired of seeing the same sights and faces around the circuit, of hearing the weary gags that never change.

Nonetheless, he has a deep affection for baseball, the game that made him what he is today. It was the only escape from the drab hard-coal-country environment in which he was raised at Hughestown, Pennsylvania. There he quit school early to help support the family, working around the company office, picking slate, serving as weighmaster. It wasn't fun and it offered no future.

He listened to the miners talk of men they had known who came back with money in the pants of new suits. All were ball players—Christy Mathewson, for example. So baseball was an introduction to a brighter life—and the only one young Bucky would ever have.

He began to work at sports—baseball in summer, basketball in winter. Basketball was all right for extra cash, but the real money was in baseball; and he didn't appear to have the stuff that qualified him for anything better than the semipros. Yet he got the big chance. Characteristically, he talked himself into it.

ONE day in 1917 he read in the papers that the second baseman of the Reading team in the New York-Penn League had been suspended for a fight at Wilkes-Barre. He phoned and asked George Wiltse, then managing Reading, for a chance to fill in. The following day Bucky's older brother Merle got a wire ordering *him* to report immediately.

"What happened," Bucky explains, "was that Wiltse asked a pitcher from Scranton, who had played with

(*Continued on page 88*)

ACME

Emotional Larry MacPhail has a flair for making headlines, sometimes at the expense of his manager. Some people say he hired Harris to offset his own temperamental outbursts.

Ghosts I Have

One way to lick the housing shortage is to live in a haunted house. This family made a fabulous career of it

By Maud B. Spangenburg

READING TIME•7 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

MY father always said ghosts were his good fortune. When he landed in America sixty years ago his only possessions were a wife, a three-weeks-old son, and twenty dollars in cash. Friends from the old country told him of a three-room place that could be had rent free because it was haunted. My folks lived there for a year and there were no eerie manifestations. So the owner decided to take over the place. However, he had a friend who had a friend with a haunted house for sale. He suggested it would be a good buy.

And that was the beginning of exciting adventures for our family, because from then on we aways lived in a haunted house. By trade my father was a shoemaker, but he bought and sold real estate too. Always busy in the shop, he was ready any time to slip off his apron to look at a likely property. Shoe repairing, he claimed, did not bring in enough to feed and clothe six children and send them to high school. So he earned the money to give us a start in life by buying and selling property. Usually he would buy a place that looked run down. After it was fixed up, he would sell it at a good profit.

But on a haunted house he could almost double his investment. He had all the equipment necessary for laying ghosts: six lively, inquisitive children and a spry little wife who pooh-poohed ghost stories. "They always turn out to be ordinary happenings," she would say.

So we'd move merrily in. Mother enjoyed a new home. We children were happy because of the marked deference the neighborhood kids always showed us. "Gee whiz," someone would say, "you *are* brave to live in THAT house!" And I remember, during the early months of our sojourn in one place, noting with delight the reluctance of some playmate to venture alone from the porch to the gate after dark.

No reputation for "ha'nts," however sinister, could survive our cheerful occupancy, and we always left a place in good shape, good to look at, with a healthy, happy atmosphere. Once we stayed in the same house five years. But that ghost was, for a while, rather real. Sometimes we would live in a place for only a year before dad would get a good chance to sell.

We have laughed many times about the old lady who haunted her own house so thoroughly that she grew afraid to buy it. When her husband died intestate, her stepsons refused to sell their share of the home to her at any reasonable figure. She went to stay with a stepdaughter, and a "For Sale" sign, including furniture, was tacked up.

After several weeks, insistent stories began to circulate. Someone passing by at midnight had seen through a window the deceased owner holding aloft a small lamp and apparently searching among the books in the parlor.

Mrs. Thayer, the widow, persuaded a loyal friend to spend a night with her there to disprove the story. They sat up until well after 1 A.M.; then, agreed that the ghost would not manifest itself, they stretched out on two day beds beside the heating stove.

Sometime later they were awakened by a terrific crash. Every book in the entire top section of bookcases lay on the floor. Mrs. Thayer's companion screamed in terror, and a passing policeman took the two old ladies back to the stepdaughter's home.

And so the place was definitely tagged "haunted." Of course dad bought it, and, after living there a year or so in unbroken peace, sold it to a newcomer in town.

Some years later Mrs. Thayer called on us to "square" herself about the haunt. She said she had wanted to get the place cheap, and decided to start a ghost story about it. One night, when she was supposedly out of town, she went to the house, dressed in her husband's clothes, including his old felt hat, and posed among the books with her back to the window.

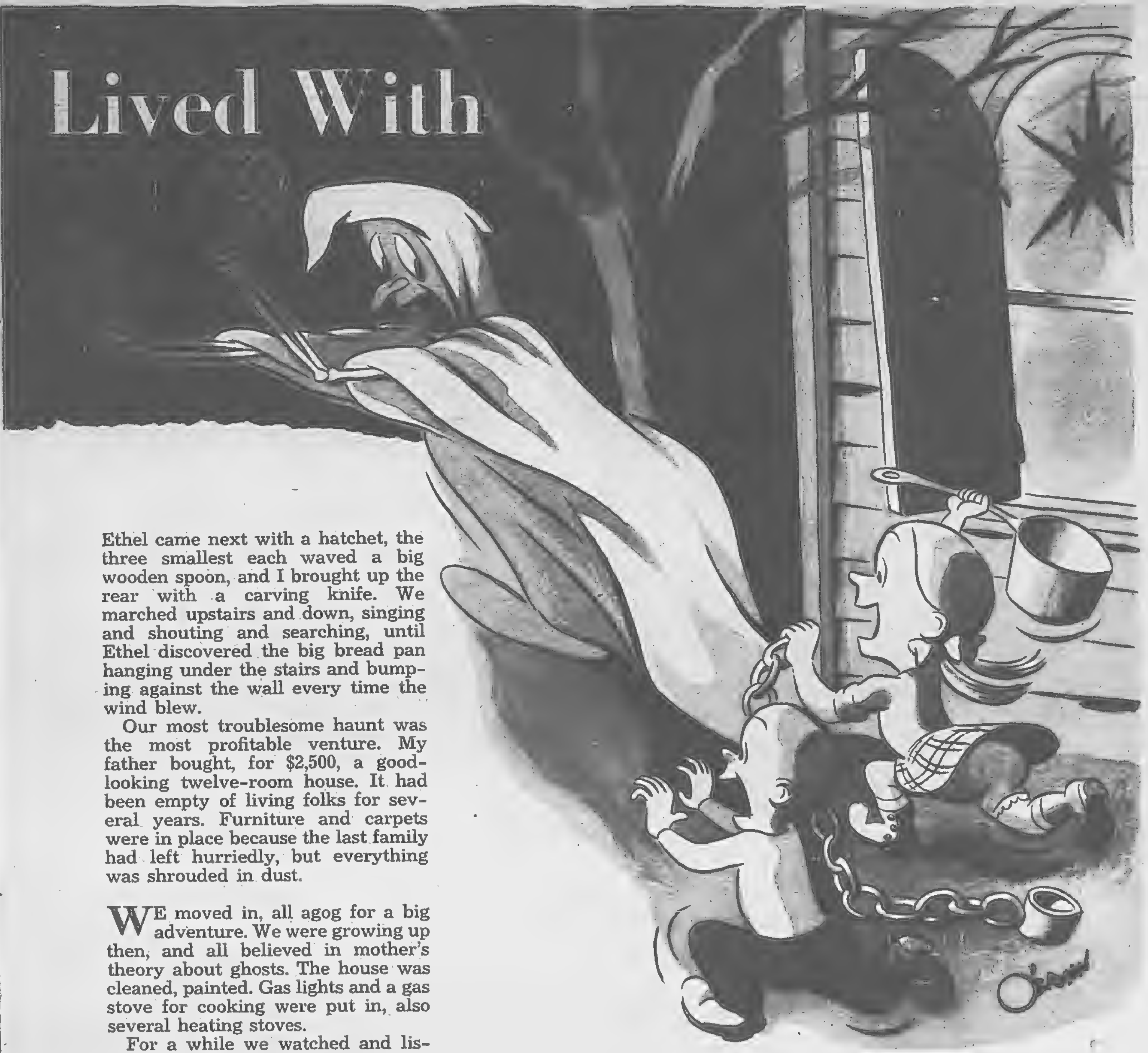
Her method of crashing the books for her friend's benefit was unique. A trolley-car track passed the place, and whenever a car hit a double switch there was some vibration inside the house. Naturally Mrs. Thayer knew this, and after her friend fell asleep she quietly got up and pulled out all the books so they were just balanced over the edge of the shelf. When the next trolley switched, the jolting sent them crashing to the floor.

Mrs. Thayer did want to buy the place, she said, but there were so many terrifying stories about the ghost that she herself grew too frightened to want to live there!

WE children were all socially minded and got about. Dad and mother had folks in, and our house was always well lighted and cheerful, and was always referred to as "the Bright House"—and not merely because Bright was our family name. My father had a good name for dispelling ghosts.

How well I remember the first few weeks in each place. We children never went even into the next room unless there were three of us together. And we were very materialistic about our weapons for dealing with ghosts. There was the time when mother and dad were out and we heard strange tapping noises. We decided to search. Clement headed the procession brandishing an ax,

Lived With



Ethel came next with a hatchet, the three smallest each waved a big wooden spoon, and I brought up the rear with a carving knife. We marched upstairs and down, singing and shouting and searching, until Ethel discovered the big bread pan hanging under the stairs and bumping against the wall every time the wind blew.

Our most troublesome haunt was the most profitable venture. My father bought, for $2,500, a good-looking twelve-room house. It had been empty of living folks for several years. Furniture and carpets were in place because the last family had left hurriedly, but everything was shrouded in dust.

WE moved in, all agog for a big adventure. We were growing up then, and all believed in mother's theory about ghosts. The house was cleaned, painted. Gas lights and a gas stove for cooking were put in, also several heating stoves.

For a while we watched and listened, but for more than a year nothing disturbed us. One evening my sister and I went upstairs to get some magazines. At the top of the steps she struck a match and lit the gas jet. At the end of the hall was a large clothes closet with a latch handle on the door. As we came toward it, the latch lifted with a clicking sound. The door swung open and the gas light went out. We ran.

That was one time the whole family was startled. Dad sent my brother to turn off the gas, and everyone trooped after him. The clothes-closet door was open and gas was hissing from the jet.

So we had a ghost at last! Mother snooped around, and dad searched, testing the doorlatch and tightening the hinges. But here was something for which we could find no explanation. We children were frightened, and dad had a gas lantern put in the hallway and kept burning all evening. And for a long while nothing else happened.

Then one night Aunt Nell nearly died of a heart attack. And no wonder. She slept across the hall from my sister and me. I heard her get up, presumably to go to the bathroom. As she walked down the hall I distinctly heard the click of a latch, followed by a terrified scream from Aunt Nell. The door had opened again. Even mother was worried. When Aunt Nell was able to get around again, she went to live with Uncle Tom.

Then mother and dad really got to work. Everything was taken out of the closet. The carpet was taken up, and dad spent hours walking back and forth in front of that door. One by one he took up the hall floor boards. And he found the ghost. It was an extra large nail that fastened a floor board to the running beam. If just the right pressure was put on the nail, the beam vibrated and pushed up the loose end of the sill, releasing the latch.

Mother was triumphant: her theory had been proven. The place was sold some years later for three times the purchase price. But we all thought dad seemed chagrined. He had "laid the ghost," of course. But it had promised to be such a splendid haunt.

There are no haunted houses in our town now, and perhaps there are none left in your town. It may be that the housing shortage has affected even the ghosts—or perhaps it's just that folks don't believe in them any more. But they certainly were good friends to us.

THE END

"Some day," he said, "when we've got time, I'd like to talk to you about—about the future, you know."

Paradise with

Angela's story breaks, leaving Bill to await a Senate investigation, the wrath of the Pentagon, and Leavenworth's beckoning gates

Serpent

By Edward Hope

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST CHIRIACKA

READING TIME • 27 MINUTES 8 SECONDS

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

CAPTAIN BILL WILLOBY, commanding officer of the occupation forces on Midi Island, realizes that he has to set an example. His behavior with Angela Toland, the red-haired novelist who has been visiting the island, has been as circumspect as her advances would permit. Rozouila, the native girl presented to Bill by her uncle, the king, is still an embarrassment, but the Rev. Paul Edgett's suggestion that Toami, a native youth, be installed in Bill's bungalow as house boy and share the work with Rozouila, seems to solve the problem, since the girl occupies her hut alone.

Because of marital troubles, Captain Gerson, medical officer, has been drinking to excess; but he sobers up when Edgett persuades him to use his skill as gynecologist for the benefit of the native women.

Meanwhile, merchandise arrives for the opening of the new store and American money is introduced. Diana Forrester, Edgett's sister-in-law, receives marriage proposals from Lieutenants Schmidt, Biggs and Sloan, which she tactfully refuses. Things seems to be going smoothly, but Bill is unaware that scandal is brewing.

PART SEVEN

BILL had a strange call from Captain Gerson before supper one night. He was agreeably surprised. Gerson's eyes were clear. His sun-tans were spotless and creased without an extraneous wrinkle. The captain's bars and the Medical Corps caduceus on his collar glistened, and so did his shoes.

"Hello," Bill said, trying to sound natural. "Haven't seen you in three or four days. How are you?"

Captain Gerson smiled a little shamefacedly. "Thanks," he said, "I'm better—a whole lot better."

"Good. Do come in."

The medical officer moved in from the doorway. "I won't keep you a minute. I had a couple of things to say to you that I'd rather say when we're alone, or I shouldn't have bothered you here."

"You're not bothering me. And you're as welcome here as anybody else."

There was a strained pause. They lighted cigarettes.

"Two or three things," the doctor said at last. "I think the first ought to be an apology. I want to apologize to you for all the trouble and embarrassment I've been causing."

"All right. If an apology was needed, it's accepted."

"Thanks. Then I want to thank you. You've put up with a whole lot more than you could be expected to take. You'd have been perfectly justified in chucking me out of here on charges. You didn't. So I'm sincerely grateful."

"I understood you were having a pretty rotten time of it."

"No excuse. There is no excuse for acting as I've been. Thanks for your patience."

Gerson stubbed out the cigarette he had only started to smoke. He said, "There's only one thing more. A promise. I don't think much of promises, but I think you've got one coming to you. So I solemnly promise that never again, no matter what happens, while I'm under your command, will I take even half a drink too much." He stood up suddenly and stepped forward, offering his hand.

Bill rose and took it. "Going over to supper?" he asked.

"Yes. I was just about to start."

"I'll drive you."

Next day Bill heard from Mr. Edgett about Captain Gerson's completely successful operation on the native girl, which was unprecedented on the island, and was considered (rightly or wrongly) a miracle.

"For my part," the missionary said, "I do not believe in attributing human achievements to divine intervention, yet in this instance— Fact is, Captain Willoby, that Gerson had to be brought out of an alcoholic stupor to go to see the girl in the first place. I was not very hopeful. But he examined her, made a correct diagnosis, and decided to operate. He got Lieutenant Everly, and between them your two medical officers did a magnificent piece of work."

"It seems to have been a double blessing," Bill said, and told him about his talk with Captain Gerson.

"Splendid!" Mr. Edgett agreed. "I wondered whether a little work in his chosen specialty wouldn't be good for him. With the reputation this operation of his has made him, I shouldn't be surprised if he's kept very busy from now on."

They were in Bill Willoby's living room. Toami came from the kitchen with a fresh bowl of ice, placed it on the small table, and withdrew. The missionary's eyes followed him.

"How's he progressing with English?" he asked.

"Very well. Mostly household words."

"Not enough to understand some gossip I think you'd be interested to hear?"

"Oh, no."

"It's about him and—better use no names—the other one. I hear there was a romance between them—before it was decided to give her to you."

"As far as I'm concerned," Bill said, "the kids have my blessing. Come to think of it, I have noticed they're specially considerate of each other, always working together. Well, here's to 'em."

The missionary sipped the toast. "I didn't think you'd have any objection, but since the girl's your property in the eyes of the local government—and in her own eyes, too—"

"Yes. Thank you. It's best for me to know how things are. You think they understood about their salaries, do you? We expect the store merchandise to arrive tomorrow or the next day, and we'll have the grand opening as soon as possible."

"Yes. I think they understood everything, when I explained it, except—why. If you want to give them presents for helping you—that's as near as I could get to remuneration — why don't you give them presents? I explained that in this way you allowed them to choose their own presents. Their attitude is, if that's the way you have arranged it, you know best, but they hope they'll choose what you want them to have."

"When they see the store," Bill said, "when Jilouili and the others buy things—I think they'll get the idea. I hope so, because the others are counting on them to make domestic service fashionable."

THE missionary rose to leave. "I really must go."

"O.K., sir. I'll drive you."

As they walked down the sand path, Mr. Edgett said, "Did I tell you Jilouili's worried about the election? He says the people have never been asked before how they liked their government. Says they're very anxious to please you, and if you ask a question like that, they may think you want them to say they don't like it."

"And vote against it to please us?"

"That's his idea. And you remember what I told you about their only method of removing a chief."

"Huh? Oh, good Lord! You mean, if he lost the election, they'd expect us to dump him into the volcano?"

"That's the traditional method of recall."

They got into the car.

"You think," Bill asked, "that the government's all right, don't you?"

"Yes. For the place and the people, under the circumstances, I don't think it could be much improved. What are you thinking, captain?"

"I think you've guessed already."

"That it's in the best interests of all concerned for the established government to be upheld in the election?"

"A pretty way to put it, sir. This election wasn't my idea. I was ordered to hold it by people in Washington who—"

Mr. Edgett's eyebrows rose. "But I understand it's scheduled for the day after tomorrow—that all your arrangements are made."

"There are so many ways of asking a question. I'll have a talk with the interpreters." Bill started the car gently. "It'd be kind of you, sir, to advise the king to relax."

THE colonel, in his office in The Pentagon, was talking to Theodore Lakeland. The colonel said, "The War Department feels, however, that Miss Toland, having been sent out at government expense and allowed to go where she chose and to see whatever she wanted to see, is under a very real obligation of voluntary censorship. The Bureau feels that the Guffy Syndicate, handling her dispatches, must accept this obligation too. As you say, security is not involved, but that is not our only concern. There is army morale, and there is civilian morale. This is a matter for careful investigation by the proper authorities. If Miss Toland's charges are true, proper disciplinary action must and will be taken. To break the story in this way, however, before the War Department has had an opportunity to take action of any kind—it gives an unjust impression of complaisance."

Mr. Lakeland sat forward.

He said, "In other words, let's suppress one hell of a hot story till the War Department has time to give it four coats of whitewash. Come out with it in November, when it's all over and nobody cares."

"That's not quite fair, Mr. Lakeland. You have only Miss Toland's unsupported word—"

"Over her signature. With names and places and dates. She's not going to dream up a story like that and sign it, with all that circumstantial detail, unless she's sure of her facts. And I agree with her that people have a right to know."

"You don't think that the War Department has a right to know first?"

"Ho!" said Mr. Lakeland. "Would you like to announce that the War Department is getting its information from Angela Toland?"

The colonel looked terribly, terribly hurt. "We place men in positions of responsibility. If they're not up to their jobs, we find it out in due course. We're asking you only to give us time to verify Miss Toland's statements."

"I know," Mr. Lakeland said. "So you can come across with a handout announcing that this fellow has been replaced. Then we follow along with an ex post facto story that tells what *was* going on but no longer is."

"Your impression of War Department methods—"

"Is based on bitter experience," Mr. Lakeland said. "Tell you something else: Quite a lot of our friends in Congress will be interested in this story. The Forklund Committee in the Senate, for instance."

The colonel rocked back in his swivel chair.

"Mr. Lakeland, I only work here. I'm not the head man. I think you'd better talk to the General."

BILL WILLOBY drove in silence until they were on the gently undulating pontoon bridge over the river. Then he said, "You know, I begin to find myself thinking of life after the war. Funny. I suppose I ought to be a hero and feel cheated that I didn't get back into combat."

Diana said, "Good sense is more—"

Junior Executive

By

Joseph C. Keeley

"Good sense is more than coronets and simple fright than Norman blood," he said. "You see, the sensible thing always seemed to be to plan on getting knocked off."

"To *'plan on—'* she repeated.

"Sure. Lots of guys cop it. Especially infantry. And especially company grade infantry officers."

"What's company grade?"

"Second and first lieutenants and captains. Very poor insurance risks. So, if they have good sense, they don't go around thinking what they'll do after the war. Little private theory of mine: Don't clutter yourself up with a lot of things you want to live for. If you went into battle with your head full of postwar dreams, you'd try to save yourself. Which, for one thing, is a fine way to get killed. Anyhow, you'd pull your punches."

She said, "I can understand that, but nearly everybody's got things to live for. Nobody wants to be dead."

"Oh, it's not wanting to be dead. It's being willing to be if necessary. It's not hard to get into that state of mind, if you haven't built up too many schemes for the future. Or if you won't be leaving somebody in awful trouble by not coming through. Love is very bad for the combat soldier."

"But you were engaged. You had that girl—the girl in the picture."

"Mmm. That's something, too. The day we landed at Angaur I started to think about her and—found out that I didn't need to live for her. She'd be all right. And so would I."

"You're a funny boy."

He laughed unexpectedly. "The last one who told me that was Angela Toland. For different reasons."

They rounded the last corner. He pulled the car to the side of the road and stopped it at the little bridge.

He turned suddenly and took one of her hands in his. "If—" He stopped short.

He said, "Think of going back to New York. Taking things up where you left off. I'd had a year in an advertising agency. There's money in it. I suppose it's all right, if you're honest with yourself. Some of 'em are."

He said, "Don't let me keep you. But some day, when we've got time, I'd like to talk to you about—about the future, you know. You could help me straighten my mind out."

"You won't come in?"

"No, thanks. What about the morning?"

"Lieutenant Schmidt said he'd stop by. The Edgetts are coming along to act as interpreters."

"Sure enough. The not-too-free election. I'd nearly forgotten."

"Good night, then."

"Good night." He pressed her hand again and let it go.

THE census-election went off according to plan. The last team—the one in which Toami was interpreter—came back to Camp Pentagon at half past five. Bill thanked the volunteer interpreters and turned their tallies over to Lieutenant Schmidt.

A simple tabulation showed that (counting everyone who wore clothes as an adult) the native population of Midi (or Little Piccadilly) Island was: Men, 1,039; women, 1,087; children, 817.

The rate of adult illiteracy was 99.8 per cent. It was found that Buaroto, Chief of Waypalloo, could write and read Japanese characters; and a fisherman's wife from the east coast who had learned English from Mr. Edgett six years ago still practiced daily with a Bible he had given her. With Woolawei, the total was three literates.

On adult suffrage, the existing form of government and the officeholders, from Jilouili down, were approved by a vote of 2,118 to 0, with eight abstentions by voters too modest even to give an opinion.

Bill drove Woolawei to the royal palace and gave the king the election returns in person. They toasted the result in ni-poa, after two shells of which Captain Oo-ee-lo-bee recalled an urgent engagement and withdrew. The sedan seemed easy to drive with its wheels floating a few inches above the road.

AT her place, opening the mail, Diana Forrester looked surreptitiously at Bill Willoby, who was sitting on a corner of Lieutenant Schmidt's desk, discussing the results of the census.

She picked up a thick envelope with the imprint of South Pacific Island Command, snipped off one end and drew out the contents. The top sheet of paper was red-bordered with IMMEDIATE ACTION printed at top and bottom. A square of red cardboard with the single word EXPEDITE was clipped to the upper left-hand corner.

3d Indorsement

TO: Commanding Officer, Occupation Force, Midi Island

1. Attention is directed to basic letter and inclosure.

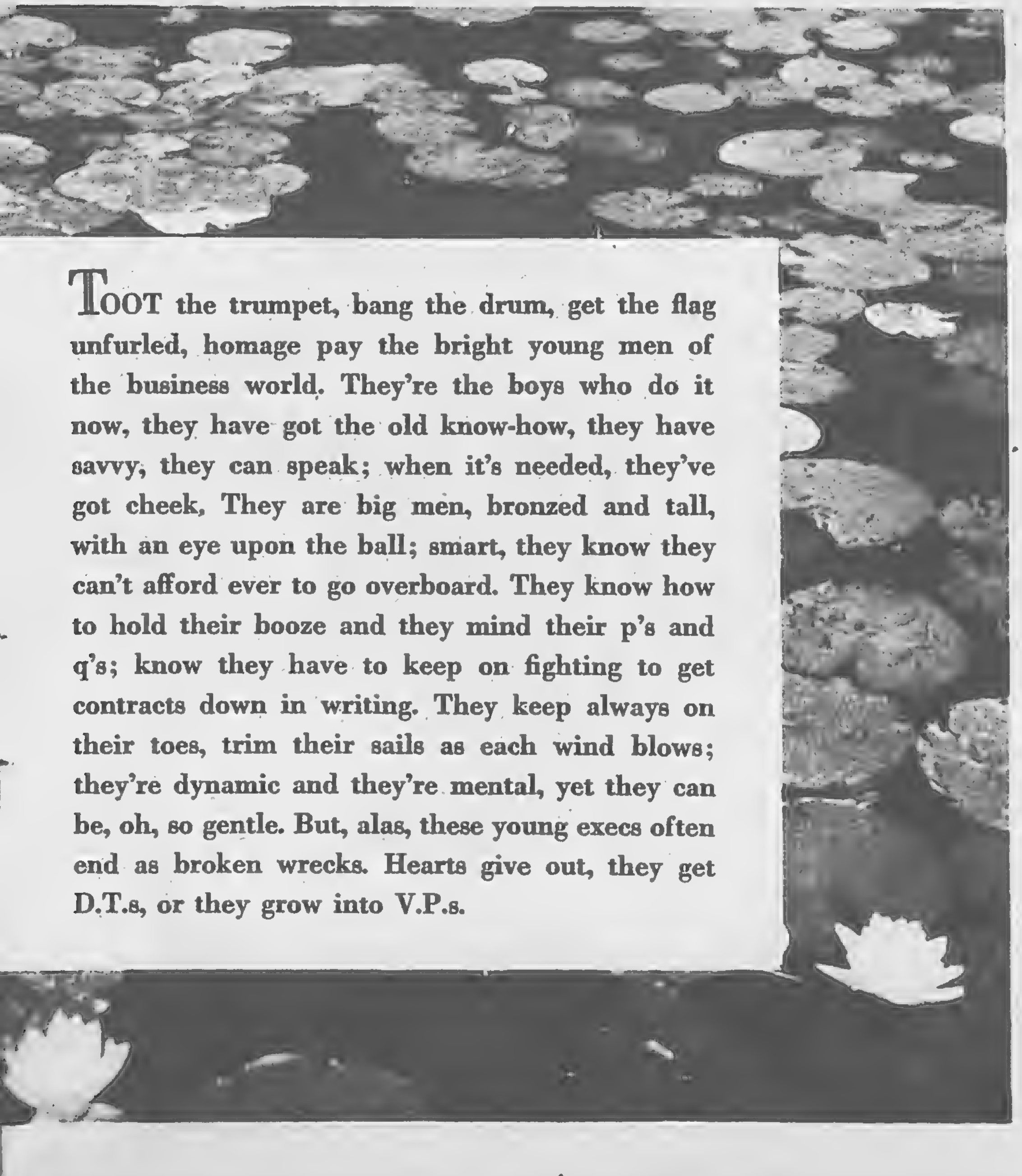
2. You will report immediately by indorsement hereon, including in your report answers to the following questions:

a) What were the exact dates and times of Miss Angela Toland's arrival at and departure from territory under your command?

b) Did the conditions described in the Inclosure exist at any time during the period of her visit?

c) Do these conditions still obtain?

(*Continued on page 71*)



TOOT the trumpet, bang the drum, get the flag unfurled, homage pay the bright young men of the business world. They're the boys who do it now, they have got the old know-how, they have savvy, they can speak; when it's needed, they've got cheek. They are big men, bronzed and tall, with an eye upon the ball; smart, they know they can't afford ever to go overboard. They know how to hold their booze and they mind their p's and q's; know they have to keep on fighting to get contracts down in writing. They keep always on their toes, trim their sails as each wind blows; they're dynamic and they're mental, yet they can be, oh, so gentle. But, alas, these young execs often end as broken wrecks. Hearts give out, they get D.T.s, or they grow into V.P.s.

Shindigs

With fabulous expertness, Philippe of New York's Waldorf-Astoria throws unusual parties for kings and presidents, debutantes and movie stars

By Caroline Bird Menuez

READING TIME • 5 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

WHEN Sam Goldwyn and Louis Mayer want to throw a New York party, they turn it over to Philippe, the Waldorf's 36-year-old entertainment and banquet manager. Neither of them would let him play himself in a picture, however, for he's about the exact opposite of the rotund, hand-rubbing master of ceremonies typed for the part.

In real life, helping 5,000 people spend $5,000,000 a year giving their friends a good time is a job that keeps Philippe slim, incisive, and matter-of-fact. The French would call him *sérieux*—a young man with explicit convictions.

In his fifteen years at the Waldorf, he has catered to the guests of President Roosevelt, Pope Pius XII when he was Cardinal Pacelli, Mme. Chiang Kai-shek, the Ford family, Frank Sinatra, the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, the kings of Siam and Greece, and the decade's budget of Cabinet ministers, ambassadors, and visiting South American presidents. Each party was exactly as the host himself would have planned it if he had known how.

Most of the checks which account for the Waldorf's fivefold increase in entertainment sales since 1931 are made out by corporations. New automobiles, fur coats, and perfumes contend with the season's debutantes for dates on which they can be introduced to society at the Waldorf. Philippe coaches these newcomers as tactfully as Oscar, famous host of the old Waldorf, used to pilot oil magnates through the wine list.

His party file starts when the date is set and an entry made in his 50-pound diary. Beginning with the reservation form, the file builds up through mimeographed requisitions, menus, instructions to florists, chefs, stewards, photographers, printers, furniture movers, musicians, and hotel dicks. The patron is presented with master sheets of instructions, and must O. K. the number of guests, the hours of arrival and end of function. Clockwork timing is essential, because the housemen may have to shift scenes for a new function with only thirty minutes' leeway.

Does a hostess want to flatter an important guest with his favorite dish? Reading from his black book, Philippe can tell her that Thomas Lamont prefers a baked apple with cream for dessert, Thomas J. Watson drinks ginger ale, Jim Farley Coca-cola, etc., etc. Even experienced hostesses are content to leave in Philippe's hands the decorations, the choice of entertainment—whether a single pianist or the entire cast of a Broadway show—and even such bridal headaches as invitations, seating plans, and beds for out-of-town guests.

As property manager, Philippe has to keep a supply of arches, platforms, flights of steps, bridal carpeting, as well as a wide assortment of props. At Elsa Maxwell's Bachelors' Ball, a dressmaking contest judged by Lucien Lelong was the high point of the evening. Philippe had to provide each of the town's most eligible catches with scissors, pins, yards of material, and a Powers model.

Whatever the occasion, he believes hospitality should be as deceptively casual as a well-dressed woman. The menu should be simple but imaginative. Conversation, the life of a party, depends primarily on the element over which Philippe has least control—the choice of guests. But he helps hostesses seat bankers next to ballet dancers, and he recommends small tables of eight.

Philippe does the careful planning

to Order

which makes his parties look so casual in a thirty-foot air-conditioned room guarded by two secretaries. Between 11 A. M. and 12.30 he has time for three strategy conferences. These over, he checks the progress of the day's luncheon events before settling down for his own simple lunch. Then around six o'clock he takes time for a quick bath and change to evening wear. While dressing, he may have time for a broiled squab, but when traffic is heavy he snatches a sandwich and a glass of wine before getting back to his desk.

After the parties are launched all over the hotel, he circulates to compliment brides, greet friends, and enforce traffic rules designed to prevent a train of waiters carrying steaming soup tureens from tripping over spotlight wires. By the time he finally checks back to his desk, the last train for Redding, Connecticut, is gone.

He doesn't like to admit that things ever go wrong, but he sometimes thinks of the eight-tiered wedding cake which toppled into a heap twenty-five minutes before the cutting ceremonies. He and the night chef managed to improvise a couple of extra layers under a six-tier cake they found in the kitchen. Then there was the Eisenhower dinner, when an overawed electrician allowed Lawrence Tibbett to sing The Star-Spangled Banner to 2,000 guests in utter darkness.

The Philippe farm at Redding is only an hour and a half from New York, but he can get to it only on slow week-ends at the Waldorf. When he does, he applies his tireless passion for order to his garden rows of choice vegetables. He likes to help with the haying and to slaughter a pig for curing in the smokehouse. "Poppy" Philippe, a Cape Town-born Vassar girl, makes it back to Redding slightly oftener than her husband. She prides herself on being one of the few women in advertising circles who have put in ten years on the same major account. In between Heinz ads, she gardens, cooks, brings up three children — Cynthia, 14; Alf, 8; and Claudia, 5—and is writing a novel.

The man of the house at Redding is simply "Philippe" to his wife, children, and friends. When asked, he's apt to tell other people his full name is Philippe Philippe. Actually, he was christened Claudius Charles in London, where his father was executive chef of the exclusive Carlton Club.

His mother died when he was four, and his grandmother brought him up in a network of uncles and cousins entrenched in hotels and restaurants on both sides of the Channel. At fifteen he was plucking geese and threading his way around the kitchen temperaments of the Crillon Hotel in Paris. Three years of instructive experience seemed to point inexorably to a dismal Birmingham hotel run by one of his cousins. But salvation appeared in the person of Mrs. Christian Holmes, heiress of the Fleischmann yeast fortune. Eighteen-year-old Claudius told her the whole story while carving a quail in her suite, and with her help the necessary formalities were overcome.

Today, after years in New York, American food habits still disturb Philippe. What he feels is needed is a revolt against standardization, a renaissance of individual taste.

THE END

Philippe's jobs range from simple little hors d'oeuvres like this to banquet tables on which electric trains maneuver among viands.

Can We Have a Guaranteed Annual Wage?

We *can,* only if these conditions are met

By C. Hartley Grattan

READING TIME • 6 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

THE idea of a guaranteed annual wage is getting popular. It is advocated by labor, by government, and by many business men. The National Association of Manufacturers is willing to go a good part of the way—the most important part—and strongly advocates action in the field of employment stabilization—"action to make jobs in industry year-around jobs."

"I have become convinced," says Ira Mosher, chairman of the N.A.M. executive committee, "that industrial management must go all out in a program to schedule year-around employment and carefully spread the payroll over 52 weeks. Workers have to eat 52 weeks. They pay rent 52 weeks. . . . Any industry worthy of the name should support its people."

It is, however, a complicated business to *guarantee* what men will earn in the year ahead. There is more to it than multiplying an hourly rate by 2,080 (the number of hours in 52 40-hour weeks) and saying, "There, boys, that's what you'll make in 1947." The guaranteed annual wage simply cannot be put into operation until businesses and conditions affecting business can be effectively stabilized.

The outstanding difficulty is the obvious fact that few businesses operate at the same rate every month of the year.

We must figure how to keep production at as even a rate throughout the year as possible. No single set of rules can be applied to all industries. Even if business succeeds in working this out, it will be unable to guarantee the wages annually if the national economy as a whole falls out of whack. If government policies toward industry are wrong, for example, the individual concern may be powerless to enforce a guaranteed annual wage.

What *can* management do?

By analyzing the firm's records over a period of years, it can figure out more or less accurately how many workers it must employ to take care of an average year's business. It can then figure how many hours per year the permanent employees usually work and what they earn.

It can determine at what times of the year it is usually necessary to add temporary employees, and decide what the reasons are for the fluctuations, whether they can be eliminated, and, if so, how many temporary hands can therefore be made permanent.

By analyzing sales it can determine whether anything can be done to even out the flow of goods to market. Do wholesalers tend to buy at certain seasons, while retail sales go on steadily throughout the year? If so, can habits of the wholesalers be changed? Steady buying by them will even out production at the plant. Or if consumers are buying at an uneven rate and the product could be sold steadily throughout the year, can advertising change consumer habits? Or is it possible to iron out the peaks and hollows by producing at an even rate, but diverting the occasional excess of production to warehouses until orders come in?

FREDERIC LEWIS PHOTO

Not only does the assurance of a steady job tend to make a man work better, but it helps him to a happier family life.

Once the problem of an even flow of merchandise to market is solved, sales forecasters must determine whether general economic conditions indicate larger or smaller sales next year and they must be reasonably accurate!

If this can be done, it is then possible to plan a program for guaranteeing wages. Production, it is assumed, will be spread fairly evenly over the whole year, so-and-so many permanent employees will be needed to turn it out, they will have to work so many hours to do the job, and they will earn this much. At $1 an hour, let us say, this will come to $40 a week for 50 out of 52 weeks in the year. Will this be the guaranty?

Not unless the employer is reckless. Suppose business declines for reasons he could not foresee? Suppose prices of raw materials unexpectedly rise? No, a wise employer will not guarantee $40 a week for 50 weeks. He will guarantee some portion of it, say three quarters, or $1,500 a year. His workers will be sure of $30 a week for 50 weeks, and they will get (*Continued on page 86*)

DREAMS OF POWER!

...come true with FIRE-CHIEF

Starting Power — Touch the starter . . . and "Pur-rr!" Your engine starts instantly with Texaco Fire-Chief gasoline.

Responsive Power — Ask for action . . . Zip! You get it! Fire-Chief warms up rapidly, delivers a *full flow* of power when you need it!

Smooth Power—Want smoothness? Fire-Chief's satin-smooth stream of power seems to "float" your car over the highways. And . . .

Superior Fire-Power is what makes it possible. It's the result of Texaco's accurate balance of the good qualities that make a gasoline great.

TEXACO FIRE-CHIEF GASOLINE

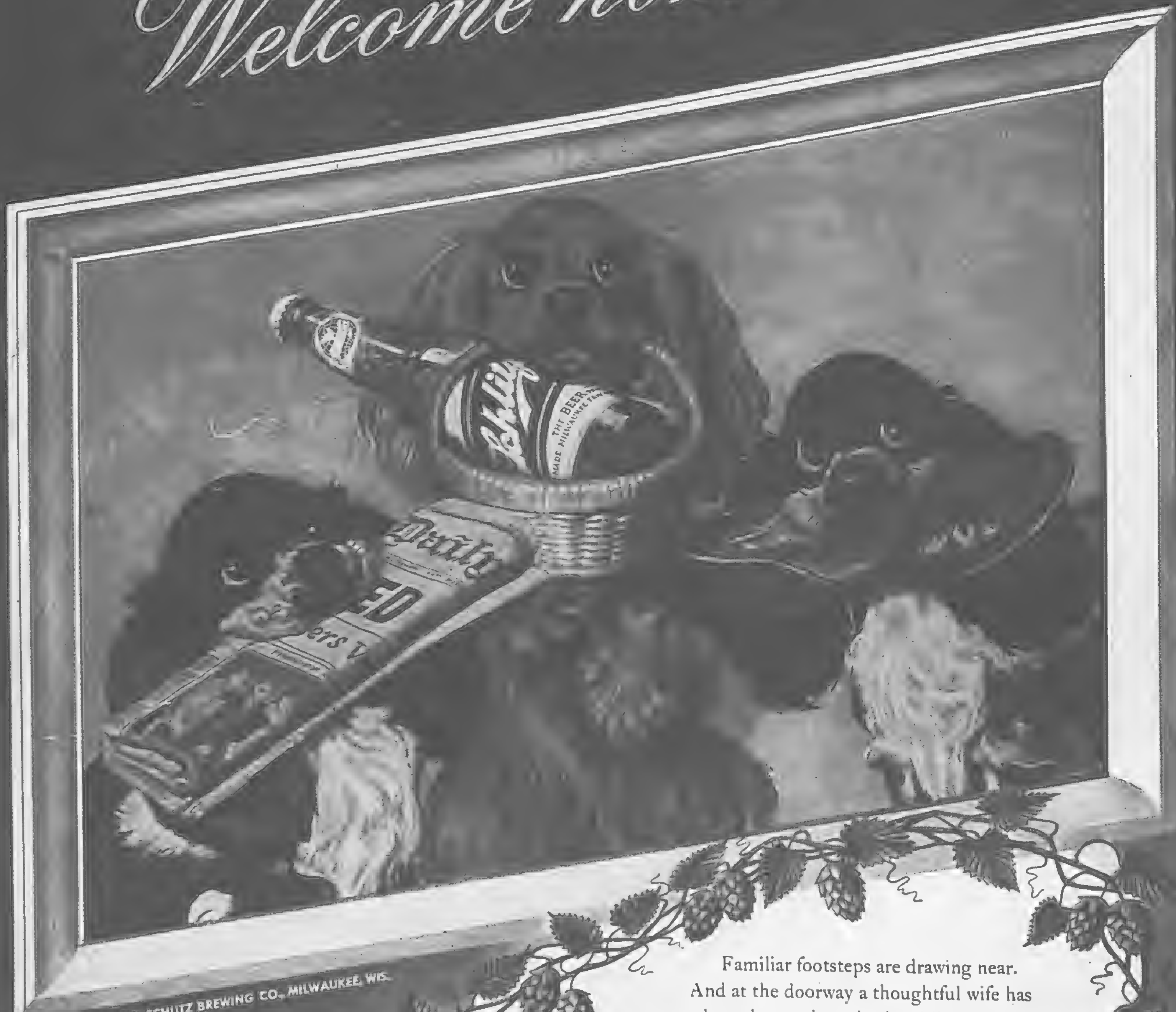
TEXACO
REG. T.M.

THE TEXAS COMPANY

TEXACO DEALERS IN ALL 48 STATES

TUNE IN... Texaco Star Theatre presents the new Tony Martin show every Sunday night. See newspaper for time and station.

Welcome home!


Schlitz
THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS
Daily
ED

COPYRIGHT 1947, JOS. SCHLITZ BREWING CO., MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Familiar footsteps are drawing near. And at the doorway a thoughtful wife has staged a welcome that a husband likes to dream about . . . a cheery smile, the evening paper, easy slippers, and a bottle of Schlitz to flavor golden moments. Famous as a product in which quality has never been sacrificed for volume, Schlitz is an unchanging friend of your leisure hours . . . a symbol of good living in any home.

Just the KISS of the hops

Schlitz
Schlitz
THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

COLD GOLD

By George Nelson Meyers

In tiny Nenana, just south of the Arctic Circle, the world's biggest guessing game breaks with the ice in the Tanana River, and pays off in six figures

READING TIME • 2 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

THE biggest guessing game in the world is run off in a one-moose town on the Tanana River, 150 miles south of the Arctic Circle in Alaska. In the past thirty years this annual Nenana Ice Pool Sweepstakes has rewarded fool luck with more than $1,500,000 in cash.

The object of the game is to predict when the ice will break up in the Tanana. To win, you've got to hit it on the nose: date, hour, and minute. Thousands of sourdoughs in Alaska and northern Canada are having their annual whirl now, at $1 a guess. The more guesses, the bigger the pot. Last spring it was $108,000. Four tickets were marked for the winning minute—4.40 P. M., May 5—and the biggest bite, $27,000, fell to an 80-year-old sourdough, Mike Johnson.

The first time the pot topped 100 grand was during the war years, when Alaska was overrun with G.I.s and construction workers. But this year, with the population leveling off to a peacetime normalcy, the $1 forecasts have already bunched the winnings into the heaviest since the ice pool was founded, back in 1917.

The townspeople elect the pool manager in January. Election day used to be swarming and delirious. Then, eleven years ago, the ice-pool committee ruled that only genuine municipal voters could walk near the ballot box. This year, of Nenana's population of 250 sourdoughs and Indians, 76 were eligible to vote.

The manager gets $1,500 to run the show, and hires half of Nenana to help him. This year tickets were scattered all over Alaska and Canada's Yukon Territory—but not by U. S. mail; the post office regards the pool as an out-and-out lottery and won't touch it. Guessing deadline is the first week of April.

Early in April armed watchmen mount guard over a tripod sunk into the frozen river. When the ice breaks up, a wire that stretches from the tripod snaps a string and stops the Waltham ship's chronometer that names the winner. Since 1917, the ice has gone out four times on April 30 and four times on May 11. But it has also gone out as early as April 20 and as late as May 16. That gives a guesser 38,880 minutes to play around with.

With more than 100,000 tickets in the hat, the chances of one guesser walking off with the whole sack of silver are, to put it conservatively, slim. Even so, that sometimes happens. The last time was ten years ago. The pot was $75,000 and Buster Anderson, a Fairbanks bus driver, got it. Then the income-tax collector took one-fifth of it from Buster. The 1945 prize of $105,000 was split two ways—and the two winners got married.

Newcomers to the Territory are invariably bewildered. If the ice pool is a lottery, they reason, why isn't it stopped? Actually, if a complaint were filed, federal attorneys (who buy tickets every spring) would have to prosecute. But sourdoughs don't think it likely that anybody will file a complaint.

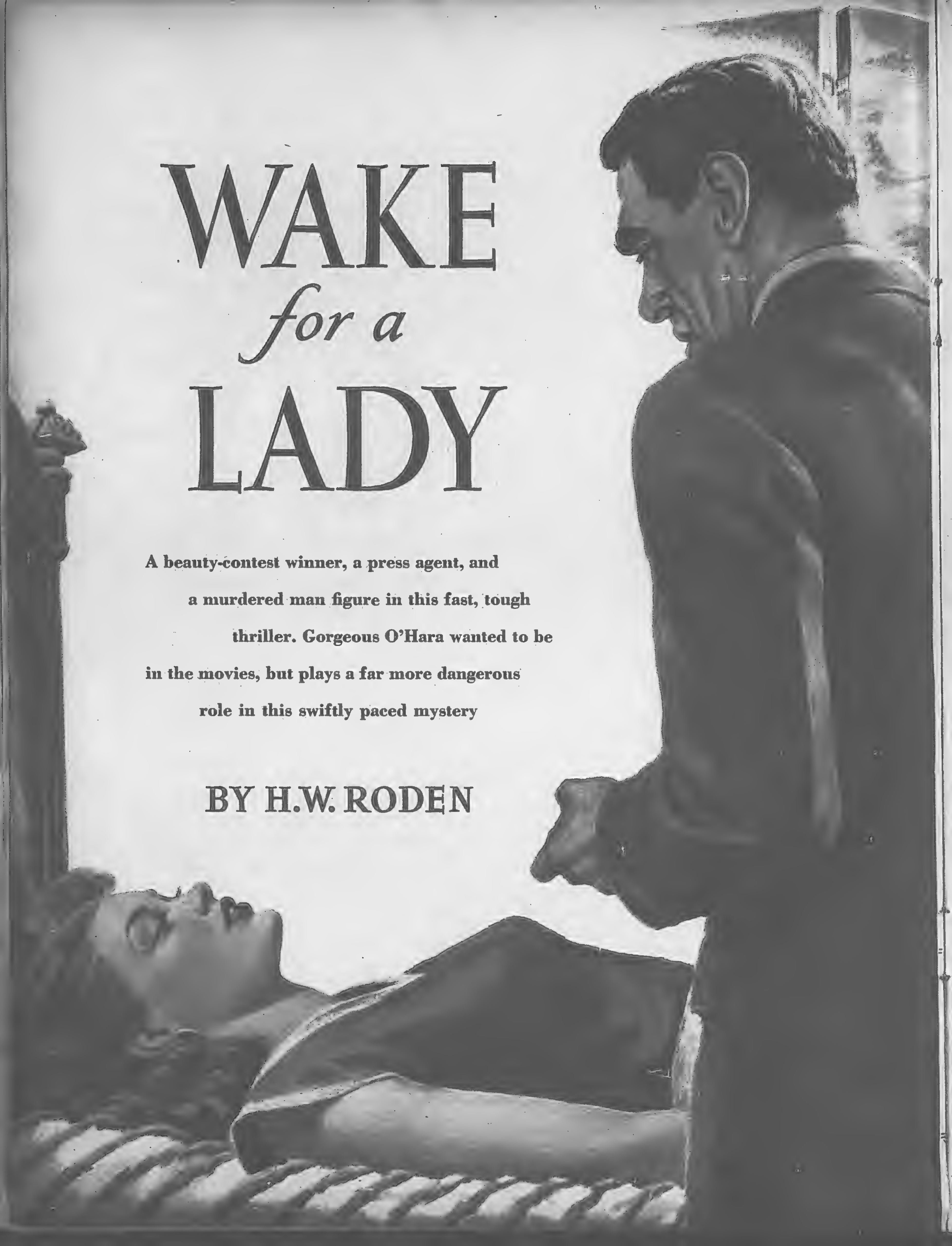
THE END

As ice goes free, a wire stops
chronometer that decides the win

This man signals to the crowd
magic moment that the ice bre
up. (Below) The clockhouse to

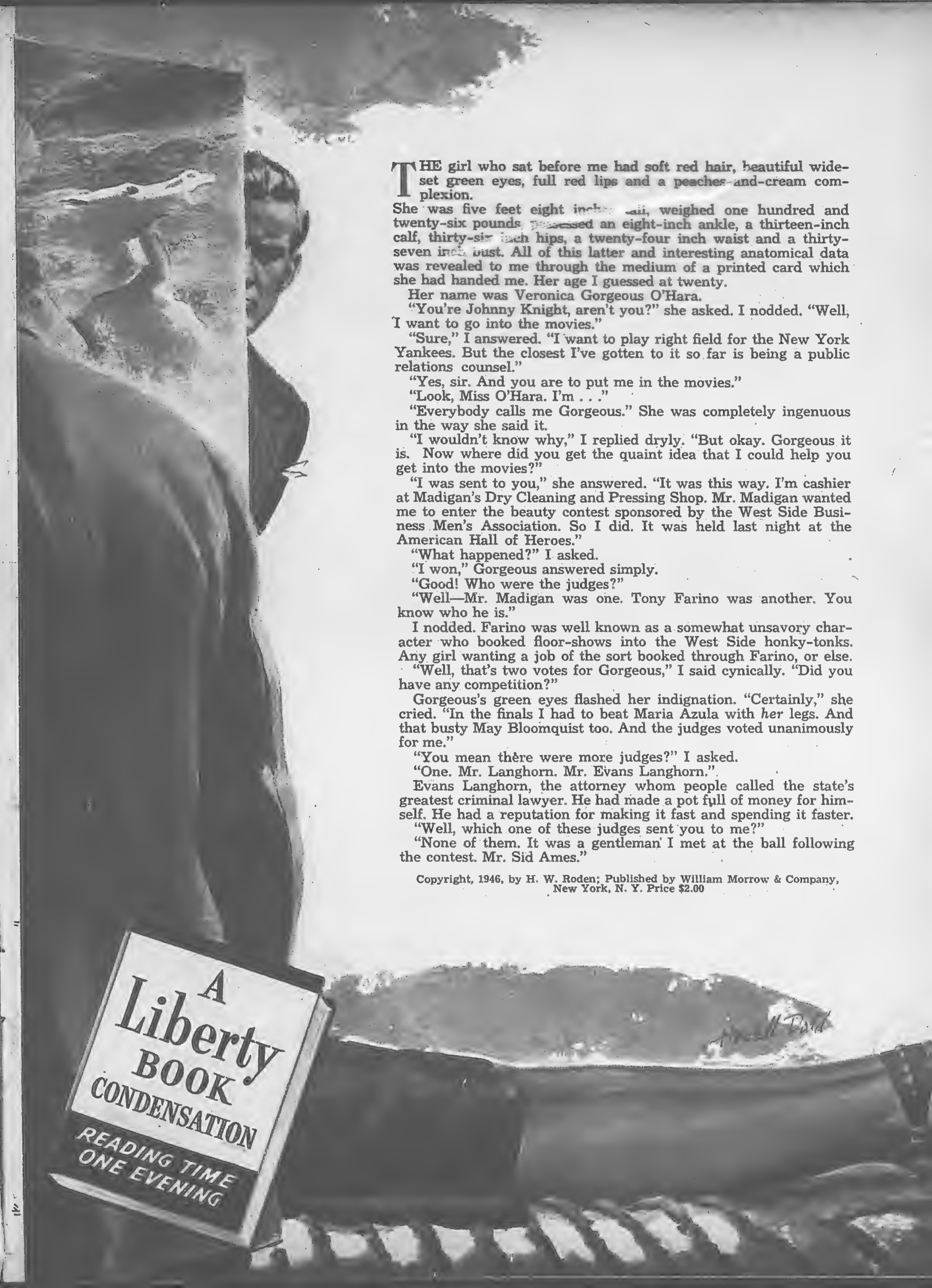
ICE POOL
WATCHMAN
NENA
ICE
POO

WAKE *for a* LADY



A beauty-contest winner, a press agent, and a murdered man figure in this fast, tough thriller. Gorgeous O'Hara wanted to be in the movies, but plays a far more dangerous role in this swiftly paced mystery

BY H.W. RODEN



THE girl who sat before me had soft red hair, beautiful wide-set green eyes, full red lips and a peaches-and-cream complexion.

She was five feet eight inches tall, weighed one hundred and twenty-six pounds, possessed an eight-inch ankle, a thirteen-inch calf, thirty-six inch hips, a twenty-four inch waist and a thirty-seven inch bust. All of this latter and interesting anatomical data was revealed to me through the medium of a printed card which she had handed me. Her age I guessed at twenty.

Her name was Veronica Gorgeous O'Hara.

"You're Johnny Knight, aren't you?" she asked. I nodded. "Well, I want to go into the movies."

"Sure," I answered. "I want to play right field for the New York Yankees. But the closest I've gotten to it so far is being a public relations counsel."

"Yes, sir. And you are to put me in the movies."

"Look, Miss O'Hara. I'm . . ."

"Everybody calls me Gorgeous." She was completely ingenuous in the way she said it.

"I wouldn't know why," I replied dryly. "But okay. Gorgeous it is. Now where did you get the quaint idea that I could help you get into the movies?"

"I was sent to you," she answered. "It was this way. I'm cashier at Madigan's Dry Cleaning and Pressing Shop. Mr. Madigan wanted me to enter the beauty contest sponsored by the West Side Business Men's Association. So I did. It was held last night at the American Hall of Heroes."

"What happened?" I asked.

"I won," Gorgeous answered simply.

"Good! Who were the judges?"

"Well—Mr. Madigan was one. Tony Farino was another. You know who he is."

I nodded. Farino was well known as a somewhat unsavory character who booked floor-shows into the West Side honky-tonks. Any girl wanting a job of the sort booked through Farino, or else.

"Well, that's two votes for Gorgeous," I said cynically. "Did you have any competition?"

Gorgeous's green eyes flashed her indignation. "Certainly," she cried. "In the finals I had to beat Maria Azula with *her* legs. And that busty May Bloomquist too. And the judges voted unanimously for me."

"You mean there were more judges?" I asked.

"One. Mr. Langhorn. Mr. Evans Langhorn."

Evans Langhorn, the attorney whom people called the state's greatest criminal lawyer. He had made a pot full of money for himself. He had a reputation for making it fast and spending it faster.

"Well, which one of these judges sent you to me?"

"None of them. It was a gentleman I met at the ball following the contest. Mr. Sid Ames."

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New York, N. Y. Price $2.00

So it had been my friend Sid Ames, private investigator and man-about-town.

"Mr. Ames and I were dancing," Gorgeous went on. "And he said he had a friend named Johnny Knight who knew just how to go about getting a girl into pictures. I wish you would start at once, if you please—Johnny."

I was about to pull out a handful of my normally blond curly locks when she continued, "Oh, I know it costs a lot of money, but I'm prepared to pay you."

She reached for her bag, fumbled in it, then put into my fist an old-fashioned roll of currency. The outside bill was a C-note.

Suddenly a deep voice spoke up: "And where would a decent girl like you, Veronica Gorgeous O'Hara, be after gettin' a roll of cabbage the likes of that?"

Standing in the doorway was the biggest, toughest, and meanest-looking bruiser it had ever been my misfortune to see.

He started right for me.

Instinct moved me around in front of my desk. My dukes went up. The guy made a feint at me and the next thing I knew I was sitting in my swivel chair again. I had made a complete somersault over the top of the desk.

"That was very impolite of you, Uncle Michael," the girl said to the intruder. Then turning to me she added, "This is Uncle Michael. Uncle Michael, Mr. Knight."

"The top o' the mornin' to yez," said Uncle Michael.

The girl put a gentle hand on the man's huge arm. "Uncle Michael, Mr. Knight is going to put me in pictures."

The big man gave me a baleful glare. "See here, now, me fine bucko," he said, "ye heard the colleen speak. If it's the movies she's after wantin' then put her in 'em or I'll scald the heart out o' ye."

I still had the roll of bills squeezed tightly in my right hand. I opened my fist and tossed the wad at Veronica. "The deal's off," I said. "My blood pressure wouldn't take it."

Just then the door swung open and Sid Ames strode into the room. His face appeared troubled.

"What is it, Sid?" I asked quietly.

"A half hour ago," he said, "the bookkeeper at Spike Madigan's place walked into the boss's private office. He found Spike dead on the floor."

"His heart?" I asked.

"Yeah, his heart," Ames responded dryly. "But not the way you mean. The police must figure that somebody stopped it for him. The entire Homicide Squad rushed out there."

Gorgeous's great green eyes went round in shock. Uncle Michael crossed himself.

THERE were a half dozen people in Madigan's office when we got there, and his body still lay on the floor before an open safe.

He lay on his stomach, his arms outflung and his knees drawn up. There was a dent the size of an egg in the back of his skull.

Doc Leininger, our coroner, rose to his feet. "Dead seven hours, more or less, Captain," he said easily. Then he saw me.

"Hi, Johnny," he said.

"How are you, doc?"

At the sound of my voice Captain Hogarth looked up.

"How did you people get in here?" he bellowed. "Anthony, Ryan, put 'em out. And—wait a minute—hold them in the other room. We'll see what brought 'em here."

A short figure detached itself from the group around Madigan's body. It was my friend Tim Ryan of the Homicide Detail.

"Out," he ordered in a not unfriendly fashion. We all filed into the reception room. Almost at once a young man followed us. I guessed his age at twenty-two; handsome, with a weak face.

"I'm sorry, Ward," Gorgeous said to him. Then, to us, "This is Ward Wyeth, Mr. Madigan's step-son."

THE young man looked a little green around the mouth. "Why did they make me go in there and look at him?" he demanded petulantly. "He was nothing to me."

"You shouldn't talk that way about your poor father," Gorgeous said.

"My father," he answered scornfully. "Just because my mother married him that doesn't make him my father. I notice you kept out of his way as much as you could. That is, except when the two of you had your heads together over those Hollywood plans of yours."

The door flew open to present the back of a retreating police officer. Pushing him backward with a long parasol whose point was placed in his midriff, was a remarkable-looking woman.

She was tall and slender, about fifty. Her hair was dyed blue-gray. Her hat was by John-Fredericks and her gown by Hattie Carnegie or I never saw a copy of Vogue in my life.

"I am Mrs. Madigan," she proclaimed imperiously. Then she pointed the parasol directly at Gorgeous. "And there stands the shameless Jezebel who visited my husband here in his office in the small hours of this morning."

Veronica Gorgeous O'Hara, her face the color of a sheet of paper, slipped gently to the floor.

GORGEOUS, Uncle Michael, Ames and I sat on one side of Captain Hogarth's desk in Headquarters. On the other side, as cool as a julep glass, sat Mrs. Madigan. By her side stood her son, Ward Wyeth.

Hogarth began. "There is no question but that Mr. Madigan was murdered—struck over the head with a heavy candlestick that presumably had been on his desk. Mrs. Madigan, when did you last see your husband alive?"

"Three or four days ago," she answered unemotionally. "I have been staying at our summer place out at the lake. Mr. Madigan and Ward, my son by a previous marriage, came out only on week-ends."

"Mr. Madigan did not join you yesterday or last night?"

"As a matter of fact I had come in town yesterday to do some shopping. When I finished it was late and I decided to remain overnight."

"Did you so notify your husband?"

"Certainly not. My husband had little time for or interest in home life."

Hogarth asked, "Was your son at home last night?"

"I went to a beauty show," Wyeth answered for her. "You don't catch me passing up a chance to glim all those gals in bathing suits. I stayed until the dance was over. Then I drove home and went to bed."

"When was that?" Hogarth asked.

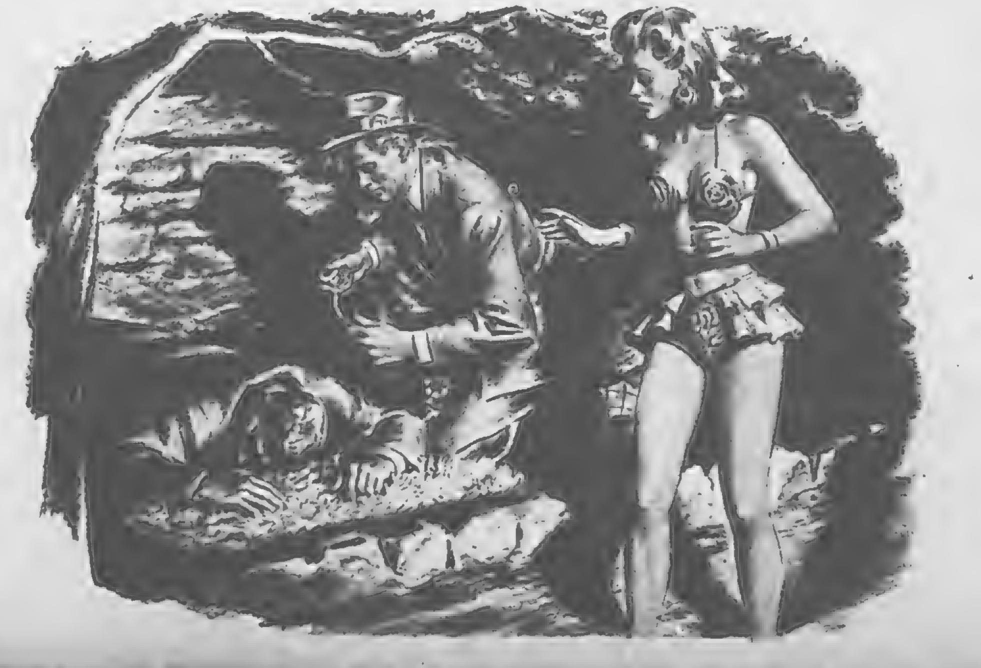
"How should I know?" Wyeth retorted sulkily. "One or two o'clock."

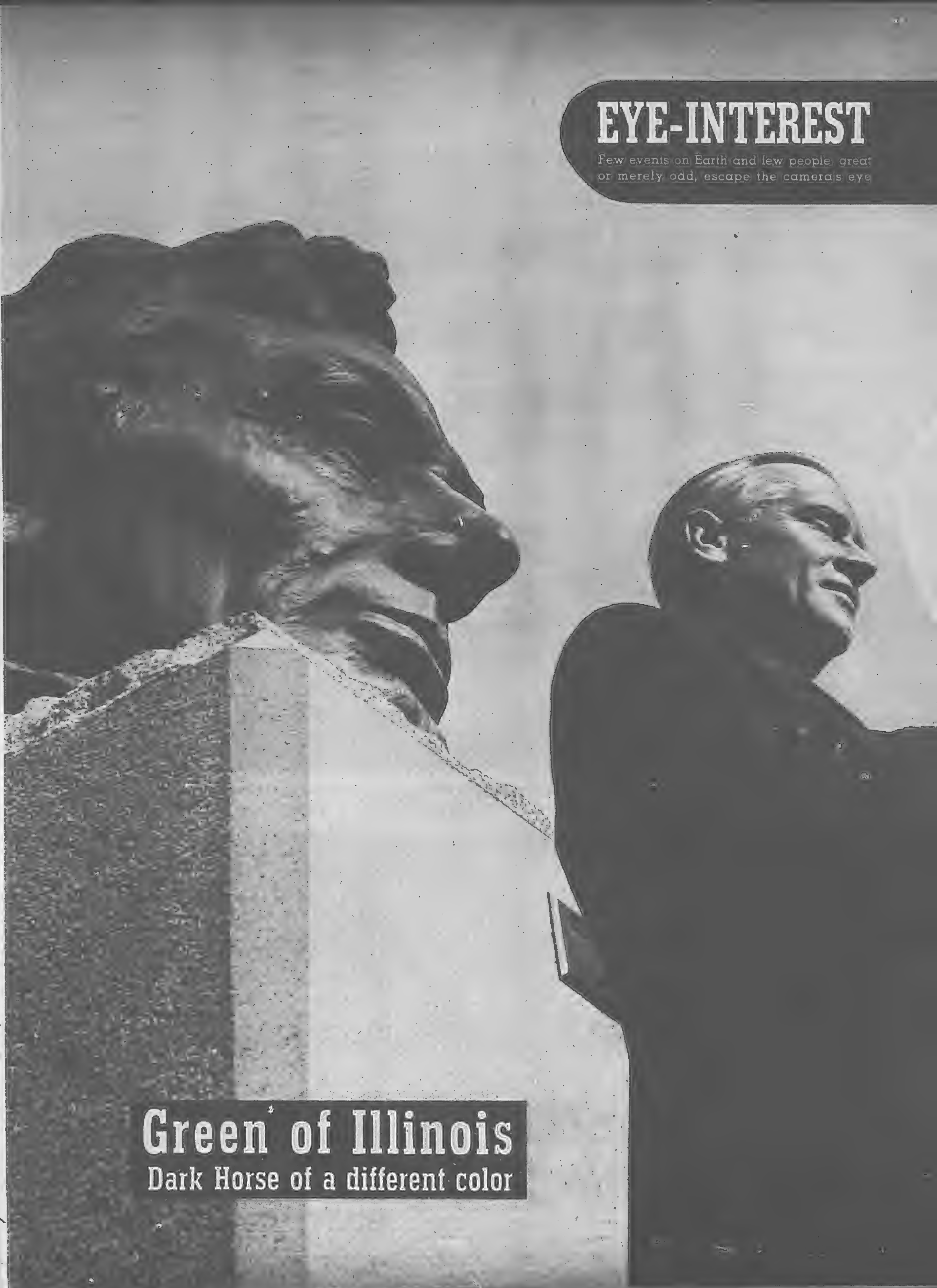
Captain Hogarth turned to Mrs. Madigan again. "You talked with your son when he came in?"

"No, as a matter of fact I did not," she answered. "But I was still awake at the time."

"Can either of you tell us anything that might explain the events leading up to your husband's death? We know that he left the beauty contest at a little after one this morning. At three or before, he was dead."

(*Continued on page 93*)





EYE-INTEREST

Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's eye

Green of Illinois

Dark Horse of a different color

Back from a speech in Chicago, Illinois' Governor Dwight H. Green tackles the affairs of state long after midnight. Unlike many of his constituents, the Governor works late, rises late. This is his desk in the Executive Mansion.

Many a governor will not stop his car (as Green does, above) for local policemen and school children. Governor Green abhors his siren, and he faithfully observes all traffic regulations.

BRIGHTEST dark horse in the 1948 Presidential Derby, in the opinion of many Republicans in the know, is fifty-year-old, Hoosier-born Dwight H. Green, Governor of Illinois. Governor Green has effectively tackled on a state-wide basis many of the problems that are vexing the country as a whole. Illinois veterans enjoy the largest state bonus in the nation, $385,000,000, as much as $900 going to veterans of long combat service (one third of it financed by doubling the tax on parimutuel betting). While New Deal do-gooders dawdled, the first minimum-wage law for schoolteachers was passed back in 1945 under Republican Green's administration. Veteran housing, slum clearance, rural road building, and other public benefit measures have all been sparked with unprecedented swiftness. Unlike New Deal reforms, Governor Green's measures depend on *local* initiative; local needs are determined by local communities and improvements are administered locally, not by Capitol straw bosses. As his first official act in 1940, Governor Green surrounded himself with a nonpolitical Cabinet made up of business men, professional men, few politicians. Illinois citizens pay no state property or income tax. Their 3-per-cent sales tax has recently been shaved to 2 per cent.

EXCLUSIVE PHOTOS BY EMIL HERMAN

The Governor accommodates young nonvoter in a Springfield theater during a holiday showing. But Hollywood could not compete with the Governor for the youngster's attention.

Mrs. Green and the Governor at a banquet in Chicago, a city which has cause to remember him as the Al Capone prosecutor.

Leaving the state Capitol. Popular with newsmen, Governor Green is himself an ex-, much-fired reporter.

The Governor, Mrs. Green, and their two daughters at a Christmas party in a local theater. The Governor makes a strong public impression, a quality which once made him a hot opponent of Kelly in Chicago's mayoralty race, where a Republican traditionally has been a dead duck even before he gets into the political swim.

Take and double-take. Helma had a whirl of being photographed before she left; looked best in a two-piece petal bathing sui

American Fashions Go to Paris

By Helen Faith Keane

IN these days of somber international crises, it's refreshing to find bright young Helma Seay among our country's unofficial representatives. Helma is taking Yankee designs made from Southern cottons to Paris. It started when a group of America's leading designers got a bee in their collective bonnets and decided to reverse the usual fashion procedure (*i.e.*, Paris to New York). From a contest conducted among 400 Southern belles in 17 cotton-growing states they selected Helma to be 1947's Maid-o'-Cotton, and she will tour France with a group of American designs. The idea: to show French couturiers how to use American fabrics to their best advantage.

Itinerary planning called for a simple two-piece suit in blue and red.

Thrilled over the prospect of her first trip abroad, Helma romped through fashion-show rehearsals. She took many evening gowns, like this bare-midriff design by Ballerina in black.

A Pretty Girl in a pretty gown calls for a mirror in any language. Helma specially likes this one of black net banded with white organdy designed for her by Eta.

Helma lives in Memphis, majors in music at Southwestern College in Tennessee, and plans to return to complete her studies when her six-month tour has ended. Her vital statistics are: age, 21; height, 5′6″; waist, 23; hips, 35; bust, 34.

"Peace

# of Mind"

Fretful, frustrated, fearful? The country's number one best seller shows the way to mental health and happiness

By Alan D. Wilkes

Author: Dr. Joshua L. Liebman
Rabbi, Temple Israel, Boston.

IN a world in which fear is man's dominant emotion—fear of insecurity, loneliness, inferiority, love, sickness, death—Joshua Loth Liebman's book, Peace of Mind, has taken the country by storm.

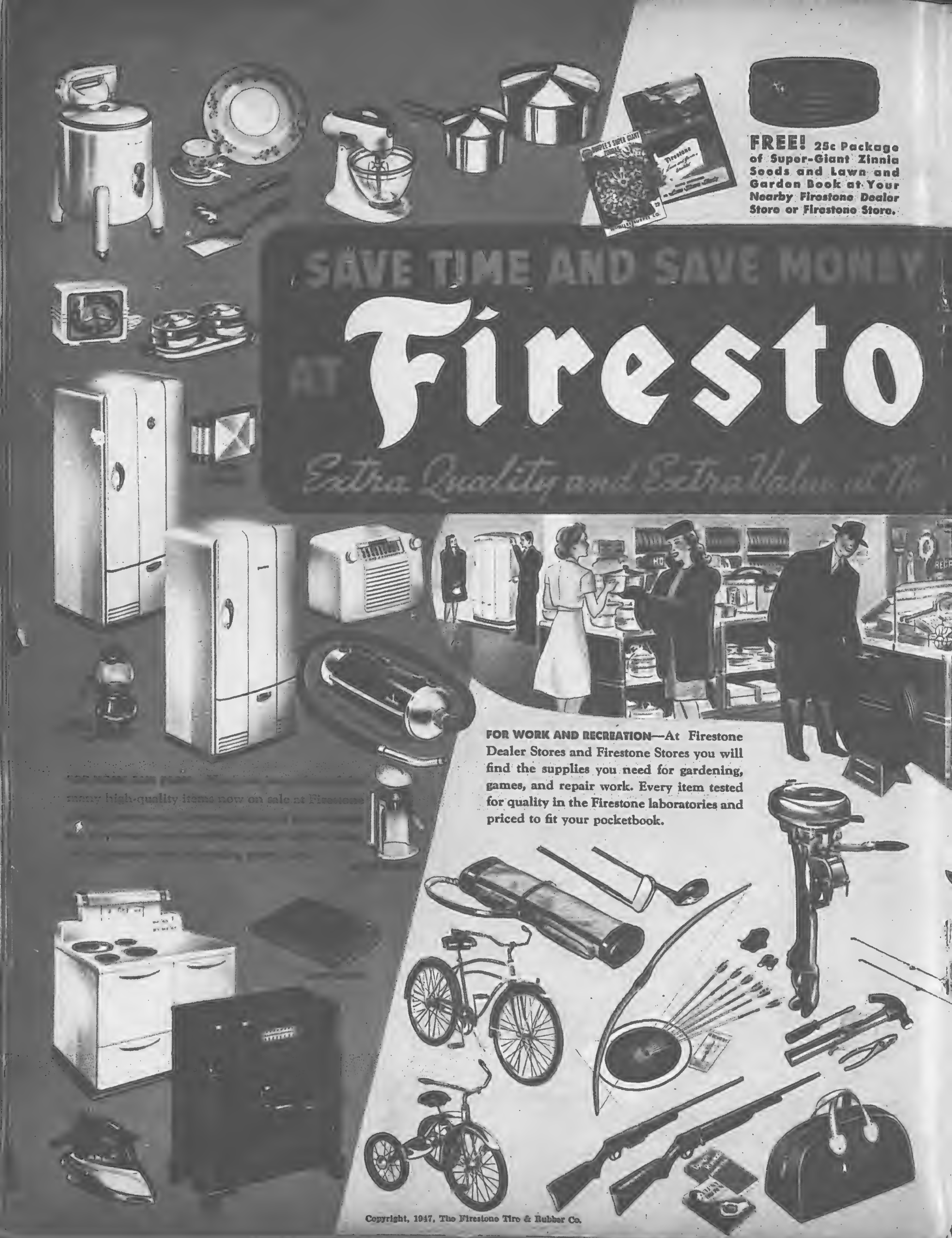
Setting forth some clear-cut "signs of sanity," Dr. Liebman tries to bring man face to face with himself, and to show how religion and psychology are striving for the same goal. This extraordinary book tells how self-understanding rather than self-condemnation is the way to inner peace, and that a proper love for oneself is necessary before one can love one's fellow man.

Illuminating chapters show how we are not self-sufficient, but are interdependent on others; that there is an essential difference between necessary fears and excessive (neurotic) fears; that natural grief is not to be avoided; and "the world is so made that we have to respect the truth."

In the final chapter, Dr. Liebman propounds the theory that psychology prepares the ground for a good life, but that the guaranty of a good life is provided only by religion and its compelling goals.

The photographs on these pages were adapted from the book, published by Simon & Schuster; copyright 1946, by Joshua L. Liebman; posed by members of the cast of the MBS radio program, The Falcon: Anne Burr, Charlotte Lawrence, Ann Shepherd, James Meighan, Vinton Hayworth, Larry Haines, Don McLaughlin, and Roc Rogers.

Wise Mother, having lost her only child, finds comfort as volunteer in N. Y. Foundling Hospital.



FREE! 25c Package of Super-Giant Zinnia Seeds and Lawn and Garden Book at Your Nearby Firestone Dealer Store or Firestone Store.

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AT Firesto

Extra Quality and Extra Value at N

[illegible] many high-quality items now on sale at Firestone [illegible]

FOR WORK AND RECREATION—At Firestone Dealer Stores and Firestone Stores you will find the supplies you need for gardening, games, and repair work. Every item tested for quality in the Firestone laboratories and priced to fit your pocketbook.

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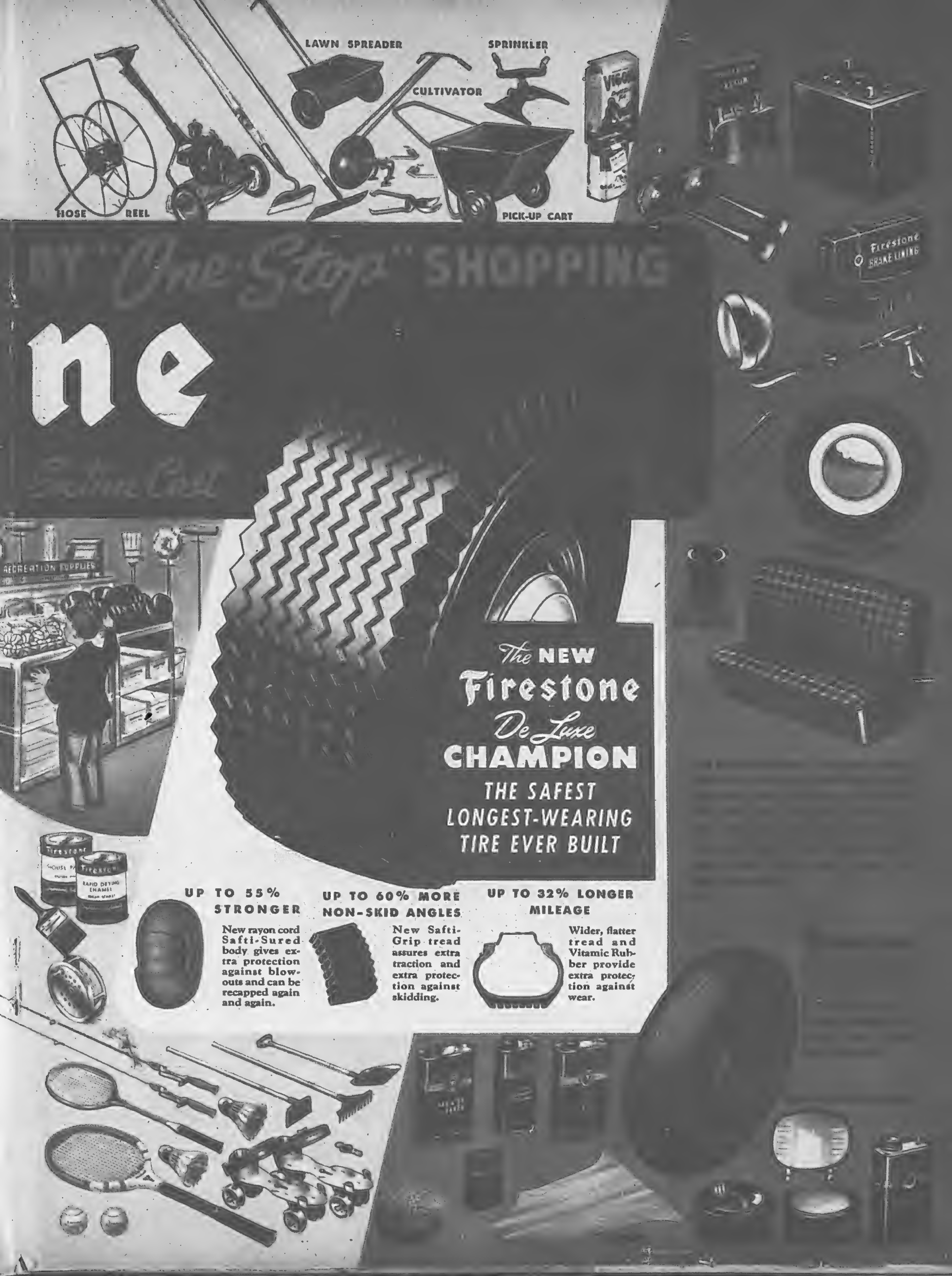

LAWN SPREADER
SPRINKLER
CULTIVATOR
HOSE REEL
PICK-UP CART
VIGORO
Firestone BRAKE LINING
RECREATION SUPPLIES
Firestone HOUSE PAINT
Firestone RAPID DRYING ENAMEL

BY "One-Stop" SHOPPING

ne

Extra Cost

The NEW Firestone *De Luxe* CHAMPION

THE SAFEST
LONGEST-WEARING
TIRE EVER BUILT

UP TO 55% STRONGER

New rayon cord Safti-Sured body gives extra protection against blowouts and can be recapped again and again.

UP TO 60% MORE NON-SKID ANGLES

New Safti-Grip tread assures extra traction and extra protection against skidding.

UP TO 32% LONGER MILEAGE

Wider, flatter tread and Vitamic Rubber provide extra protection against wear.

Fear of Dying is quelled by belief in immortality. Such belief can even be strong enough to comfort loved ones who are left behind, as illustrated above.

Proper Love for oneself is necessary in order to live properly with one's fellow man. Self-adulation, or narcissism (below), however, can lead to madness.

Self-Hate obsessing boy's alcoholic father, reacts on child (upper left). What belief in a heavenly Father can exist if the child sees his parent as a drunken brute?

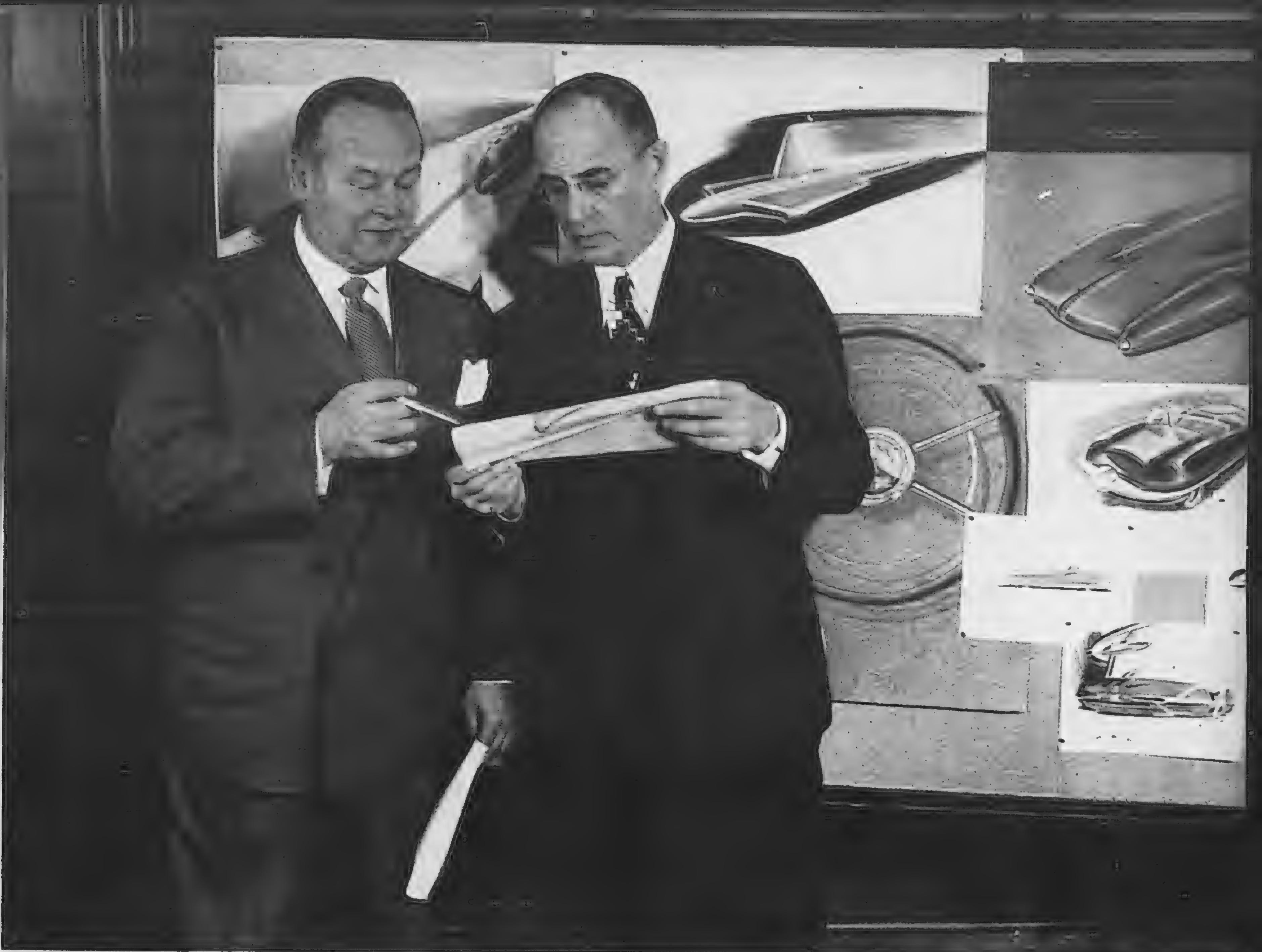
What Shall a Man Believe? Psychology and religion both advise the troubled in spirit to talk it out. In their different ways, they work for the same goal—peace of mind.

Religion of the future may become a partnership religion where men feel, not just say, they are indispensable to God. A healthier society, the author writes, must be built by healthier human beings.

Henry Ford (second from left) previews a model of the projected research and engineering center which will be the most elaborate in the world. Artist (below) dreams up a detail which may pass rigorous tests by engineers.

Dream

Your wildest dreams of your car of tomorrow are visioned by Ford engineers, whose hot ideas are backed by a cool $50,000,000 for research



Advanced design is submitted by stylist George Walker to Harold Youngren, Ford v.p.

Department

THE big news in autodom is Henry Ford II's projected $50,000,000 research and engineering center for his "Dream Department." Here imaginative artists are paid to doodle designs not unlike those a schoolboy scrawls in his geography book. Hard-bitten, practical engineers take those fanciful designs and breathe practicality into them. Those with a kernel of an idea are sculped into clay models. If they still look good, they're carved into full-sized mahogany mock-ups. Engines are handmade at a fabulous cost. Bodies are hammered out laboriously by highly skilled craftsmen. Finished models are put through the cruelest tests, and what remains may well be your future car.

The "Dream Department" also considers all suggestions sent in by would-be designers. Most are impractical—for three reasons: Only an energetic python could enter many of the doors depicted; the imaginative pseudo-streamlining would not pass wind-tunnel tests; and the transparent materials that are usually indicated would not stand up to the strain of daily use.

Research chemists, metallurgists, and technicians, like ancient alchemists, seek golden secret to make materials better.

Among highest-paid production workers are designers of lab equipment used in scientific tests of "dreams."

Sculptor uses scaling bridge to model proposed design in one-quarter size, exact in smallest detail.

Skilled woodworkers, with templates taken from full-sized clay model, carve out hardwood hammer forms.

Millions of taps by scores of painstaking craftsmen pound out intricate sheet-steel parts on wood forms.

Experimental engines are hand-assembled by the cream of the mechanics to try out improved designs.

NO SPRINGS HONEST WEIGHT

Dynamometer test of a radical V-8 engine will give the first inkling of its worth as a standard model.

Blindfolded testers grope way into dream cars and competitors' to test comfort and stumble on hazards.

Dreaming running. Secret 1948 Ford prototype, after lab probe, is christened by water hole on road test.

Liberty picks a Movie eligible for top honors

The Egg and I

HERE'S repeat delight for the many, many readers who held their sides over Betty MacDonald's best seller when it first appeared in condensed form in Liberty, November 17, 1945. Universal-International has jam-packed laugh after laugh into their picturization of the novel. They have given it the perfect cast in selecting Claudette Colbert, Fred MacMurray, Louise Allbritton, and Marjorie Main to play the leads. As the "I," the usually chic Miss Colbert is called upon to do everything from falling in the mud to coping with the STOVE. She does it all superbly, though she never manages to look downtrodden. Watch Percy Kilbride! He plays the good-for-nothing Pa Kettle and commits thespian theft by almost walking away with the entire picture. For a rollicking good time and for perfect escapist entertainment, be sure to see The Egg and I.

OTHER PICTURES WORTH SEEING

THE GUILT OF JANET AMES (Columbia). A woman's picture, beautifully acted by Rosalind Russell and Melvyn Douglas.

THE BEGINNING OR THE END? (M-G-M). Combining a documentary technique with dramatic effects, this story of the atom bomb is both thrilling and informative.

BLAZE OF NOON (Paramount). Saga of the men who first flew the air mail, with a sure-fire all-star—mostly male—cast.

RAMROD (Enterprise-United Artists). Joel McCrea, Veronica Lake, Arleen Whelan, and Don DeFore in still another of the current cycle of million-dollar Westerns.

The widow flirts with Bob, Betty hates the chickens, and she wants to give up when the barn burns down, but help from the now kindly neighbors saves them.

Two archenemies to Betty's happiness with husband Bob (Fred MacMurray) are that STOVE and the equally warm, equally disturbing widow (Louise Allbritton). Betty has left her slick city life to help Bob attain his lifelong dream—a successful chicken farm.

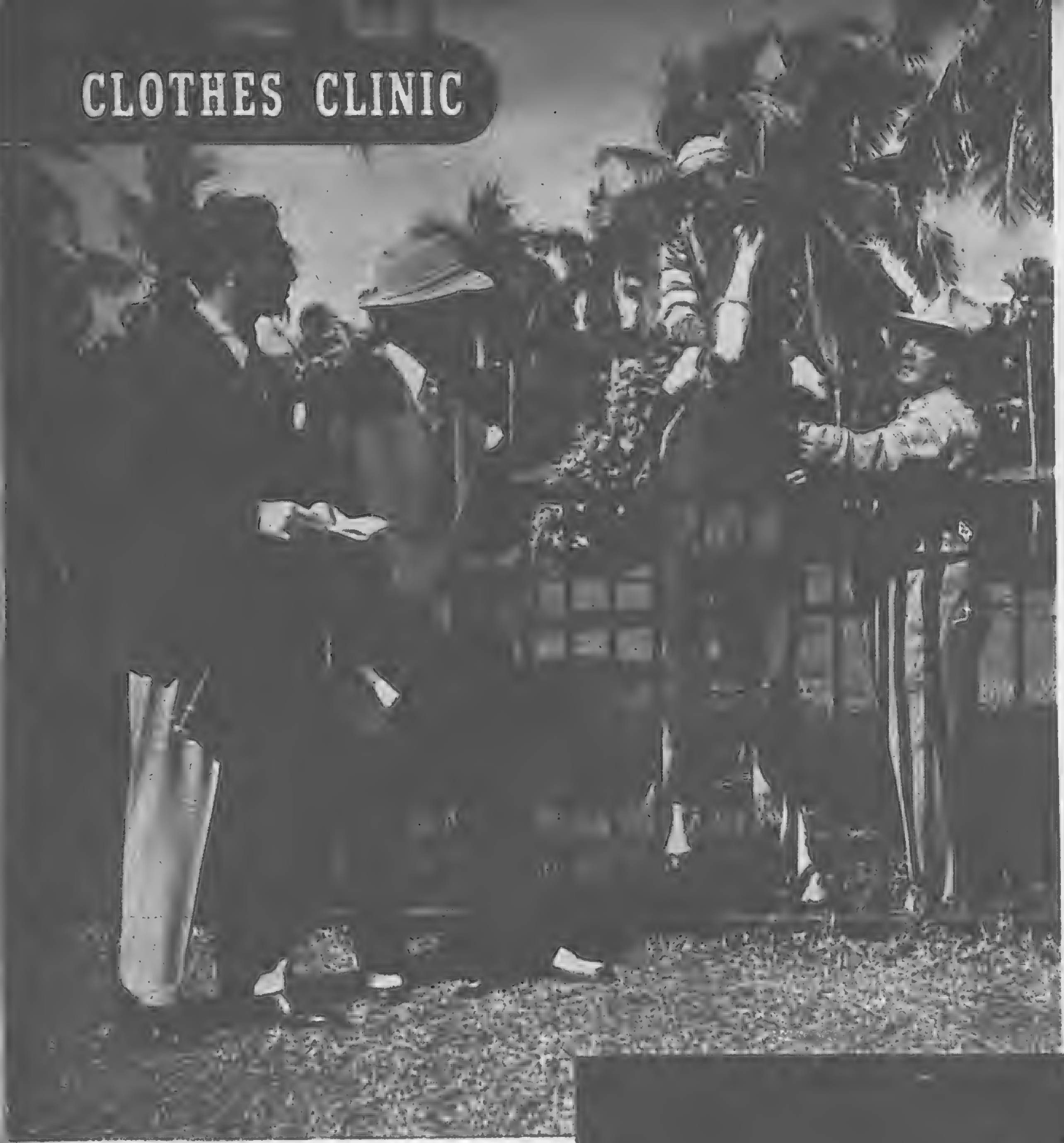
Betty learns of the stork's approach from a fainting spell. Tells Ma Kettle (Marjorie Main) she's tired of the farm.

Tricks of Pa Kettle are the final blow, and Betty goes to her mother. But there's a happy reunion when the baby is born.

Colorful Comfort

By P. B. Juster

COLOR in men's clothes, a long shot in the fashion field not many years ago, is now an odds-on favorite to win favor this summer. Advance reports from spring vacationists confirm the trend that was obvious at all the tropical winter playgrounds. Bright hues—yellows, greens, and even the brightest fireman's red—now are carefully blended with darker tones to give an air of casual good grooming. Fashion experts see the increased interest in colors as part of the veterans' reaction to that olive drab or navy blue. Most well dressed men wear loose-fitting, brighter togs throughout the day because they are so comfortable.



Forget about the horses and concentrate on a maroon cardigan jacket worn here with a sunset-gray shirt and slacks. Or accent your dark-blue slacks with a lighter-blue-checked jacket, and snap the brim of the pork-pie hat.

Red, and we do mean red, combines with a simple white tee shirt and gold slacks on the left; while the redheaded lad wears his best colors in a brown-checked loose jacket and dark-brown slacks. Argyle socks add a bright note. The ever-popular all-one-color easy-fitting slack suit takes to light blue with a knotted Paisley scarf.

Put on your nice new cabaña coat of brown and tan (above, left), but don't go in the water. Leave that to boxer shorts like the canary-yellow kind (center) or the patterned ones (left) for greater swimming comfort.

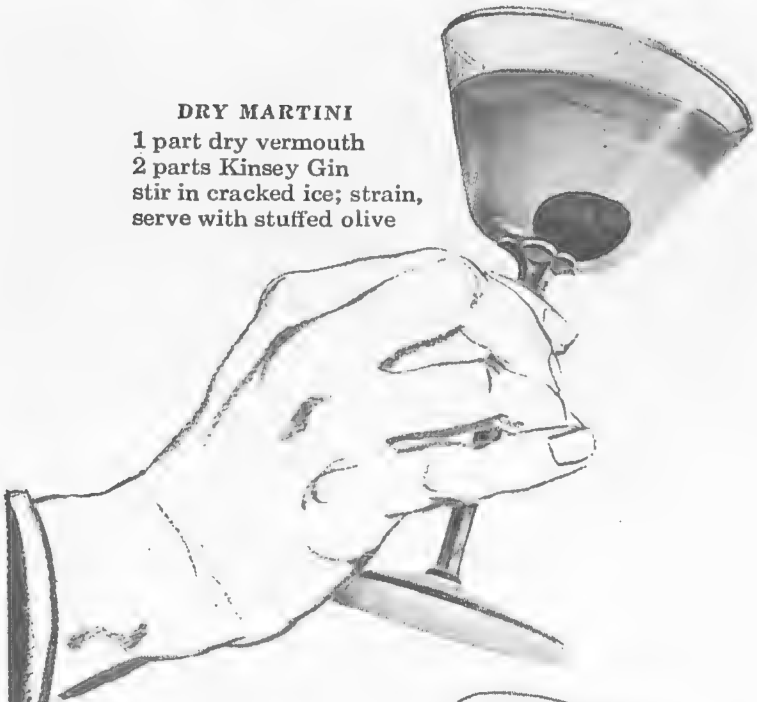
Well under par are fashion scores for this trio. (Left) A hound's-tooth brown-and-tan shirt with brown slacks. (Center) A gold chukker shirt with full-cut slacks. (Right) Blue crash shirt and matching slacks.

Lily of the Ponds takes to high boots to get her swim-suit corsage. (Below) Bill Sangster does a leg split in mid-air as he heads for the canvas while Bill Henderson of Fort Worth, Texas, goes on to win the Golden Gloves fight.

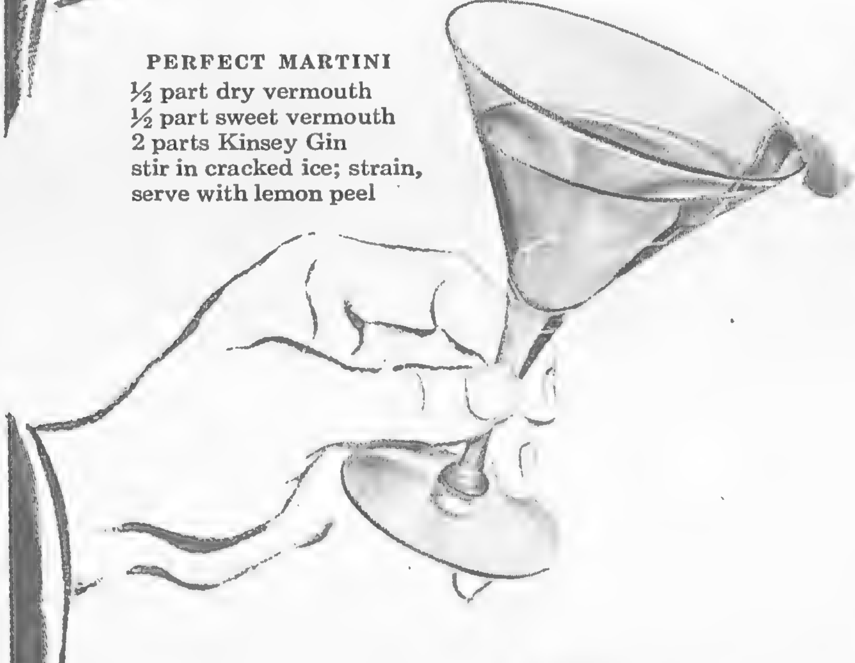
Bite Size Sasha Siemel, aged 8 months, isn't afraid of the yawning hippo. She was reared in the Mato Gosso jungles, where her father is known as "Tiger Man."

The question before the bar is . . .

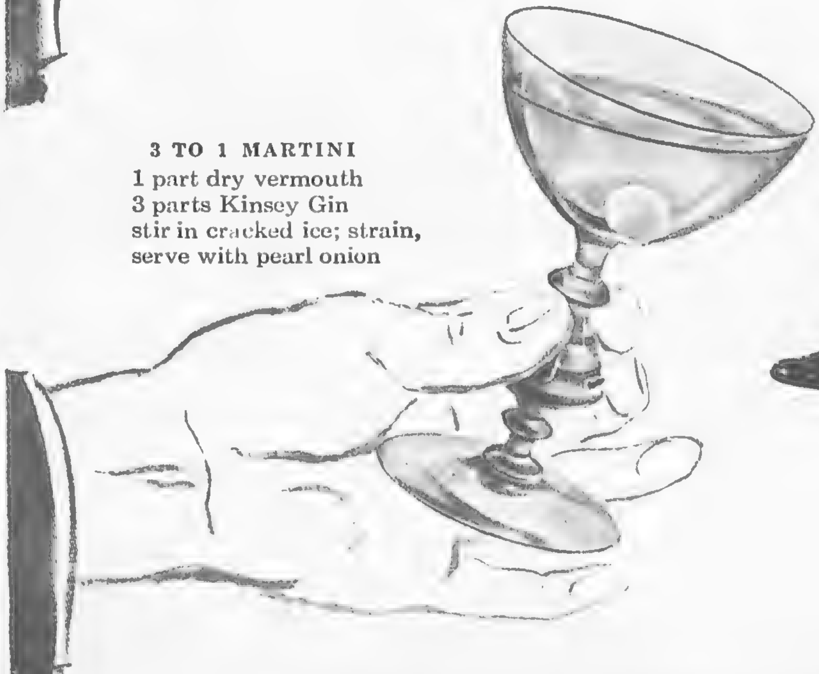
which martini?



DRY MARTINI
1 part dry vermouth
2 parts Kinsey Gin
stir in cracked ice; strain,
serve with stuffed olive



PERFECT MARTINI
½ part dry vermouth
½ part sweet vermouth
2 parts Kinsey Gin
stir in cracked ice; strain,
serve with lemon peel



3 TO 1 MARTINI
1 part dry vermouth
3 parts Kinsey Gin
stir in cracked ice; strain,
serve with pearl onion

Let's face it: every martini-mixer thinks he has the world's best recipe.

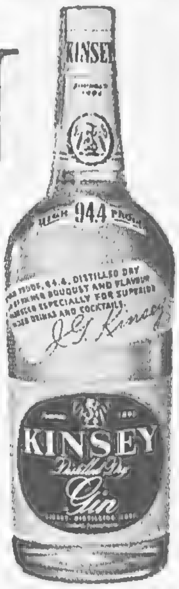
Confidentially, a good martini is a matter of taste. But whether you like 'em dry or sweet . . . with olive or without . . . with onion or lemon peel . . . you'll like 'em *better* with Kinsey Gin.

Kinsey, the *genial* gin . . . superbly smooth.
The *dry* gin . . . yes, dry as fine champagne.
And *94.4 proof* . . . brimming with flavor.

Maybe you're missing something by not trying a *new* martini for a change. You're *certainly* missing something if you don't make your martinis with Kinsey Gin.

Try a smooth Kinsey martini . . . tonight!

KINSEY GIN



It's 94.4 PROOF
It's GENIAL
It's DRY

Distilled Dry Gin • Distilled from 100% Grain Neutral Spirits • Kinsey Distilling Corp., Linfield, Pa.

Coming NEXT!!!

BOB HOPE...on baseball

Get Hope's dope (yeah, dope!) on who'll win the next World Series. Learn who's what among the Cleveland rookies . . . from the man who once thought Red Barber was the guy that shaved Molotov. Have you heard Bob's definition of baseball? And (sh!) where he gets his tips? See the next issue of Liberty. You'll know it by the *new* Bob Hope on the cover.

Read: MY BASEBALL FORECAST FOR 1947, by Bob Hope

OUT OF THE DARK

Why had Vance Felton come riding into camp out of the night? This was the man who had stolen Jud Aiken's cattle, run off with his wife. Had he come back to rob Jud of his one last treasure? Don't miss the beginning of this two-part story... a bronco busting "western" with an unusual twist.

Read: OUT OF THE DARK, by Hyatt Downing

DO BULLS HATE RED?

Is it true that hair turns white overnight? Do bulls hate red? A witty (and erudite) debunker pricks the bubbles of common fallacies... gives the straight facts to the millions of gullible people (practically all of us) who believe things that aren't so. Have a good time with Liberty's one-evening version of Bergen Evans' best-seller.

Read: THE NATURAL HISTORY OF NONSENSE, by Bergen Evans

And many *more* stories, articles, pictures coming in May 10th

Liberty

OUT APRIL 25th

PARADISE WITH SERPENT

Continued from Page 39

d) If the answers to question b and or c are in the affirmative, give the names of the officers guilty of fraternization (concubinage) under conditions described.

Diana Forrester, whose duty it was to distribute correspondence to the proper individuals, knew that this was a matter for the Commanding Officer. Properly, she should have read no more. Her duties as a civilian employee were clearly defined, and they did not include taking a personal interest in the affairs or the fate of Captain Willoby.

e) If the answers to both questions b and c are in the negative, what basis can Miss Toland have had for her conclusions as stated in Inclosure?

f) If the answers to both questions b and c are in the negative, attach to your report affidavits, executed in quadruplicate, by competent, disinterested witnesses, supporting the contention that Miss Toland's story is false.

BY COMMAND OF LT. GEN. HUSSEY

Charles L. Murff
Major, AGD

DIANA licked her upper lip and swallowed. She glanced at Lieutenant Schmidt and Captain Willoby. Both men were bent over their desks.

She lifted the top sheet and looked quickly at the others. An indorsement from the War Department was nearly as snarly to General Hussey as General Hussey was to Bill.

She came to the letter that had started the correspondence on its way. It was from the Bureau of Public Relations. It said:

1. Inclosed article by Miss Angela Toland has been submitted to the Bureau for clearance for publication in newspapers subscribing to Guffy Newspaper Syndicate.
2. On the strong protest of the Bureau, Guffy Newspaper Syndicate (Mr. Theodore Lakeland, General Manager) has agreed to deletion of names of places and individuals, and published article will carry a notation that deletions are made by WD request, pending investigation.
3. If conditions described in the article prevail on Midi Island, the Bureau feels that disciplinary action of a strong nature should be taken and announced through all normal news channels, in order to counteract the negative impression created by the article.

At last she came to Inclosure and read it through. She had to lean forward and put her forehead in her hand to steady her head. *The people at home have a right to know. . . .*

This is no secondhand story. This is no rumor based on hearsay. I have seen these girls with my own eyes. I have talked to one who knew only nine words of English; and she said those words to me: "I belong to Captain Willoby. I am his woman." . . .

But then Mike Sloan was right, after all. It was not just a nasty-minded conclusion, drawn from . . . The truth had been clear all along for anyone who cared to see it. None so blind . . . No wonder he was keeping more and more to himself.

Diana clipped the pages together again, and put them down on the commanding officer's pile.

SHE sat still for a minute. Then she took the pile of papers and laid them before Bill Willoby, with the red-bordered letter buried.

"Oh, thanks," he said.

She said, "I wonder whether you'll need me for the rest of the day? I'm not feeling a bit well."

He stood up and looked at her. "I was afraid yesterday'd be too much for you. I should have told you to take today off. I'll get somebody to drive you home. Would you like to lie down?"

"No, thank you. If I can just go home."

"Sit down a minute. I'll get a car." He asked the telephone operator for Transportation.

Diana sat in her own chair with her head bowed. She heard Bill Willoby's end of the conversation. She wanted to escape before he came to the red-bordered letter.

He said, "Corporal McGann will be right up with a sedan."

"Thank you. I think perhaps I'll wait for him outside. A little fresh air—"

Bill rose again. "Would you like me to go with you? If you feel at all faint—"

"No, thank you. I'll be all right."

She met Mike Sloan in the hall. He said, "Hello, there, dream dust. *Quo vadis* or whither goes thou?"

"I'm going home. I'm not feeling well."

"Say, you're white. I'm sorry."

"Oh, I'll be all right," she said, and did not believe it. She walked on.

"It's her second marriage."
LIBERTY

The sedan reached the door at the same time she did.

The driver hopped out and held the door open. "Morning, Miss Forrester."

"Good morning, corporal."

"Lucky me, driving you," he said. "Where are we going?"

"Home. Mr. Edgett's house."

"O. K." He started the car. He said, "Say, you're not sick, are you?"

"I'm feeling a little queer."

The steep descent from the plateau kept him from turning around. He spoke over his shoulder. "Know what, Miss Forrester? It's this place. The weather and the water and all. Some people can't stand it. My buddy's had a sick stummick ever since we come here."

The pontoon bridge rumbled as they crossed. Diana said, "I wonder if your office can get me accommodations, if I want to leave here?"

He said, "Sure. Get you on a plane to Australia. When did you figure on going?"

"Why—as soon as I can, I suppose. Next week."

"Tell you what, Miss Forrester. Next week gives us time. I'll write to the Transportation Office in SPIC about something back to the States. Meanwhile we'll put through a requisition for a place on one of the planes that bring the mail. Leave it to me. Pat McNish—Sergeant McNish—he runs Transportation, but I'll bite his ear."

"You're awfully kind, corporal."

"Kind, she says. It's me job, Miss Forrester. Le's see. Your first name's Dinah, is it?"

"Diana. D-i-a-n-a. If you'd try for the middle of next week, or even the end . . ."

WISER than Diana in army ways, Bill Willoby took the stuff about Angela Toland's article in its proper order. Seeing a third endorsement on top, he flipped the pages over till he came to the basic letter. He frowned over it with an empty feeling under his belt, remembering his final furious scene with Angela Toland.

He lifted the letter and came to enclosure.

The opening paragraph was without harm. The second tightened his fingers on the paper—*only man is vile*—and he wondered for a sick instant whether she was telling the story of the fall—or push—into the lake. He skimmed the third paragraph: *My duty is clear. The people at home have a right to know.* He didn't get it. He read on:

It is up to me to tell them the facts about Midi Island, where young American occupation officers while away their time and forget their cares in the arms of the beautiful ecru-skinned native girls they have installed as their concu—

"God Almighty!" Bill Willoby yelped.

Lieutenant Schmidt turned his head. "What you got, captain?"

Bill Willoby made strangling noises.

Lieutenant Schmidt got out of his chair and came over. Bill raised his head. His mouth was still open. He closed it and swallowed.

"Schmitty, listen. Call Mr. Edgett. If he's there, ask him if the sedan has arrived with Diana yet. If it hasn't, tell him to hold it and come up here in it right away. I need his help. If the sedan's been and gone, send somebody down for him quick. Utmost urgency."

"Yes, *sir!*" Schmidt picked up the phone and asked for Mr. Edgett's house.

"Car's not there yet, sir," Schmidt reported. "Mr. Edgett will catch it. He'll be here as soon as he can."

"Oh. Oh, yes. Fine. . . . Sit down, Schmitty. I'm going to read to you. Better hold the arms of the chair. Here we go:

" 'An emerald lying on the blue moiré of the limitless Pacific. An earthly paradise. A South Sea isle from the pages of an escapist romance'—"

"What the dickens is that, sir?"

"You'll find out!

" ' "Every prospect pleases," my heart kept repeating as the big army transport plane climbed the sunny sky, "and only man is vile!" I was leaving Midi Island, after a visit of not quite a week, and I was glad to see the last of it. I wished then, and I wish now, that I could wipe the memory from my mind.'

"Enjoying it, Schmitty?"

"Is that Angela Toland?"

"It ain't Somerset Maugham, chum. Wait. I've only begun.

" 'I wish I could suppress the facts I am about to set down, but my duty is clear. The people at home have a right to know what is happening to their young men in the far places of the world. It's up to me to tell them the facts about Midi Island, where young American occupation officers while away their time and forget their cares'—

"How, Schmitty? A free guess."

"Drink? Is that it? Are we stinko from morning to night?"

"No, no. Nothing so attractive.

" '—forget their cares in the arms of the beautiful ecru-skinned native girls they have installed as their concubines.' "

LIEUTENANT SCHMIDT'S face looked as if somebody had him by the throat. He put out a fumbling hand for the paper.

Bill handed it over. "Go ahead. Enjoy it. It's being printed without the names, and I'm to reply by endorsement, enclosing one ecru-skinned concubine as Attachment A."

Schmidt wasn't listening. He said, "Where the devil did she get this? 'I belong to Captain Willoby. I am his woman.' She must have made that up out of her head."

"Oh, no. It was probably said to her. Though how she ever kept it to herself, how she resisted the temptation to rub my nose in it in person, I don't know."

"You'd better give me a few extra dollars . . . next week's your birthday!"

LIBERTY

"But how could it be said?"

"There's an explanation. I understand it. I can make you understand it. But how General Basic, who writes basic letters, is going to like it, I can't say. Mr. Edgett's coming all right, is he?"

Schmitty did not raise his eyes. "Soon as the car gets there."

Bill Willoby picked up the two letters he had not opened. Colonel Power said:

This concubine story is really a stinker. It went so high to start with, that we can't do anything here at all. What did you do to Toland? Or was it something you didn't do?

I don't know what they'll do about it. Notice that WD BPR is asking for a punishment for the press. I don't know that you've violated any rules except the one against fraternization, which is only being sketchily enforced now. . . . An officer's private life is his own unless he causes scandal or disgraces the service. Hope you've been fairly discreet.

Maybe you'd better just make a flat denial and wait for a call from the I.G., meanwhile destroying all evidence. Of course, if you're innocent by any chance, you're in a tough spot, because I don't know who can sign the affidavits. Your officers are all suspect because of the story.

I just want you to know I'm keeping my fingers crossed for you and wishing you luck.

Lieutenant Schmidt tossed the Toland article on the desk and said, "That's the unprintablest piece of unprintable unprintable I've ever read. Can't you sue her for libel?"

"When I get out of Leavenworth and they give me my civil rights back?" Bill flipped the note over. "Read this. Even Colonel Power assumes it's true."

Bill Willoby looked at the air-mail letter in his other hand. He wondered what the dickens Leila had to write to him about. She hadn't had time yet to get his letter of renunciation and congratulation. . . .

WHO could sign affidavits? Edgett, because he knew all about the affair. It had been his advice to keep the girl in the hut up the hill.

But who else? Nobody'd believe anything Rozouila might say. . . . Bill had tried to get Jilouili to take the girl back. Old Whirlaway could swear to that, but, since they hadn't taken her, what would his affidavit prove?

He opened the air-mail envelope.

Bill darling:

After my last letter you may be surprised to hear from me so I'll tell you right away what it's about and get the suspense over. Do you remember I wrote to you about asking Uncle George (Senator George Grainger Rollinson) to see what he could do about getting you ordered home? Well since I didn't hear any more about it I decided nothing would happen. And then when I decided to marry Jimmy and wrote to you about it I forgot of course to tell Uncle George about the change in my plans.

Well, anyway, I've just had a note from him to say he has a scheme. There's going to be a Senate investigation of occupation in the Pacific, it seems, and he thinks he may be able to have you called as a witness. He said he would let me know as soon as he makes any progress, and I'll write to you. It would certainly be grand to see you again even though all our plans are changed. I do hope you have forgiven me and I am sure you will understand.

Jimmy and I have been doing the shows nearly every night. . . .

The telephone rang. Bill picked it up. "Captain Willoby," he croaked.

"Hello, captain. Lieutenant Schlank. We're just about set for the grand opening. I was wondering if you'd like to run over for a preview."

"Opening?"

"The Midi Mammoth Department Store. I could stop by for you."

"Oh. No. Afraid I can't make it. Got some—stuff to attend to."

"O. K. You'll be over not later than four, won't you?"

"Four?"

"To throw out the first customer."

"Oh. Oh, yes. I'll be there."

"Say, you sound funny. Are you sick?"

"Sick? No. I'm all right."

"Oh, I forgot. Is it all right to send a sedan for the king and party?"

"Use your own judgment, Izzy."

"O. K., captain. See you."

Bill hung up the phone. Lieutenant Schmidt was sitting with Colonel Power's note on the desk in front of him, shaking his head grimly.

"That's only the beginning," Bill said. "There's going to be a U. S. Senate investigation too. Nothing from the F.B.I. yet, but the day is young. Wonder if some enterprising newspaper chain wouldn't like to buy my confession."

(To be concluded in the next issue.)

WHAT MAKES GERMANS SADISTS

Continued from Page 21

Not a single anti-Nazi had come from the traditional kind of German home in which the father is a tyrant. Most of them had contacts with democratic foreign countries through travel or literature.

When he turned to studying Nazi Party members, concentration-camp guards, and war criminals, Dr. Levy found an opposite set of influences: tyrannical fathers, ignorance of life in other countries, and strict adherence to German conventions.

On the basis of these case studies he established the hypothesis that the influence of the home and early life was a determinant in conditioning a German for acceptance of democracy or Nazism.

To define and analyze these influences, two base camps were established from which two teams of anthropologists began to study the customs, habits, and way of life of the Germans—just as they would with South American Indians or a desert tribe. Dr. and Mrs. David Rodnick established headquarters in Protestant Hesse, in a typical working-class, semi-rural area. Dr. William Lipkind and his assistants located in the hills of strongly Catholic, agrarian Bavaria.

At first Dr. Lipkind sensed a noticeable reserve, even in the face of candy and cigarettes. He learned that the natives thought his anthropology was merely a cover—were convinced he was from the American Gestapo. The box camera he carried was, of course, a secret machine for measuring their brain waves to find out what they really thought of the Americans.

Gradually getting on a friendly, easy basis with the Germans, the anthropologists were able to observe home life. Dr. Lipkind would sit in the kitchen of a Bavarian home at the close of a day, watching the children play around their mother's feet. Suddenly they would become tense and quiet as the father came home from work. Any misdeeds committed during the day would immediately be punished with the rod. Then, during dinner, the father, speaking with the finality of a deity, would expound such ethical, political, and international problems as came to mind. No child would question his statements—most Bavarian children were not allowed to speak when at the table with their elders.

Everything about the Bavarian home was designed to make the child into an automaton who obeyed orders instantly. Even Santa Claus was worked into the disciplinary scheme, as one who doled out presents gruffly to children whose obedience record was perfect and brought active punishment to those who didn't toe the mark.

Mirage on Main Street

● A recent survey of public opinion indicated that lots of folks have been "seeing" a mirage of railroad profits that weren't there.

Most people thought that 10% would be a fair profit for railroads — nine out of ten said 6% *or more* would be fair. But the fact is that the railroads don't come out anywhere near that well.

In the years since 1938 — four of them war years of tremendous traffic — the railroads earned an average of only 4% per year on their net investment in tracks, cars, engines, shops, stations and all the things it takes to produce the rail service which the nation needs.

In 1946 — with wages and prices of material and fuel up more than 50% above prewar levels — railroads still hauled freight at prewar rates. Even with a slight increase in rates during the latter half of the year, their earnings on net investment dropped to an average of only 2¾%. Some railroads earned more, but others showed no profit at all — were, indeed, in the red for the year of the heaviest peacetime traffic in history.

At the end of 1946, the Interstate Commerce Commission authorized higher freight rates to become effective in 1947. These increases will help the railroads to meet their rising costs, and will give them a better chance to improve their equipment, roadways, and other facilities — improvements necessary for continually better service to the public.

But even with these increases, in 1947 railroads as a whole will probably average little more than 3% on their investments — just about half the 6% which is as little as anyone would consider a fair profit.

ASSOCIATION OF **AMERICAN RAILROADS** WASHINGTON 6, D.C.

IN PARTNERSHIP WITH ALL AMERICA

Away from home, the child was under the tyranny of a teacher who resorted to corporal punishment to back up drillmaster commands. One observer heard a teacher describe the writings of Shakespeare as being among the works that made German literature the world's greatest. A pupil who ventured to question this was given a hard look. In the secondary schools and colleges the anthropologists found most teachers equally strict, proportionately ill-informed, and equally nationalistic.

While the Rodnicks found a different atmosphere in the Hessian working-class homes, they observed how the forces of society worked to imprison the average German. As a peasant mother fondled her baby, they heard her say:

"You'll be a fine farmer in a dozen years."

"But suppose he wants to be a doctor or an engineer?" Mrs. Rodnick asked.

The mother gave her an unbelieving glance. "When he finishes grammar school, he will be a farmer like his father and grandfather," she said with finality.

AND so it was. He would leave school after seven years, because his father would need his earning power. He would become a peasant, marry a peasant's daughter, maintain membership in the Lutheran Church, and belong to a conservative political party whose leaders would tell him exactly how to vote and what to think. His whole life had been arranged for, and he had little chance to escape.

The carpenter's son who lived next door would be a carpenter, marry the daughter of another skilled laborer, belong to no church, and support the Socialist Party—probably without even knowing who Karl Marx was. And he would have nothing to do socially with the peasant's son, because they belonged to different "classes."

German society has its own caste system, and the barriers are difficult to hurdle. Dr. Lipkind watched a carpenter and a factory worker enter a Bavarian coffeehouse, talking together. The conversation stopped as the carpenter went to the main table. As a skilled laborer, he was entitled to sit with others of the middle class. His friend the factory worker took his place with the men of the lower class at another table.

Every German feels entitled to give orders to, and expects obeisance from, those below him. It was noted that a civil servant would roar orders at laborers, and bow meekly when his chief yelled orders at him. A university professor treated curtly all lesser beings with whom he came in contact, and they humbly addressed him as "Herr Professor Doktor." His wife was "Frau Professor Doktor," and assumed the authority which his position gave her.

"Henry's out in the back yard planting a garage."

LIBERTY

Dr. Levy was using a set of political and psychological tests, meanwhile, to find further evidence of the part which German culture played in developing Nazi thinking. He had established a psychological screening center and, with the help of psychologists and an able army psychiatrist, Lieutenant Colonel Bertram Schaffner, he was conducting close examination of Germans under favorable conditions.

The Army had looked askance when Dr. Levy had sought to create a friendly, congenial atmosphere where he could get Germans to talk freely. A supply officer said, "If they don't tell you what you want to know, doc, hit 'em over the head. Don't waste good liquor on them." But by a little judicial scrounging, Dr. Levy got the things he needed.

Basic political and social attitudes, rather than membership in Nazi organizations, should determine whether a German was enough of a democrat to be approved by M.G., Dr. Levy found. Thus, previously, a woman who had joined four minor Nazi organizations was thought to be a poor prospect for a position as a radio commentator. And a political leader who had stayed out of all Nazi groups was thought to be a good choice as a newspaper editor. But Dr. Levy's tests showed the woman's ideas were progressive and democratic, while the man's were traditionally German. In detailed examinations, he learned how the influences of home, school, business, and social life had affected individuals. In the cases of the woman and the politician, she had been an orphan, while he had been raised by a middle-class dictator-father; she had studied abroad, while he had no knowledge of any country but Germany; she had lived as a housewife with a liberal husband, while he had been a bureaucrat in the authoritarian German government. So she believed in freedom and equality of individuals, while he honored the traditional ideas of regimentation.

The screening-center experiment showed that it was possible to find a small number of Germans with a broad concept of democracy. The scientists concluded that German culture could be liberalized only if we placed such people in positions of power where they could reform the institutions which have made Germany authoritarian.

The mission's analysis likens German society to a military organization. The lower classes are the private soldiers; the middle classes furnish most of the noncoms and the junior commissioned officers, and the upper classes the field commanders. Every German knows his place. There is no hope of rising through the ranks, and the idea that all men are created free and equal is as foreign to him as cannibalism.

HAVING imprisoned the German in his place, the men at the top have, for at least the past 100 years, been drilling a set of dangerous ideas into his mind. These ideas did not originate with Hitler. They include the belief that Germany is the master race and has produced all great inventors, creative geniuses, and warriors. As a corollary, there is the belief that all Germany's neighbors hate the Germans and plot against them. The German was told in 1870, in 1914, and in 1939 that it was necessary to march against these hostile neighbors before they could destroy his country. It is his right as a superior man to rule over others and he will do such backward people a favor by bringing them German culture. Since he is conditioned to accept the orders of his superiors, he has marched off determinedly.

The scientists warned that the forces which make the German a willing slave to dictators and a hostile, dangerous nationalist are still at work. Only by reforming German home life, schools, churches, literature, and business life can the assembly line be made to turn out democrats instead of Nazis.

"It must be made clear to the Germans that we will not haggle with them on the subject of democracy," the mission's final report stated. "If they develop a democratic culture, they will be readmitted to the family of nations with all privileges. This must be their incentive, and the alternative will be permanent occupation.

"With realism, we cannot hope to create a democratic culture here in less than one generation, and probably not in less than two. But we cannot expect to end the German war against the world—no matter how many boundaries are changed, how much industry is destroyed, or how much blood is spilled—unless we change the German character and the German culture."

Which is perhaps warning enough to an atom-conscious world.

THE END

SOME WORDS FOR FREDDY

Continued from Page 31

count the service here has gone off."

With that sober thought I forsake the sad sack.

WELL, at the Parker's, Constance answers my blithe ring. She has her hat on.

"Ha!" I says, surprised. "Stepping, are we?"

"I am, Freddy," says Connie, "but you've got to mind Ricky-Rick."

"Ricky-Rick?" To me, the dame gibbers in Sanskrit.

"Look, Freddy! I've hardly any time. Ricky-Rick Montgomery—his real name's Richard—is mother's youngest cousin's little boy. He is here with Cousin Julia for a visit. And mother and Cousin Julia are out calling. And Horace"—she alludes to her kid brother, disrespectfully known as Beanie—"has a Boy Scout meeting. And I volunteered to stay with Ricky-Rick, but—"

"But what?" I yips.

"—but Debby Cornwall telephoned a while ago. The girls are getting together to discuss Dimples Wade's shower. Dimples is getting married next month and—you've just got to sit with Ricky-Rick. And you'll simply adore him. He's only two and a half."

"Hold!" I shouts. "I categorically refuse—"

"Freddy!" Connie readjusts the hat. "There's a lovely fire in the living room and Ricky-Rick is fast asleep. All you've got to do is listen. And if he falls out of bed or gets up, just see that he doesn't break his neck and stuff. That's all." And the female Machiavelli brazenly attempts to push past me.

I bar the fairway. "Wait!" I says, unstrung. "Where's your father? Why can't he guard this little monster?"

"Oh, father?" says Connie. "He's making a speech at the Centennial. All about Shadow Orchard's history and development. He's at the public library gathering data."

So saying, she moves treacherously.

"Hey!" I yells. "What do I do if the young fiend wakes up and won't go to sleep again?"

"Entertain him, dope!" calls back Connie. Her footsteps fade. Bushed is the word for Frederick.

I draw up to the fire and hope for the best. I do not get it.

As I contemplate the conflagration, there comes what is sappily termed the "patter of little feet" on the stairs. Presently—enter a stripling swathed in blue-flannel pajamas.

The scion of the Montgomerys has yellow curls, cheeks like frost-kissed leaves, and innocent eyes. He resembles a cross between a cherub and an ad for baby powder. It is strictly camouflage.

"Who?" he demands, pointing at yours truly.

"Well, pal," I says, "you confront Sandford, the dupe of women."

Ricky-Rick considers this, frowning. Then his face screws up like a rose-colored prune. "BAW!" howls Ricky-Rick.

"No, no!" I says in consternation. "Quiet, please!"

"WHAH!" counters His Nibs. "Ricky-Rick don' like."

"Look, Ricky-Rick," I says desperately, "I'm a monkey. See?" Whereupon, though it shames me, I make gruesome faces, scratching my head in creditable simian imitation.

No dice. "BAW!" thunders Ricky-Rick. The dwelling rocks.

Following this busteroo I am successively a bear, a wolf, a laughing hyena. But the boy appears allergic to wild life. Neither is he impressed when, at some personal inconvenience, I stand on my head.

Then, all at once: "Ricky-Rick code," he announces.

"What did you expect, Nelson Eddy," I says, "flipping around dishabille in December? Here!" With notable presence of mind, I twitch a fabric kind of thing off the piano

How The Conway Assignment Broke For Keith....
YES, MR. CONWAY, WE'LL HAVE DETECTIVE LOGAN THERE AT SIX O'CLOCK
ACME DETECTIVE AGENCY
THAT'S FINE. I NEED A GOOD MAN TO WATCH MY DAUGHTER'S WEDDING PRESENTS
YOU'RE ELECTED, LOGAN, TO COVER THE CONWAY WEDDING TONIGHT. HE'S THE BIG AUTOMOBILE MAN, YOU KNOW
I'M FED UP ON THESE JOBS! BESIDES, I'D HAVE TO SHAVE AGAIN ... AND YOU KNOW THAT'S TOUGH FOR ME
CORPS MANAGER
LISTEN! YOUR BEARD'S NO TOUGHER THAN MINE. TRY SHAVING MY WAY
OKAY, WHERE'S THAT GILLETTE RAZOR OF YOURS?
SAY, SOME BLADE YOU'VE GOT THERE. EASIEST SHAVE I EVER HAD.
YOU NEVER LOOKED BETTER. THOSE THIN GILLETTES ALWAYS DO THE TRICK...AND HOW THEY LAST
WHO IS THAT DISTINGUISHED-LOOKING MAN, MR. CONWAY?
THAT'S DETECTIVE KEITH LOGAN. YES A FINE-LOOKING, ABLE CHAP!
IDEA! JUST THE MAN TO HEAD OUR PLANT PROTECTION FORCE
...SO IF YOU'RE INTERESTED, SEE ME AT MY OFFICE TOMORROW MORNING
I'VE ALWAYS WANTED A JOB LIKE THAT. THANKS, MR. CONWAY, I'LL BE THERE
FOR GOOD-LOOKING SHAVES THAT ALWAYS RATE, GET ACQUAINTED WITH THIN GILLETTES. AMONG LOW-PRICE BLADES THEY'RE THE EASIEST-SHAVING AND LONGEST-LASTING BY FAR. THEN, TOO, BECAUSE THIN GILLETTES FIT YOUR GILLETTE RAZOR EXACTLY, YOUR FACE IS PROTECTED AGAINST SCRAPE AND IRRITATION. ASK YOUR DEALER FOR THIN GILLETTES
THIN
4 10

and enfold him in it. After which I park him before the fire. "How's for going back to bed but soon, chum?" I inquires.

"Bed?" croaks Ricky-Rick, horrified. "NA-AAH!"

Right there I become inspired. Searching my pockets, I happen on an old letter. With facile fingers, I construct a paper airplane. This accomplishment, I recall, vastly amused the Fourth Grade in Shadow Orchard's elementary school.

"Observe!" I sail the contrivance across the room. "Dive bomber."

And—*mirabile dictu*, as the fella says, I hit upon the talisman. Ricky-Rick pounces on the paper and, with that lovable childish instinct for wholesale destruction, heaves it into the fire. "More!" he commands.

But Sandford is a victim of the paper shortage. Rapid pocket excavations are unavailing. Ricky-Rick's face twists dangerously.

"Hold it, Montgomery!" I shouts, leaping up.

I racket through the ground floor. I switch on lights, jerk open drawers. But no paper. Anyone would think my future in-laws illiterate. And as I bound from room to room, ominous mutterings chivvy me. Ricky-Rick, thwarted, is building up for a supreme protest.

But ere the storm breaks, I note a pile of papers under a hitherto overlooked library table. These bear hieroglyphics but, in my extremity, I do not pause to translate.

FOR the next half hour I manufacture aircraft at a pace to confound Grumman. And Ricky-Rick, an expression of heathen glee on his face, deals with them summarily. As each plane touches the floor, he scampers on all fours, trailing textiles, crushes it thoroughly and consigns it to the flames. Definitely I, Sandford, solve the baby problem.

Suddenly, though, I note that the paper supply ebbs again. But Allah still smiles, because my demolition-minded playmate begins nodding. With desultory uncremated ships littering the carpet, at that.

"Ricky-Rick tired," he deposes, yawning. "Be monkey again!"

Well, a character writhing on a hot spot does not argue. I achieve frightening facial contortions. I likewise scratch my head vigorously. For a moment, I am deaf to all outside influences. Until . . .

"What's going on?" roars a terrible voice.

Startled, I glance up—to behold my prospective father-in-law, Mr. Ely K. Parker, lord of the manor, also an attorney of some repute.

"Wh-wha—" I begins.

"Boy," queries Ely K., "why are you rolling around the floor grimacing and gibbering like an ape?"

"Gee, Mr. Parker," I blurts, from mortification, "you'd be O.K. at charades. That's just what I am, currently, for his benefit."

Mr. Parker becomes conscious of Ricky-Rick. "Ha!" he says. "What's he doing here? For that matter, what are *you* doing here? And why is my house lit up like a gambling hell? Where's my daughter?"

"Well, sir," I says deferentially, "here's the pitch. Connie was at the controls. Catch? But the hepcats are whisking up a wingding for Dimp Wade. Catch? So she beat feet and I—"

"Aaa-ooh!" He makes a strangled sound. "Be quiet! Shut up!"

Simultaneously a key rasps in the front door. Mrs. Parker straightway festoons the living room. She's a neck ahead of Mrs. Montgomery, Ricky-Rick's feminine ancestor.

"Lucretia," Ely K. waives preambles, "see if you can understand this imbecile's jargon! You too, Julia!"

"Why, Freddy!" exclaims Mrs. Parker. "How— *Ricky-Rick!* What are you doing wrapped in my needlepoint?"

"Lucretia," says Mr. Parker dangerously, "I wish you to pay—"

But Mrs. Parker falls on Ricky-Rick. "Good heavens," she wails, "my chair cover that I've spent five years over! Simply ruined. All frayed and torn. Oh-h! I could murder somebody!"

Ricky-Rick is ringwise. He's off, gazelle technique. "Little feet" repatter on the stairs.

"Oh, Lucretia!" Mrs. Montgomery wrings hands. "I don't know what—"

"BA-HA-HA-HA-HA!"

It is a dreadful sound, muting the females. All eyes flash to the head of the house. That one appears to be having a seizure. His eyes pop, his nostrils twitch, his visage empurples.

I gaze at him, politely surprised. But suddenly I start. He clutches one of my airplanes, obviously retrieved from the floor.

"Th-this paper!" he bellows.

"Ely," says Mrs. Parker sharply, "must you fly into a conniption over a piece of paper?"

"P-piece of— Good heavens, woman!" He brandishes my handiwork. "This is part of my speech for the Centennial. It—" He wheels thunderously upon me. "Where's the rest of it, boy? Quick!"

The awful truth dawns. I can but point dumbly to the fireplace.

Ely K. collapses into a chair.

"I don't know," he informs the multitude. "The longer I live, the less I know about living. Tonight I leave a peaceable house. I return to find it a wreckage, a devastation. And my speech! Thrown into the fire by a—a vandal, an idiot bent upon wanton destruction. And"—he glowers at womankind—"I'll tell you another thing. Nobody, I repeat NOBODY, has the decency to explain how this idiot got into my home in the first place."

"But, gee, Mr. Parker," I am smote by this besmirchment, "I did explain. And how was I to know that—" Cleverly I do not becloud the issue with verbiage. I merely spread my hands. "You see my point, don't you?"

"No-by-the-Lord," chants Ely K. lethally. "I spend days writing a speech and now due to your lunacy I have no speech."

"Ely," says Mrs. Parker, "don't make such a fuss! Suppose somebody'd ruined your needlepoint! After all, you've tomorrow to rewrite your speech."

"Tomorrow I am trying a highly important case. I can't possibly—"

"Why, hello, everybody," lilts a musical voice, and the lantern of my soul trips lightly in.

ELY K. PARKER gives her his immediate attention. "Constance," he barks, "did you invite this homicidal maniac here tonight?" He indicates F. Sandford.

"But natch, father." Connie's eyes go wide. "I had to have Freddy to—"

"That'll do! Your allowance stops —indefinitely—as of now."

"But, father!" bleats Connie. "Why—"

Crescendo, Ely K. tells her why.

"And, by heaven," he finishes, "you get him out! Out, I say! As for you, boy"—his eyes fix fiercely upon Frederick—"never darken my door again. Constance, I forbid you to see this hooligan."

Well, though badly buffeted, Sandford is still full of fight. "Now, Mr. Parker," I says with dignity, "as a legal mind, you are Oh, Fay with the scales of justice. I only ask—"

"GET - HIM - OUT!" bawls my bride's progenitor.

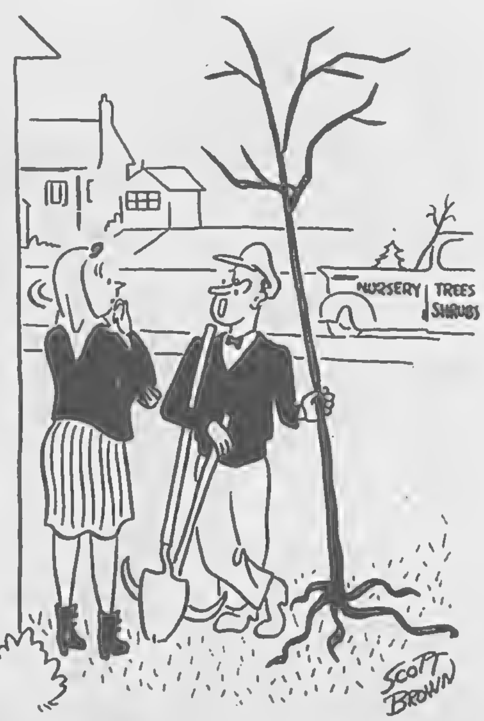
Connie yanks me into the hall.

"Freddy Sandford," she hisses, "of all the stupid—" She stops, paling. "I counted on my allowance for a new dress for Dimp's shower!"

It is the final irony.

"Freddy," says she, "father does not need to forbid me to associate with an incompetent goon. But definitely I do not want to see you again until you make—er—restitution."

"And just how—" I commences.



"Make up your mind, lady, it's beginning to take root."

LIBERTY

The dreamboat flings the door wide and pushes me. "That," she says, "is your problem." The barrier slams. Ostracized is the word for Frederick.

WELL, shattered in body and soul, the shell of Sandford betakes itself to Al's. It lacks ten minutes of his closing time when I weigh in, displeased to perceive a blonde of Brunhildish proportions propping the fountain. Same, with nice caloric disregard, is outpointing a double black-and-white.

"Ah, Freddy," says Al, "good to see you twice the same evening. This is Miss Queenie Follett."

"Pleased to meet you, I'm shore," Miss Follett comes genteelly out of the sundae.

This bubble and squeak irks me. But with iron control I wait as the Follett bails out of her stool.

"Well," she splashes a sunburst smile, " 'by for now, boys!"

Al's eyes follow her. "There, Freddy," he says, "goes a fine upstanding woman. Rumor has it—"

"Listen," I interrupts. "Forget rumors! Likewise vicarious blondes! Just make your mind a tabular Rosa, Al. The worst has happened." Briefly I cite the catastrophe.

He looks grave. "Freddy," he says, "Ely K. Parker is a man not easily persuaded to forgive and forget. Nevertheless—harrumph! Offhand, I suggest that he mount the platform Saturday and add Lib."

"What?" I stare at Al. "The fellow is a lawyer, accustomed to expound factual evidence. Extemporaneously, he would be a flop."

Al bows meekly. "True, Freddy."

"Al," my eyes narrow, "are you attempting to disassociate yourself from this dilemma?"

"Me? Why, what can I do?"

"Now, Al!" By sheer personality I command his attention. "I may remind you that, since I bound from my bassinet, the Sandford monies swell your coffins. Well, do you wish this salubrious situation to continue?"

He wriggles. "Of course, Freddy. Only last night I says to the missus, 'Without the approbation of Mr. Sandford,' I says, 'where—' "

"Very good." My interposing voice is a razor's edge. "See, then, that the present problem has the benefit of your profoundest cogitation. Remember, this is Thursday night. There is, Al, so little time."

And I walk sedately from the emporium.

WELL, though doubtless a hard taskmaster, I am yet no Simon McGee. Having given a minion an assignment, I do not wield lashes over him. Wherefore I eschew Al until 9 P.M., Friday. Then, however, I seek the soda bar. And . . .

To my dismay, the door is locked, the shades drawn.

Stunned, I gaze at the forbidding exterior. But, presently, I perceive the sliver of light.

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The illumination escapes because the lower end of the drawn window curtain catches in a display sign. By stooping, I can view the oasis through the aperture. What I see shatters the Sandford soul.

Palpably Al, who owns a wife and three children, splits an assignation with Miss Queenie Follett.

Miss F., back to me, parks at one of the tables. At her elbow languishes a chocolate parfait.

But my gaze rivets on Al.

That one—chin on chest and hands clasped behind him—moves measuredly up and down. As I gaze, he lifts the head to fix eyes on ceiling, chewing his mustache the whiles. Then, suddenly, he flings out an arm, as if expostulating. And ever and anon Al paces. So might Socrates, cloaked in profundity, disport himself in some Attic arbor.

Straightway the ludicrousness of the comparison strikes me. And plainly I see my course. As friend and benefactor to this misguided man, I must save him from himself and/or Miss Queenie Follett.

I smite the portal thunderously.

The response is peculiar. From within come soft sneaky footsteps. Abruptly the shade behind the glass of the door flies up. Al peers into the night.

I execute frantic gestures. I also issue a warning in a muffled roar. "Come to, Al!" I cry.

Nose pressed to glass, he looks at me vacantly and lifts a hand, slow motion. And down comes the curtain again. A sound later the shade in the window is jerked, obliterating the peephole. Al and his inamorata are completely and shamelessly concealed from the world.

ON Saturday morning, I wander moonily around town. There is a sudden screech of brakes, a scrunch of feet and I buckle under a resounding buffet on the back. Then self is whirled about and my right hand pumped with vigor. Dazed, I distinguish the rockbound visage of Mr. Ely K. Parker.

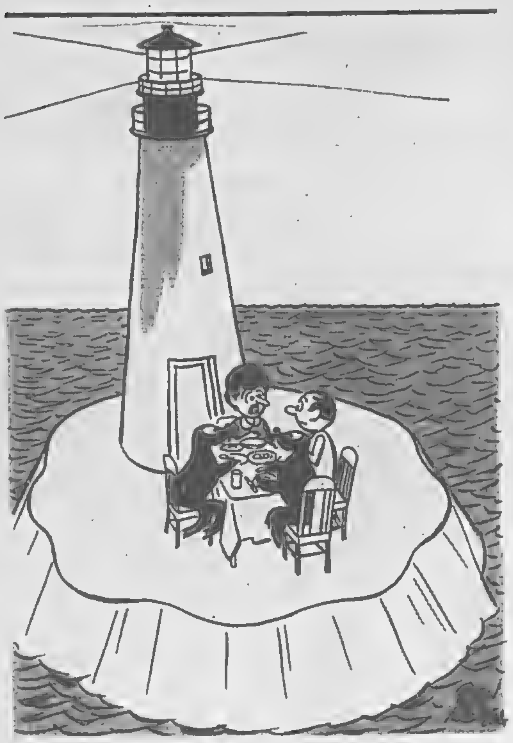
"Boy," trumpets Ely K. ecstatically, "it is incredible! To think that a —a hobbledehoy could— By Judas, I simply can't find words. I freely confess, though, that in the past I have underrated your intelligence."

I gape, goldfish fashion. "Aw, Mr. Parker," I says, gingerly exploring fog, "don't beat yourself up! Lots of folks make that mistake."

He examines me. "To look at you," he says, "there doesn't seem to be a brain in your head. But behind that vapid, that inane— Aah, never mind! I am, however, man enough to admit that I spoke—er—hastily the other night."

The Greeks had a word for it—bafflement. Yet the Sandford physiognomy remains an inscrutable mask. "To err is human, sir," I says handsomely. "I quote the poet Pope, unquote."

"That's decent of you, boy." He spins on brisk heel. "Well, I must go. Very busy with— Ha! I almost forgot. There's a message from my daughter. She's been trying to get in touch with you all morning. And if I met you, I was instructed to say that your failure to call at two sharp and escort her to the Centennial celebration will classify you as flea, flit— dammit, how did the girl put it? She— Oh, yes! Flybait. But definitely flybait."



"I just have to have company for dinner once in a while!"

LIBERTY

With which he vaults lightly into his bystanding chariot. And exalted-if-confused is the hyphenated word for Frederick.

WELL, in a brown study, likewise roseate glow, I bear down upon Al. I surprise the ingrate surreptitiously quaffing a bromo-seltzer.

"I do not wonder," I says sternly, "that, after your night of revelry, you partake of restoratives."

"Ah, Freddy," he wipes his mustache delicately, "a mutual acquaintance inspired me to try the libation—Mr. Ely K. Parker, who appeared here early today. Mr. Parker imbibed two bromos in rapid succession. He desires, he declares, a clear head upon rising to the rostrum. Well, since my own head—"

I cut through this shilly-shally. "*Re* Mr. Parker," I says, "the man is momentarily an enigma. Not ten minutes ago he greets me with shouts and embraces, as Kipling remarks. Obviously, Al, while you dally along the primrose path, I regain grace in some miraculous manner. Quite possibly—"

I pause, amazed. Al, the meek, the self-effacing, thumps his fountain.

"Freddy," Al says, "do you remember that recently I touched upon ingratitude? For weeks I brooded over the fact that the village fathers nominated Ely K. Parker to present the history of our community at the Centennial instead of discriminatingly selecting the man best qualified for the function. Such was my faith in our governing body that I had even given some—ah—format to the address I confidently expected to deliver. But imagine my chagrin when the local tribunal callously ignored me! I was hurt, Freddy."

BUT dimly, light begins breaking o'er Sandford. "Al, you—"

He nods. "Realizing your unhappy pass, I sublimated my feelings. In consequence, Miss Queenie Follett arrived last night by prearrangement, complete with notebook and portable typewriter. Miss Follett is a stenographer of outstanding merit. Thereafter, I invoked my vast knowledge of Shadow Orchard and, if you will, my Muse."

Suddenly the pieces flip into place. "Al," I cries, "you were dictating! Mouthing glorious words! Then, today, you present your masterpiece to Mr. Parker, graciously giving me the by-line. Al, this is sacrifice of high order. Alongside you, Sidney Cartoon is a self-centered jerk."

"Essentially correct, Freddy." The great man bows. "And Mr. Parker permitted himself to rhapsodize. He deemed the document 'warm, vibrant, bristling with anecdote and human interest.' Moreover, a fair-minded man, he termed his own speech to have been something akin to a prosy legal brief. He further deplored his ancient practice of making comparison between yourself and a moronic billygoat."

I stand dumb.

"Summing up," continues Al, "I stated that the paper was left in my care, since you were denied access to the Parker preserves. I also took the liberty of pointing out Mr. Parker's obligation to apprise Connie of your Herculean endeavors."

"Al," I says humbly, "it is not apparent to the lay eye, but the initiated perceive that you radiate an Nora of kingliness."

He coughs modestly. "Not to descend from pinnacles," he says, "but it was necessary to concoct certain —ahem—expensive collations to sustain Miss Follett."

"Put it on my account, Al," I says with grandeur. "And another thing! Today, as Ely K. Parker repeats parrotwise the words of genius, I shall consider that there, except for a couple bad breaks, goes Al—perambulating the platform like a Danton, thundering passionate Philippas like a Demosthenes, hurling—"

"No, no, Freddy," he waves his hands. "For an ill-advised moment I coveted the roar of the crowd, the plaudits of the multitude. But it would have been stepping out of character. I was wrong, Freddy."

I flail the fountain. "Look, Al," I says. "Sacrifice is one thing, but sacrilege is another. You are never wrong, Al. Catch?"

"H'm!" He pulls his portside mustachio. "There's much in what you say, Freddy, at that."

THE END

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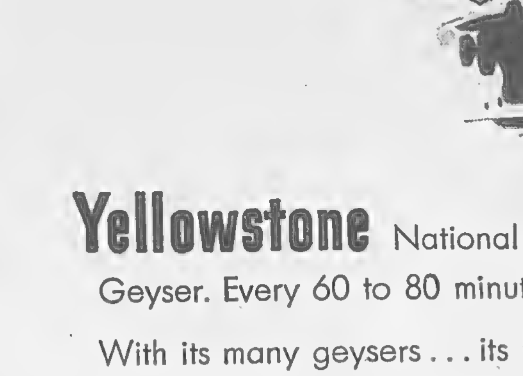

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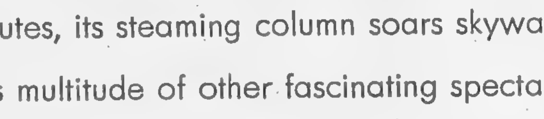

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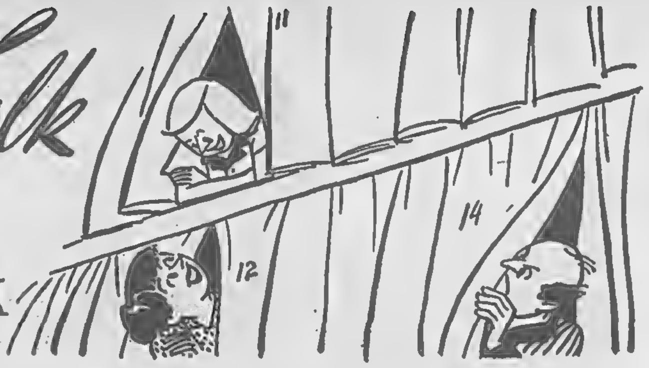

BY
MARGARET FISHBACK

FURRY TAIL: It is no fairy tale that we had furry tails to pin on the donkey at my five-year-old's birthday party. Unable to connect with the donkey game in any of our neighborhood stores, I called on art director Jack Skolnik to hand-tool us a large tailless donkey in water colors on beaverboard. Furrier Herbert Bender turned Santa Claus and carved us twelve fine furry tails. It gave the reliable old game a new twist, which the small fry enjoyed almost as much as their parents who called for them and lingered to admire the Skolnik and Bender masterpieces. The donkey still holds his own on the back of our living-room door, where, on being raised a couple of feet, he again appropriated the limelight at an adult party the following week.

ON HEARING A FIVE-YEAR-OLD BOAST OF HIS ADVANCED AGE

Yours is the age
Of purest gold—
You're young enough
To wish you were old!

ASSORTED FASHION SHOWS: Guerlain gave a luncheon show at New York's Ritz recently, entitled "Lips of 1947." Two new spring shades were presented: sunny-red "Zinnia" and coral-toned "Iris." They were shown to advantage by reedlike models in luscious clothes, while commentator Maggi McNellis let the audience in on such tricks of make-up as "In applying lipstick, smile broadly instead of pursing the lips." As to perfume, "Don't forget those provocative spots under the knee and around the hem of the skirt." She didn't suggest using a flit gun instead of an atomizer—I dunno why. . . . Macy's fashion show featured the pale colors launched at the Paris openings by Pierre Balmain. They ranged from off-white to "sun-kissed sand." The grand finale consisted of a beautiful "June Bride" in a marquisette gown more the color of honey or amber than sand. Puffed shoulders slimmed down to tight sleeves, and the very full skirt ended in a bouffant train. The small headdress was studded with mimosa. Two bridesmaids wore similar gowns, minus train, and huge pale cinnamon cartwheel straw hats frothy with tulle. All three carried mimosa bouquets.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES: Times Square candy counters have installed signs reading: "Nickel candy now 5 cents." . . . Indication that the customer is coming back into her own is Macy's succession of huge signs: "Sorry we look like this, but we're building new escalators for your convenience." And Altman's urges its sales clerks:

Sing a song of customers, satisfied and gay;
Courtesy in selling keeps them just that way.
When they come to Altman's, greet them with a smile;
And when they are leaving, saying "Thank you" is the style!

RECORD-MAKING GET-TOGETHER: I went to a Columbia recording session the other day and listened to Metropolitan Opera singer Risë Stevens go to work on a new Columbia album. Promptly at 2 P. M. she started rehearsing with a 21-piece orchestra and a double male quartet. After timing and retiming and altering some of the orchestration, the recording was made, with the alluring and handsome Miss Stevens virtually making love to the microphone. All this took place in the old German Liederkranz Club on New York's East 58th Street, because of its acoustically superior hall. But the music went by wire to Seventh Avenue and 51st Street, where the record was made. The astonishing part of such performances is that the record is played back to Liederkranz immediately, giving the artist and her colleagues a chance to hear themselves. Miss Stevens sounded dandy to me, but *she* felt the record should be done over.

STROKE OF LUCK

Continued from Page 23

from a nail on the wall and dumped out the contents. Everything Charley Rides-at-the-Door owned lay in a pile on his blankets: A pair of moccasins with rawhide soles; a rattlesnake skin, to be wrapped around his belly after a drunk, to drive the spirits out of his bowels; a frilly blue silk garter with an imitation ruby sewed to it, that he had found cleaning out the buggy one morning after Doc Tolliver had rented it for an all-night trip to Helena. There was a tobacco sack with three discolored elk's teeth in it; a handmade scalping knife that he had carried when he was a young man. And there were three belts, two completed, of beaten silver plaques strung on bridle leather.

Fingering the heaviest belt, Charley wondered whether Clint Neeley, down at the barbershop, would come up in his price. Clint had offered him five dollars for it. Charley had snatched the belt back before Clint could say he'd made a bargain. There was eight dollars' worth of Mexican silver in it, not counting the months of painstaking work during which Charley had scraped out the soapstone molds, melted the silver and poured it, filed out his stamps and hammered the design into the plaques. Charley, rubbing his thumb over the heavily beaten designs, knew they were beautiful. But nobody wanted them, even for the value of the silver. He buckled the two completed belts around his waist, pushed the half-finished belt to one side, and stuffed everything else back into the sack. For a couple of hours, he decided, he'd work on one of the plaques.

IT WAS hot in front of the stable where Charley sat, resting the silver plaque on a piece of steel rail and tapping out the design with a flat-headed cobbler's hammer. If only he had six or seven belts, he reflected, maybe Clint Neeley would give him fifty dollars for the lot. And if he had fifty dollars, then he and old Uncle Abraham Hand, his good friend, could buy the whitewashed cabin up the hill by the coking ovens, and move in. He sighed. There was no use thinking about the cabin. He'd spoken to Jupe Hemingway, the station agent, about it at least twenty times.

"All I want for that cabin is a hundred dollars, cash," Jupe had said. "You take Uncle Abe's fifty dollars and lay your fifty dollars down on top of it, and we'll go down to the bank and get you the deed."

He didn't have fifty dollars, not right now, Charley would explain carefully. But later . . . Then Jupe would bang his fist on the counter. "You clear out of here now," he'd say. "Come back when you got the other fifty dollars and I'll talk business."

Charley grunted despairingly. Now that Ike Cantrell wasn't going to pay him any more money, he wouldn't ever be able to talk business with Jupe Hemingway. He wouldn't even be able to trade a dollar bill for two Mexican dollars. He wouldn't have enough silver to finish this belt. The snow would come. . . .

He didn't notice Uncle Abraham Hand approaching until the old Negro's shadow fell across his work. Then Charley looked up.

Like a great gaunt scarecrow, Uncle Abe stood loose-kneed with an old canvas sack stenciled, "U. S. Mail," over his shoulder. Gray wool covered the old man's head and chin. He stood admiring the silverwork lying on the steel rail under Charley's hammer.

A PLEASANT warmth glowed suddenly inside Charley's body as he saw the rapt look on Uncle Abe's wrinkled black face. Charley moved his hands away so that the full beauty of the silver plaque was revealed.

Uncle Abe set his mail sack on the ground. "Doh!" he said slowly. "If that ain't the finest filigree ever I see!"

Charley clucked disparagingly. "It is only the story of my life," he mentioned casually. "One year I have worked on it."

"Yeh?" Uncle Abe's voice rose in wonderment. "Tell me again."

Charley picked up the four plaques and sorted them.

"This one," he held one out, "is when I was born. Here is rain, coming down in the country that way." He motioned south. "My boy name was Comes-with-Rain. Here is mesa, with horses, like it was where I grew up." He went on explaining.

"How come them little beads mean rain? Doh! Them horses ain't got no body, just laigs and haids."

Charley had gotten to the third plaque. "Here I am man. Dog soldier. My people load their ponies and come to this place." He waved toward the hills. "Each year the buffalo comes."

Those were the good years, Charley was thinking. Sitting, in the warm days of spring, with the other warriors, watching the women scrape fat off the hides pegged before the tepees. Riding a pony into a herd of buffalo, the burn of bowstring across your fingertips as you loosed arrows into the heaving ribs of a buffalo bull. Until the white man came, he thought, slaughtering the buffalo to make way for their cattle, taking away the land on which the Indian hunted, the flesh on which he fed, the robes on which he slept. The white men, with guns in their hands and forked tongues in their mouths. Charley's eyes hardened, thinking of the two strangers who were buying the stable.

"This one," he said, "is the time the white soldiers brought their guns on wheels to the Bighorn country." He had been wise in those days, he

Are you in the know?

IRVING NURICK

If you drop your fork, should you —

☐ *Pick it up*
☐ *Have your date pick it up*
☐ *Ask for another*

Ah-ah—mustn't touch. Let slipping silver lie! When your fork or *any* tableware falls, ignore it. Ask for another. By meeting trying moments serenely, no one will be the wiser. Cherish that thought for trying *days*, too. You'll meet the eye without a qualm by choosing Kotex . . . because Kotex has *flat pressed ends* that prevent telltale outlines. And you can keep your *daintiness* beyond doubt—thanks to the *deodorant* locked in every Kotex napkin.

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☐ *Hold a hanky*
☐ *Wear gloves*
☐ *Use an anti-perspirant*

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FOR Mother's Day

Should you remember your beau's Mom?

☐ *If you want to*
☐ *By all means*
☐ *No; you'll seem forward*

Send a gift to your best beau's Mom? On Mother's Day or her birthday, why not—if you want to? Maybe a hanky or a little cologne. (It needn't cost a month's lunch-money.) If etiquette puzzles you, bone up. And to outsmart "problem day" uncertainty—learn for yourself how Kotex protects you in an extra-special way. Yes, that exclusive *safety center* of Kotex gives you extra security. You're sky-high in confidence!

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was thinking, with a voice at the councils that bent men like willows before a strong wind. He could still remember gripping his pony between his legs and yelling as he led his men over the hill and down into the blue column struggling below. "Even the crows had their bellies full that day," he said reminiscently.

Absently he collected the four plaques and put them back in the sack. He grunted as he rose. "Time to get mail now," he said.

They continued down the Buffalo Trail to the post office. Charley watched as Uncle Abe walked to the General Delivery window.

"Mr. Jiggeson, you got any mail come foh Abraham Hand today?"

"Yup," Mr. Jiggeson called out. "Quite a heavy mail came for you today, Uncle Abe."

Now, there was a man for you. Every single day Uncle Abe came and asked for his mail. And every day there was something for him. Charley sighed. Maybe some day a letter would come for him, too.

He glanced over at the reward notices pinned on the wall. And though the words beneath the pictures stared back at him as incomprehensibly as he stared at the writing, Uncle Abe had explained that these were men ready to be hanged for murder. It was very strange, Charley reflected. Any Indian could do a wrong thing. But among white men, it was always twins who were hanged. There were their pictures, one looking straight ahead and, right next to him, the other twin facing sideways. White men were incomprehensible anyway. They forbade Indians to scalp, yet in this picture of twins, white men had not only cut off their hair, but they also put their pictures here where everyone could see the indignity that had been performed.

UNCLE ABE was leaving the window now. Together they walked out the door, Charley dropping his hand to a corner of the bag, so that it would appear to passers-by that he was helping carry a sack that contained letters of importance to both of them. Around the corner, they squatted in the alley and Uncle Abe gravely took out the circulars and uncalled-for second-class mail that the postmaster had given him.

Suddenly Charley's eyes bugged and he poked a finger at a stiff white card with a picture on it. They examined the notice:

FOR SHERIFF
ELECT
TIM HAMILTON

Beneath the writing appeared a picture of the head and shoulders of Tim Hamilton wearing a shirt with a collar on it, a sober expression, and a string tie.

"What he done?" Charley asked. "They go hang him?"

Uncle Abe let his underlip droop. "Ah don't rightly know, but looks like he's in some kind of trouble."

"Where his twin?" Charley demanded.

Uncle Abe stuffed the papers back in his sack. He'd tried a hundred times to explain that the twins were really just one man. Each time Charley would listen. But when Uncle Abe was finished, Charley's face would go blank. Like now.

"Where his twin?" he asked again gravely.

"Doh!" Uncle Abe said patiently. "We better go on up and look at that cabin now."

Together they climbed the Buffalo Trail toward the coking ovens. Where the path turned, beside the tumble-down picket fence that enclosed the whitewashed cabin, they stopped. The walls of the cabin were logs, hand hewn, clay chinked, and square notched at the corners. From the roof of cedar shakes reared a rock chimney. The yard was knee-high in wild mustard, but a bare path was trodden around the house where Charley and Uncle Abe had made their daily inspections.

FOR a long moment they were silent. Then Uncle Abe sighed. "Yassuh, we could jest move mah four turkeys, coop and all, from mah place over here."

Uncle Abe's place, an abandoned old tool house beside a worked-out mine shaft, wouldn't keep the snow out this next winter, he was thinking.

"We clear out this mustard and raise squash," Charley said. Then, picking up a fist-sized rock, he pounded a loose picket back into place.

"They's an old wheelbarrow up mah place," Uncle Abe volunteered. "We can tote coal from the old mine in her. Keep us jest as warm . . ."

Together they walked through the gate and up the path their feet had pounded into dust, and stepped onto the porch. Charley rubbed the smooth log railing. Below, beyond the terraced ocher tailings of the mine dumps, was Cokeville, half concealed. And there was the Buffalo Trail, the great north trail, winding beside it. This was the kind of place, Charley was thinking, where he could live out his life in peace. Once or twice a week he could go downtown and chop a little kindling for a piece of fresh meat or even a bit of cash money. Here he could have a garden to grow the vegetables for his table. A porch to sit on in the afternoon sun. A bed with a comforter on it where, when the time came, he could pull off his boots and lie down, with dignity, to die. He glanced at Uncle Abe. With a friend to mourn his passing.

"Ah'd make us a couple a cane-bottom chairs," Uncle Abe was saying. "We'd set them up here on the po'ch . . ."

"Show me the money again," Charley said suddenly.

Uncle Abe groped down the neck of his shirt and came up with a small buckskin bag tied with a thong. He unwound the thong and reached two fingers into the sack. Uncle Abe unfolded the money and smoothed it out on his brown palm.

"Two twenties and a ten," Uncle Abe said reverently.

For a long moment Charley stared. In his mind's eye he was seeing those two twenties and the ten lying on the counter down at the bank. Solemnly he was laying down two more twenties and a ten on top of them. The man in the bank was counting the money. And Jupe Hemingway was saying, so everyone could hear:

"Here is the one hundred dollars that Uncle Abraham Hand and Indian Charley Rides-at-the-Door have given me, and I make solemn treaty that they now own, forever, my white-washed cabin."

Charley sighed and looked away. "We go back now," he said abruptly.

Walking slowly past a vacant lot where a building had just been torn down, Charley shivered. The afternoon sun was still warm, but to Charley the newly exposed ground had the bare cold look of winter. And on the sharp turn beyond, men were at work wrecking Pete Larson's store. He must ask Uncle Abe again, Charley thought, why it was that men tore down good shelter to make way for a road. But just as the question formed on his lips, a sudden commotion down the street caused him to crane his neck. A big dump truck, surrounded by a crowd of cheering men, was rumbling slowly toward them. Even from a distance Charley could see Big Ben standing in the bed of the truck, waving his huge arms and bellowing.

Ben Big-Mouth, Charley thought, would have been Big Ben's name if he'd been an Indian. As the procession rolled abreast, Charley climbed up on a bench near the sidewalk where he could look down into the truck at the silver dollars shoveled like rocks in the truck bed.

"Didn't I tell ya?" Big Ben was shouting. "The biggest damned extravaganza this cow town's ever seen. I'd oughta charge admission! Put up a fence with a gate in it."

IN THE truck, Jake Fargo, standing beside Big Ben, with a shotgun cradled in his arms, was yelling too.

"Opening right up for business!" Big Ben shouted. "Come right along, folks, and watch the biggest damned extravaganza. . . ."

Climbing down from the bench, Charley and Uncle Abe joined the group following the truck to Big Ben's new location. Straggling behind the others, they arrived in time to see the driver backing up against the doorway. Then the truck bed began to tilt, and silver dollars roared like coal out the escape trap, down the iron chute laid in the doorway, and into sacks at the other end of the chute.

"Just stand back, folks, stand back!" Jake Fargo yelled. "Won't be no time at all now till Ben gets his silver dollars tucked away. Then it's free drinks for everyone." Jake's eyebrows bristled impressively. "With me treating," he said, and winked.

Charley waited impatiently while Big Ben stamped and dragged the filled sacks away into the rear of the building. But at last Charley and Uncle Abe marched in behind the others. Glancing sharply around the dim interior, Charley saw the petitions already nailed to the fly-specked walls. Back of the bar, flowers had been drawn and words printed on the big mirror with a cake of soap. Big Ben was pointing to the words now.

"Success and welcome!" Big Ben read.

Charley grunted and turned away. Across the room the stove was roaring, its pipe glowing red. Before the stove lay Benji, his snores interrupted by his own irritable rumblings as the heat struck at him.

THE stove in the whitewashed cabin could glow red too, Charley was thinking, with free coal from the mine, when a Montana blizzard howled. The smell of singed dog hair tickled Charley's nose and he turned to Uncle Abe.

"Stinks like Ben's old place," he commented.

Then he bellied up happily to the bar as he saw Big Ben pouring liquor into a line of glasses set up along the entire bar. But in front of Charley, Big Ben stopped, bottle poised over the empty glass.

"What the hell you trying to do, Charley? Get me locked up?" Big Ben roared. "You know damned well the law says no Indian can buy liquor."

There was a solemn silence. Then Charley pointed hesitantly down the bar to Jake Fargo.

"He buy."

Big Ben slapped at the bar with a grimy towel. "The law says—" he began. But just then the clink of silver dollars caught his attention and he moved away.

"Eight—nine—ten!" Jake Fargo counted. "That pays for the round."

"Just right," Big Ben said. He began scooping up the coins. Then he stopped and stared in amazed disbelief. Slowly he picked up a single coin and examined it.

"You!" he bellowed at Jake. "Them's my silver dollars! I remember getting that eagle with the nicked head from Wither Grinnell last winter." His huge fist crashed on the mahogany bar. "You grabbed up a handful of my dollars getting down from the truck."

With a cackling laugh Jake Fargo stepped back from the bar. "Listen to him squeal!" Jake said. "And danged if this ain't the first round of drinks he's bought in forty years of business! What's more, we just saved him a couple two-three hundred dollars by moving his silver from the old place."

Men were stepping back now, crowding down the bar to join in the excitement, leaving their drinks.

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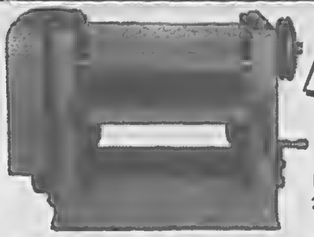

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NAME ______________________

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"Damn-fool law," Charley said, and picking up the nearest three drinks, he downed them. Then, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, he turned to Uncle Abe. "Whisky and Indian good friends."

He reached down the bar for the fourth drink, started to extend the glass to Uncle Abe, thought better of it, jerked it down and belched apologetically.

"Whisky and black man enemies," he explained. Then he picked up the bottle of whisky Big Ben had left on the bar, and marched out.

On the porch of the saloon he leaned against a post and breathed deeply three or four times. The sun had gone down and there was a chill in the air. But the whisky would take the chill out of his bones. He started tucking the bottle under his vest, when he stopped, aware that a man stood before him, a big man, the driver of the dump truck who had come into town with the road crew. He poked a finger at Charley's waist.

"What you got there?" he asked.

Charley looked down. His vest had fallen open and the two silver belts shone dully in the dim light. Charley backed up, then felt the comfortable nearness of Uncle Abe beside him.

"They belong me," he said.

"You like sellum?"

He could feel his tongue stumbling to answer.

"How much?" he heard Uncle Abe ask.

"Twenty dollars," the truck driver said. "I'll give you twenty dollars for the big one."

Appalled, Charley saw Uncle Abe shake his head. "Hm'mmm. Them belts is *beautiful*," Uncle Abe was saying. "We's asking fohty dollars for the little one and—"

"I'll give you twenty-five. Take it or leave it."

Charley's hand dropped to unbuckle the biggest belt, and he felt Uncle Abe's fingers on his wrist.

"Tell you what, sah," Uncle Abe said politely. "Seein' as how you're from outta town, we'll make a special bargain." His underlip dropped as though he were considering. "Yassuh," he said finally, "we'll sell you both them here belts foh fifty dollahs, cash money."

"It's a deal," the truck driver said.

With the bottle held firmly under one arm, Charley fumbled the belts off from around his waist. Uncle Abe was staring into the truck driver's hand as he counted the money.

"You got two twenties and a ten?" Uncle Abe was asking. "We'd druther have it in two twenties and a ten."

WITH the money gripped tightly in one hand, Charley watched the truck driver disappear into the saloon.

And then he opened his hand and looked down. There it was. The fifty dollars he needed for his share of the whitewashed cabin. Uncle Abe leaned closer and Charley turned his half-opened hand to share the sight with his friend.

"Tomorrow," Charley said slowly, "tomorrow we see Jupe Hemingway. Tomorrow."

"Amen," said Uncle Abe.

"Show me your money again," Charley demanded.

Fumbling the sack out of his shirt, Uncle Abe took out his two twenties and the ten. Solemnly Charley placed his money on top.

"You keep money till tomorrow," Charley said. He watched as Uncle Abe folded the whole hundred into a wad, replaced it in the deerskin pouch, and tucked it back inside his shirt. Charley sighed comfortably. He better get on back to the stable now.

"Take good care money," he warned Uncle Abe, and started down the street.

Reaching the open door of the stable, Charley stopped, leaned against the jamb, pulled the cork from the bottle and tipped it. A disappointing trickle burned the tip of his tongue and he flung the bottle out on the dung heap. Then he looked across the Buffalo Trail into the night, where the cabin was waiting. Waiting for him and Uncle Abe to come tomorrow and nail the deed to the wall where visitors could see it. Afternoons, he thought, they'd sit on the cane-bottom chairs in the sun, with their feet hooked over the porch railing and look out over the squash plants growing in their garden, and hear the turkeys gabbling in the hutch out back. They'd build a new hutch, he was thinking, strong enough so the damn coyotes couldn't get in and snatch their turkeys. And he'd make belts, lots of them. It was good the road was coming through, he decided suddenly, because now, when he'd walk downtown with his belts half hidden under his vest, there'd be sharp-eyed strangers on the street with money in their wallets.

HE FUMBLED a match out of his pocket, struck it on the seat of his pants at the third try, and lit the cigarette in his mouth.

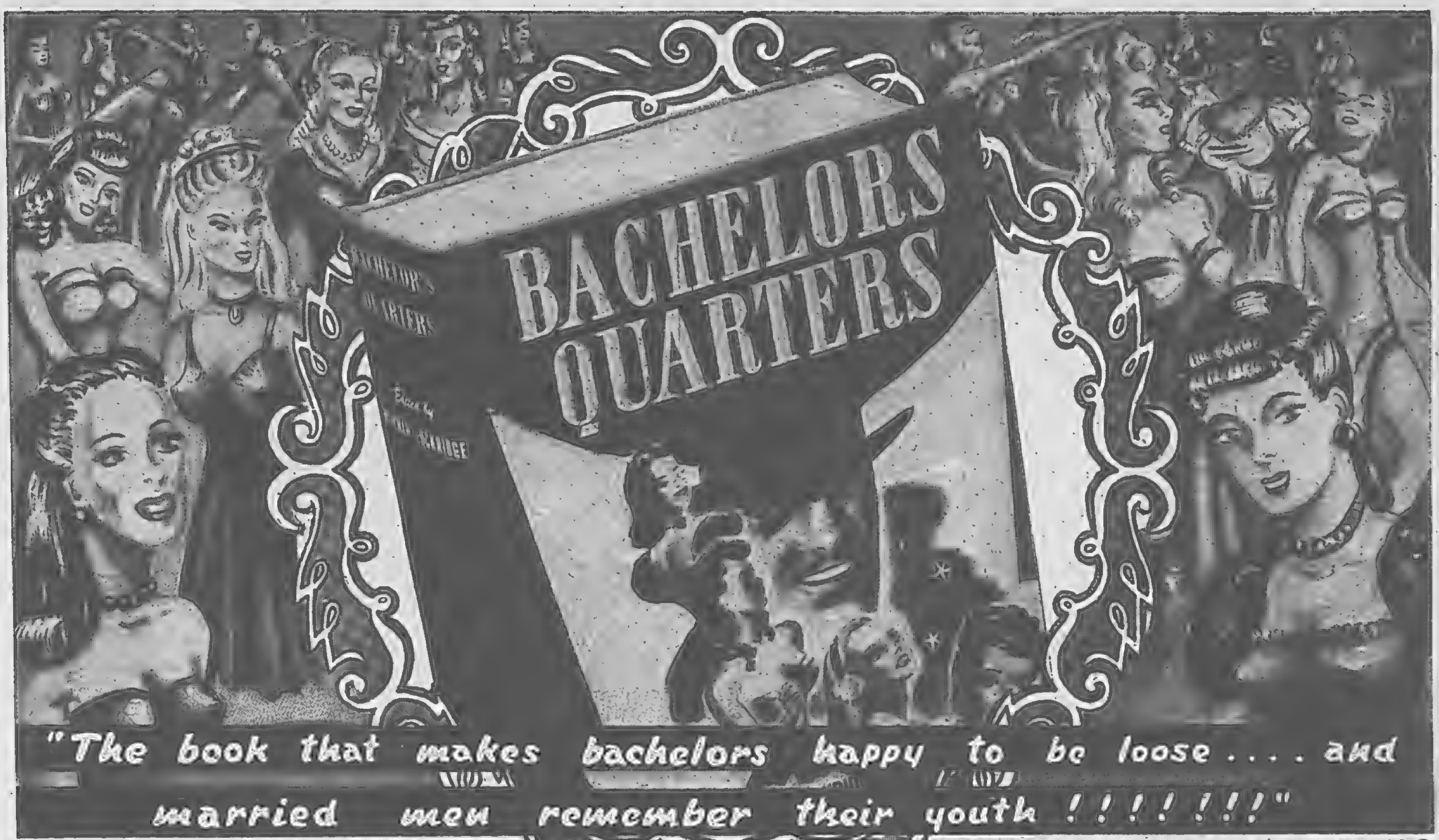
It would be warm in that cabin, he reflected. He wouldn't ever sleep cold again. Not even tonight.

Weaving into the stable he headed for the straw pile. He kicked a hole in the straw and, without taking off his hat, dropped down. He didn't give a damn if Ike Cantrell did cuss him out.

His lips relaxed and the cigarette fell. The stink of burning straw tickled his nose as he began to snore. Faintly to his ears came the rattle of Ike Cantrell's buggy, and Ike's profane yells. He felt rough hands tugging at his boots, and he hugged himself as his body scraped along the dirt floor.

All right, he thought irritably, let him throw me in the duckpond. But tomorrow night, in the cabin, I'm going to sleep warm!

THE END



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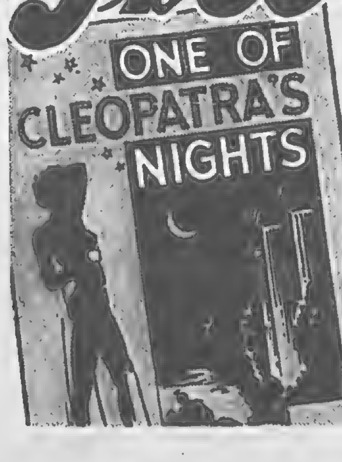

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CAN WE HAVE A GUARANTEED ANNUAL WAGE?

Continued from Page 42

$40 and maybe more if everything goes well. But not all of them—only those who make up the basic labor force; not the extra hands taken on at busy times. Perhaps, too, the employer will play safe and whittle down his $30 liability by limiting it to those employees who have been with him 5 years or more, or have special skill. Perhaps instead of 500 workers getting the guaranty, only 300 will get it. The rest will have to hitchhike, with a better chance of a steady ride next year.

Moreover, it is possible that the employer simply cannot insure his production and sales by operating 40 hours a week. He simply has to run overtime part of the year and something like half time the rest. Can he work out a scheme to guarantee so much work per year, per employee, but spread it out unevenly to take care of his problem? He should be free to do so. The possible variations are numberless and grow out of the varied circumstances of different businesses. Employers should be free to use the one that fits. No matter which plan is used, however, the guaranty cannot possibly be more than a *minimum.*

The minimum can be tied up with other benefits the workers now have, like unemployment insurance. If these are taken into account, and the employer's risk thus reduced, he can afford to give a higher guaranty than if he bore all the responsibility. A good example of how such a relationship can be worked out is the scheme of the Parker Manufacturing Company of Worcester, Massachusetts. This company proposes to guarantee 1,800 hours pay per year to each employee who has been with the company for five years continuously. If 1,800 hours' work is not provided, then to the lesser sum he has earned is added unemployment insurance, workmen's compensation (if he has had an accident), sickness benefits, wages earned elsewhere from temporary employment, and so on, and the difference between the total of all these items and his pay for 1,800 hours' work at Parker is handed to him. Each employee covered therefore knows what his minimum annual wage is going to be, even though the Parker Company doesn't stand responsible for all of it. But before this scheme can be put into effect unemployment compensation laws must be changed so that persons receiving any wages are not ineligible for benefits. In addition, employers must also have the right to hold company earnings in reserve to meet obligations under guaranteed wage schemes, without getting into taxation difficulties. Other laws may require revision to make operation of guaranteed wage schemes feasible.

Most important, however—and the only sound basis for the guaranteed wage—is steady production. Government policies must always encourage maximum of production and economic liability. If we don't get that, all guaranties are off. That's the crux of it.

THE END

CHICAGO FIGHTS FOR ITS TINIEST BABIES

Continued from Page 15

is held at 90 degrees for smaller infants. Those over 3 pounds are gradually worked down toward 80 degrees in preparation for the day when they will be able to maintain their own body heat in an ordinary room.

Mealtime is a Lilliputian triumph. The first and all-important rule is, "No feeding under any circumstances for the first twelve hours." Smaller babies—those weighing 1,200 grams or less—are not fed nor even given water for as long as thirty-six hours. When feeding does start, it is done with an eye dropper. Baby's first meal is a repast of pure water—half a thimbleful. This is doubled for the second meal. The third meal is a banquet: from 1 to 4 cubic centimeters of pasteurized breast milk.

Perhaps most important of all of Chicago's contributions to premie care is its system for the collection and free distribution of breast milk. Volunteer donors come to the Health Department milk-processing stations each morning and, after endless scrubbing and countless physical check-ups, give surplus breast milk to a common "bank" available for every premie in the city. The precious fluid is checked and analyzed and pasteurized by a corps of trained workers, who know that every drop they handle is the very elixir of life itself. The small surplus of each day's supply is frozen and held in reserve. The rest is available, free, to the parents of every premie (also, on doctor's order, to certain sickly full-term babies). The only rule is that the parents must call for it at the Health Department and bring it themselves to the hospital where their premie is being nursed. This rule is rigidly enforced, to give the parents some feeling of contact with the child they seldom see and never hold until it graduates from "premiehood."

Baby rapidly develops an appetite. By the third day he is ravenously wolfing down a full quarter ounce of milk, and by the time he is twenty days old he gets from two to three ounces of precious breast milk each day for every pound of his weight.

The diet is not a monotonous one. Between meals, babies get weak tea or perhaps a strong slug of water. It is a great day when little premie

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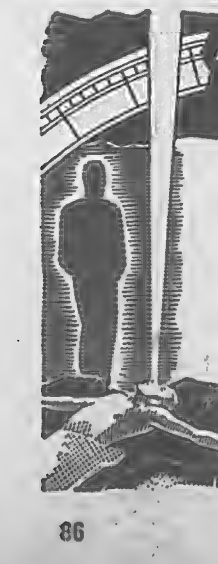

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graduates to his own very special miniature feeding bottle with a nipple made from the rubber bulb of a medicine dropper.

Bathtime, when you are in the two-pound class, is over so fast you usually don't wake up. Nurse comes along with a little pan of soapy water and a cotton swab and before you can say "ga-ga" you are washed, dried, changed, and back in your little bed.

Even your clothes are very special. Your nightgown has extra-long sleeves, because your hands might turn blue from cold if they were to be uncovered even in a heated bed. Your blankets, instead of being heavy, are extra light because the heat is going from the bed to you and a heavy blanket might keep the heat away from your tiny body.

Along about the fourteenth day—just as the young premie is getting thoroughly bored with his diet—desserts are introduced in the form of one or two drops of vitamin-D concentrate and two or three drops of superstrained orange juice.

As you watch the nurses talk to the doctors, you get to think that the latter, at least, know everything there is to know about the care of premies. But they are the first to disabuse you. It takes them hours to list for you the things they don't know and those they can only guess about. They know that premies lose more weight after birth than normal babies, and take longer to gain it back. They know that they can minimize weight loss by keeping the humidity high. But just why all this happens is still in the realm of theory.

They know, too, that many of the specialized tissues of the body grow faster in a premie than they would if the same child had remained unborn for the normal term. They think that this is a natural response to the very fact of being born—as if wise old Mother Nature stepped in to help an uncompleted child fight for its life. But just how the trigger is pulled that sets off this protective chain of events, they hardly guess.

THEY know that premies, particularly Negro premies, are somewhat more likely than full-term babies to have so-called Mongolian spots—pigmented skin areas. But again they can only wonder, as yet, as to the reason.

They know that mental retardation is somewhat more frequent among premature children. But here they have learned a lot in recent years—and all of it good to know. It was once thought that the majority of premies were mentally retarded. Now we know that this is far from the case. Literally thousands of premies—including many in the less-than-two-pound class—have been watched right through childhood. Some have shown genius. Some have been dumbbells. On the average they seem to come through just as well as any other children.

It is true, however, that a premature child may be slow in its mental—as in its physical—development during its first few months. This is hardly surprising when one considers the beating it has received and the concentration of all its early efforts upon the all-important matter of just keeping alive.

Statistics provide only a partial measure of the success of the Chicago system—for no figures can evaluate the benefit achieved by those premies who might have survived only as weaklings if the city's super-care were not available to all.

Yet even the limited statistics prove that Chicago has beaten down its premie death rate—beaten it down nearly a quarter in the last eleven years, beaten it down to half that of Washington, Cleveland, and Los Angeles. But this by no means satisfies the perpetually dissatisfied Dr. Bundesen. Proud though he is of the fact that Chicago beats every major city in the land in premie survival, he constantly demands a further lowering of the death rate. More than half of the premie deaths occur within the first twenty-four hours—before the system of care can have very much influence. Bundesen has his eye on the other group—those who live through their first day only to succumb on the second, third, or fourth day of life. And here, little by little, as knowledge has been gained, the clammy fingers of death have been beaten back time and again.

WHAT has happened in Chicago would be important even if prematurity were not an extremely common occurrence. In point of fact, however, premature births constitute nearly 7 per cent of all births. And their proportion has been increasing rapidly in recent years. Chicago, for example, had only 2,363 premies in 1936. By 1946 the figure stood well over 4,000.

Physicians differ as to the exact cause of this increase. In part, no doubt, it is due to the increasing intensity of our lives. During the war years, many a young wife continued to work despite her pregnancy. Perhaps most important has been the fact that hormone and other new treatments now permit many women who formerly miscarried in the first three months of pregnancy to bring live babies into the world. Most of these cases—under proper care—go on to full-term birth. Some such pregnancies, however, end in premature deliveries.

As Bundesen describes his system of premie saving, it sounds incredibly simple. He ticks off the essential points on the fingers of one hand. "All that has to be done," he says, "is five things. First, keep the temperature up. Death walks in the door with every draft.

"Second, always have a special premie nurse in attendance—one who knows her job. Sure it's expensive. It means four nurses, three in eight-hour shifts and one for relief.

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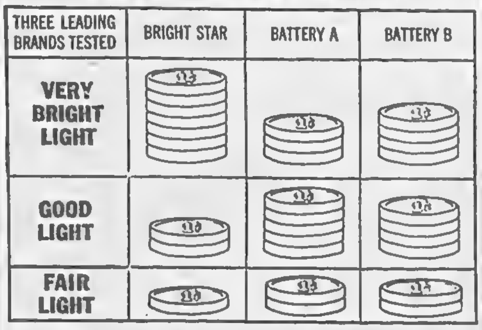

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"Third, oxygen—always have oxygen and never be stingy. Every premie has some critical moment when oxygen can pull him through.

"Rule number four," he continues, "is mother's milk. This is perhaps the most important rule of all. If you check the records, you find eight out of ten premies who die are bottle-fed premies. That is why we spare no expense in Chicago, collecting mother's milk, and why we keep it free. It doesn't matter how rich you are or how poor, it is always free. We can't put a price on human lives.

"Finally the last rule—which is just common sense—is the rule that keeps everybody but the nurse away from the premies. Because a little cold for anyone else is a great big cold for a premie. Anyone who brings a cough or a cold near a premie ward is not just careless—he is criminal. So there are the rules, and you see it is really simple."

As he says all this, the little doctor becomes increasingly vehement. But he reaches a climax of intensity when you ask him about other cities.

"I am just the health commissioner of Chicago," he answers. "I can't tell other towns what to do. But what we have done here can be done anywhere else on earth—if they are willing to pay the price. All they have to do is remember that saving these babies' lives is like opening a lock with five tumblers. It isn't enough to open one tumbler or two. You have got to open all of them—all at the same time."

Stated so simply, it leaves one wondering why other cities haven't long since done as much as Chicago in this field. Fortunately, they are now beginning to do so. In France and in Russia similar premie stations have existed for some time. In Los Angeles one has already been set up. In New York the Chicago system—with some modifications—is now beginning to get under way. Today, no great city should be able to hold its head high if its premie death rate continues at the level at which it now stands almost everywhere in this country—except in Chicago.

THE END

LUCKY BUCKY

Continued from Page 33

Merle in the Canadian League, about a Harris from Pittston. The pitcher assumed it was my brother—who by that time had quit baseball—and gave him a good send-off. I joined the team in Binghamton, and when Wiltse saw what a skinny runt I was, he told me I could hang around a few days, if I'd play without a contract, until he got a replacement."

Having gotten his break on a fluke, Bucky was lucky in clinching it. Never a good hitter, he made Wiltse forget temporarily about another second baseman by collecting two singles. A few days later he was signed to a contract at $125 a month. Significantly, the best afternoon he ever had at the bat came on the day Clark Griffith saw him at Buffalo in a double-header against Reading in 1919. Griff bought him that night.

Four seasons at Washington established him as a dependable second baseman. Nobody, though, was prepared for the bombshell Griffith was about to explode. Griffith, who had stepped down as manager in 1920, had hired and fired three successive pilots. Prominent candidates for the job were Walter Johnson, Eddie Collins, and Kid Gleason. One morning a special-delivery letter arrived from Griff offering it to Harris, then only twenty-seven. Griff said he would call long distance that evening. When the phone rang, Harris yelled, "I accept!" before Griff said "hello."

Presently Harris won the pennant from the Yankees in a driving finish and went on to outmaneuver—and outluck—the great McGraw in the World Series. It seemed that he could do nothing wrong after he repeated in the American League in 1925; but in 1929 Griff let him go.

THE next five years at Detroit were not particularly happy for Harris. He couldn't get the Tigers higher than fifth, and his reputation suffered badly when Mickey Cochrane promptly won the pennant in '34. Then a one-year hitch with the Red Sox ended when Tom Yawkey got Joe Cronin from Washington in return for $250,000 and Harris, the man who had brought the first pennant to the Senators. A revival of those exciting days was not to be seen, however, during the eight seasons he labored in Washington in his return engagement. Given a succession of cast-offs and refugees from Cuba and Central America, he never poked his head above the second division. He quit, by mutual agreement, when the club wound up seventh in 1942.

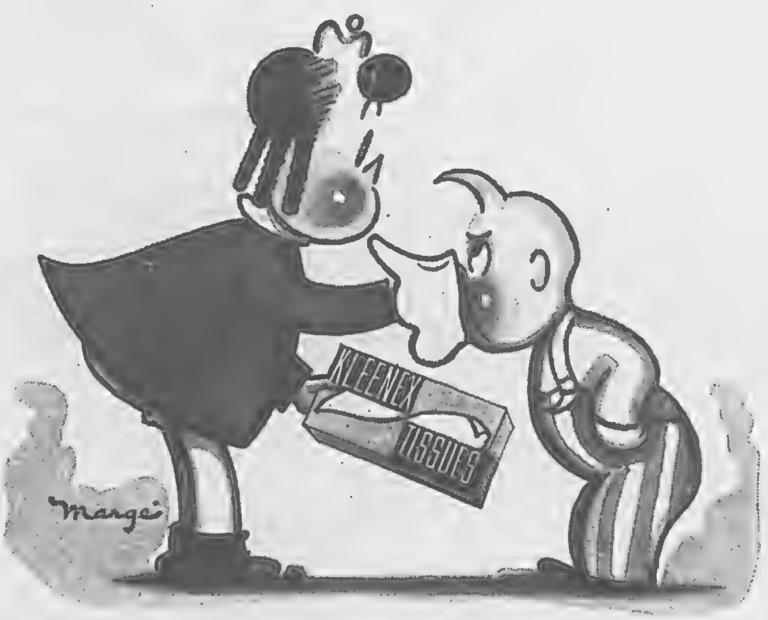
Signed to manage the Phillies in 1943, Harris was fired in midseason by Bill Cox. The players threatened to go on strike until he was reinstated. But Bucky took Cox off that spot by asking them to carry on under Freddy Fitzsimmons. He shuffled off to Buffalo, still smiling.

There is a school of thought that believes MacPhail brought Harris back to improve the Yankees' public relations with the press, to build morale among the players, and—if it turns out that the experts are right, and 1947 marks the first time since 1921 that the Yankees have gone more than three years without a pennant—to hold the grandstand wolves at bay with his placid temperament.

Anyhow, if a ball club reflects the personality of its manager, the Yankees will be a high-class, strictly big-league outfit.

THE END

LITTLE LULU



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THE MOTHER

Continued from Page 18

ing gesture stroked his face with both her hands. The girl and her mother who watched would never have thought her capable of such tenderness. At last, with little sobs of joy, she dragged him into her room.

"He's her son," said Rosalia with surprise. "Who'd have thought it! And a fine fellow like that."

Currito had a lean face and white even teeth; his hair was cut very close, shaved on the temples and set on the scalp with a truly Andalusian perfection. The shadow of his precocious beard showed blue beneath his brown skin. And of course he was a dandy. He had the national love of fine clothes, and his trousers were skin tight, his short jacket and his frilled shirt were as new as new could be. He wore a broad-brimmed hat.

At last the door of La Cachirra's room was opened and she appeared, hanging on her son's arm.

"You'll come again next Sunday?" she asked.

"If nothing stops me."

He glanced at Rosalia and, having bidden his mother good night, nodded to her also.

"Vaya usted con Dios!" said she.

She gave him a smile and a flash of her dark eyes. La Cachirra intercepted the look, and the sullenness which her intense joy had driven away suddenly darkened her face like a thundercloud. She scowled fiercely at the girl.

"Is that your son?" asked Pilar, when the youth was gone.

"Yes, he's my son," snapped La Cachirra, and went back to her room.

IT was a terrible love that La Cachirra had for her son. He was all she had in the world, and she adored him with a fiery, jealous passion that demanded in return impossible devotion. It tortured her to imagine what he did when he was away from her. She could not bear to have him look at a woman, and she writhed at the bare idea that he might pay court to some girl. No amusement is more common in Seville than the long flirtation in which the maid sits at her window half the night long, guarded by iron bars; or stands inside the gate while her lover in the street pours his rapture into her willing ear. La Cachirra asked the boy if he had a *novia*, a sweetheart, aware that so attractive a youth must enjoy the smiles of women, and she knew he lied when he swore he spent his evenings at work. But his denials gave her a fierce delight.

When she saw Rosalia's provoking glance and Currito's answering smile, rage leaped to her throat. She had hated her neighbors before, because they were happy and she was wretched; because they knew her terrible secret; but now she hated them more, already fancying, half crazily, that they were conspiring to rob her of her son. On the following Sunday afternoon, La Cachirra came out of her room, crossed the patio and stood at the gate. This was a proceeding so unusual that the neighbors commented upon it.

"Don't you know why she's there?" said Rosalia with a stifled laugh. "Her precious son is coming, and she doesn't want us to see him."

"Does she think we'll eat him?"

Currito arrived and his mother took him quickly to her room.

"She's as jealous of him as if he were her lover," said Pilar.

Rosalia looked at the closed door, laughing again, and her shining eyes were filled with mischief. It occurred to her that it would be very amusing to have a word with the handsome Currito. Rosalia's white teeth gleamed at the thought of La Cachirra's anger. She stationed herself at the gate so that the pair, when they came out, could not help passing her. But La Cachirra, seeing the girl, moved to the other side of her son so that not even a glance should pass between them. Rosalia shrugged her shoulders.

You won't beat me so easily as that, she thought.

THE Sunday after, when La Cachirra took her place at the gate, Rosalia went out into the street and strolled along in the direction from which she guessed he would come. In a minute she saw Currito. She walked on, elaborately ignoring him.

"Hola!" said he, stopping.

"Is it you? I thought you were afraid to speak to me."

"I'm afraid of nothing," he boasted.

"Except mama!"

She pretended to walk on, as if she wanted him to leave her, but she knew very well he would do no such thing.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"What has that to do with you, Currito? Go to your mother, or she'll beat you. You're afraid to look at me when she's with you."

"What nonsense!"

"Well, *vaya usted con Dios!* I have commissions."

He went off rather sheepishly, and Rosalia laughed to herself.

She was in the courtyard once more when he passed through with La Cachirra, on his way out; and this time, shamed into courage, he stopped and said good night. La Cachirra turned red with anger.

"Come, Currito!" she cried. "What are you waiting for?"

He went away, and the woman stopped a moment in front of Rosalia as if she were going to speak, but with a visible effort she restrained herself and went back to her dark silent room.

A few days later was the feast of Santo Isidro, the patron saint of Seville. To celebrate the holiday, the mason and one or two others hung a string of Chinese lanterns in the patio. They glowed warmly in the

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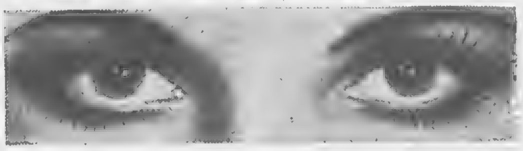

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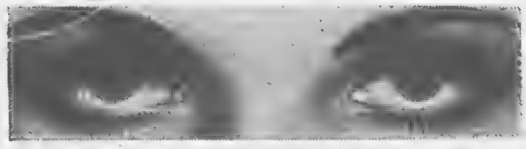

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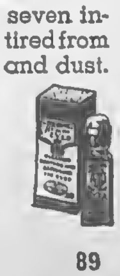

clear summer night. The sky was soft against the shining stars. The people of the house were gathered in the patio, sitting on chairs; and the women, some with babies at their breasts, fanned themselves with little paper fans, interrupting their ceaseless chattering to fling a word of abuse at some older child who was making a nuisance of himself. The cool air was very pleasant after the day's breathless heat. Those who had been to the bullfight were telling the less fortunate all about it. They described with precise detail a wonderful feat that Belmonte, the famous matador, had performed. With their vivid imaginations, the particulars gained every minute in variety and color, so that it appeared that never in the history of Seville had there been a more excellent *corrida*. Everyone was present but La Cachirra, and in her room they saw the light of a solitary candle.

"And her son?"

"He's in there," answered Pilar. "I saw him come an hour ago."

"He must be amusing himself," said Rosalia with a laugh."

"Oh, don't bother about La Cachirra," said another. "Give us a dance, Rosalia."

"Yes, yes!" they cried. "Go on, my girl. You dance."

In Spain they love to dance and they love to watch dancing. Years and years ago it was said that there was never a Spanish woman who was not born to dance.

The chairs were quickly set into a ring. The mason and the tram conductor fetched their guitars. Rosalia got her castanets and began.

Currito, in the drab airless room, pricked up his ears.

"They're dancing," he said, and an itching shot down his limbs.

He looked through the curtain and saw the group in the mellow light of the Chinese lanterns. Rosalia wore her Sunday clothes and a splendid carnation gleamed in her hair. Currito's heart beat quickly. Love in Spain grows fast, and he had thought often of the handsome girl since he first spoke to her. He moved toward the door.

"What are you doing?" asked La Cachirra.

"I'm going to look at them dance. You never wish me to amuse myself."

"It's Rosalia you want to see."

HE pushed her away as she tried to stop him, and joined the group that watched the dancers. La Cachirra followed a step or two and stood, half hidden in the shadows, with fury gnawing at her heart.

Rosalia saw him. "Aren't you frightened to look at me?" she whispered, as she passed him.

The dancing made her lightheaded and she felt no fear of La Cachirra. When the measure ended and her partner sank into a chair, Rosalia marched up to Currito and stood in front of him, upright, her head thrown back and her breast heaving.

"Of course, you don't know how to dance," she said.

"Yes, I do."

"Well, come, then."

She smiled provokingly, but he hesitated. He looked over his shoulder at his mother, whom he divined, rather than saw, in the darkness. Rosalia caught the glance and its meaning.

"Are you afraid?"

"What should I be afraid of?" he asked, with a shrug of the shoulders.

He stepped into the little ring. The guitarists strummed away and the onlookers rhythmically clapped their hands, punctuating the time with an occasional cry *"Ole!"* Someone gave Currito a pair of castanets, and the two began to dance. They heard a little hiss, like a serpent, in the darkness; and Rosalia, quite reckless now, laughed toward the face, ghastly white, that gleamed from the shadows. La Cachirra did not move. She watched the dance, the swaying bodies, the intricate steps. She saw Rosalia lean back with graceful gesture and smile in Currito's face as he wound about her, clapping his castanets. Her eyes glowed like coals and she felt them burning in their sockets. But no one noticed her or heard her stifled groan of rage. The dance came to an end, and Rosalia, smiling with pleasure at the applause, told Currito she had not guessed he could dance so well.

LA CACHIRRA flung herself into her room and bolted the door. She gave no answer when Currito came and bade her open.

"Well, I shall go home," he said then.

Her heart twisted with pain, but she would not speak. He was all she had, all she loved in the world, yet at the moment she hated him. She could not sleep that night, but lay thinking, half madly, that they were robbing her of her son. In the morning she did not go to work, but lay in wait for Rosalia. The girl came out at last, rather bedraggled after the night's festivities, and she started when La Cachirra suddenly faced her.

"What do you want with my son?"

"What do you mean?" replied Rosalia, assuming an expression of surprise.

La Cachirra quivered with passion.

"You know what I mean. You're stealing him from me."

"Do you think I want your son? Keep him away from me. I can't help it if he runs after me wherever I go."

Photographs for Liberty's Picture Section Taken By:

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68—(top) A. de Dienes; (1. left) INP; (1. right) Press Association

"That's a lie!"

"Ask him!" Rosalia's voice was so scornful that La Cachirra could hardly contain herself. "He waits an hour in the street to see me. Why don't you keep him to yourself?"

"You lie, you lie! You throw yourself in his way."

"If I wanted lovers I could get them without asking. I don't want the son of a murderess."

Then everything grew confused to La Cachirra; the blood leaped to her head and blinded her eyes. She sprang at Rosalia and tore at her hair. The girl gave a shrill cry and a passer-by wrenched them apart.

"If you don't leave Currito alone, I'll kill you!" cried La Cachirra.

"Do you think I'm frightened? Keep him away from me, if you can. You fool, don't you see that he loves me better than his eyes?"

"Now then, go away," said the man. "Don't answer her, Rosalia."

La Cachirra gave a little roar of passion, like a wild beast balked of its prey, and pushed past into the street.

BUT the dance had left Currito madly in love with Rosalia, and all next day he thought of her red lips. The light of her eyes shone in his heart and filled him with enchantment. He passionately desired her. At nightfall he wandered toward La Macarena and presently found himself at her house. He waited in the darkness of the porch till he saw her in the patio. At the other end burned his mother's lonely light.

"Rosalia," he called in a low voice.

She turned, stifling a cry of surprise.

"Why are you here today?" she whispered, going toward him.

"I couldn't keep away from you."

"Why?" she smiled.

"Because I love you."

"Do you know your mother nearly killed me this morning?"

And with the embellishments native to the Andalusian temperament, she related the episode, omitting, however, her final taunt which had enraged La Cachirra beyond endurance.

"She's got the temper of the devil," said Currito; and then, with bravado: "I shall tell her that you're my sweetheart."

"She will be pleased," said Rosalia ironically.

"Will you come to the gate tomorrow evening?"

"Perhaps," she answered.

He gave a little chuckle, for he knew by her tone that she would.

She was waiting for him when he came and, as is the way with lovers in Seville, they talked for hours under their breath, the iron gate between them. When Currito asked Rosalia if she loved him, she answered with a little amorous sigh. They tried to see the passion that burnt hotly in each other's eyes.

(Continued on page 92)

When the recipe calls for the best in gin...

DIXIE BELLE

Gin distilled from finest imported fruits, herbs, berries . . . Gin that gives your drinks the peak of enticing flavor and smoothness.

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A Favorite in GIN

(Continued from page 90)

Currito came the next night, and the next.

But, fearing that his mother knew of his visits, Currito did not pay her his customary visit on the following Sunday. The wretched woman waited for him with aching heart. She was ready to fall on her knees and beg him to forgive her. But when he did not come, she hated him; she would have liked to see him dead at her feet. Her heart bled when she thought that another week must pass before she could even hope to see him.

The week passed, Sunday came, and still he did not come. She could not bear it. Anguish, anguish! She loved him as no sweetheart could ever love him. She told herself that this was Rosalia's doing. Rage filled her heart.

WHEN at last Currito plucked up his courage and went to see his mother, he had waited too long. It seemed to her as though her love was dead. She pushed him away when he wanted to kiss her.

"Why haven't you come before?"

"You locked the door on me. I thought you didn't want me."

"Was it only that? Had you no other reason?"

"I've been busy," he said, shrugging his shoulders.

"Busy? An idle loafer like you! What have you been doing? You wouldn't have been too busy to come and see Rosalia."

"Why did you hit her?"

"How do you know I hit her? Have you seen her?" La Cachirra strode up to her son; her eyes flamed. "She called me a murderess."

"Well, what of it?"

"What of it?" she screamed, so that they heard her in the patio. "And if I am a murderess—it was for you. Yes, I killed Pepe Santi, but it was because he was beating you. It was for your sake that I lay in prison for seven years—for seven years! Oh, you fool, you think she cares for you, and every night she spends hours at the gate."

"I know," Currito answered with a grin.

La Cachirra started violently. She understood. She gasped with pain and wrath; she clutched at her heart as though the agony were too intense to bear.

"You've been coming every night to the *reja* and you never came near me? Oh, how cruel! I've done everything in the world for you. Do you think I loved Pepe Santi? I endured his blows so that I could give you bread; and I killed him when he beat you. Oh, God, I have only lived for you! But for the thought of you, I would have died rather than suffer those years of prison."

"Come, woman, be reasonable. I'm twenty. What d'you expect? If it weren't Rosalia, it would be another."

"You beast. I hate you. Get out!"

She pushed him violently to the door. Currito shrugged his shoulders.

"You need not think I want to stay."

He walked jauntily through the patio and slammed the iron gate behind him. La Cachirra strode to and fro in her tiny room in agony. The hours passed slowly. Finally she took up a post at the window, watching with the horrible steadfastness of a savage beast ready to spring. She stood motionless, repressing the convulsive restlessness that tore at her heartstrings. There was a clapping of hands at the *reja* as a signal that someone was without, and she peered into the dark, her fiery eyes almost starting from her head. But it was only the mason. She waited longer, and Pilar, Rosalia's mother, came in and walked slowly up the stairs to her room. La Cachirra clutched at her throat to relieve the intolerable oppression of her breath. Still she waited.

At last! There was a clap of light hands at the gate, and a voice above called out, "Who is it?"

"Peace!"

La Cachirra recognized Rosalia's voice. She gave a gasp of triumph. The door was opened from above, and Rosalia, entering, crossed the courtyard with buoyant and easy step. The joy of life was in her every motion. She was about to put her foot on the stair when La Cachirra sprang forward and seized her arm. The girl could not shake herself free.

"What do you want?" said Rosalia. "Let me pass."

"What have you been doing with my son?"

"Let me pass, or I shall call out."

"Is it true that you meet at the *reja* every night?"

"Mother, help! Antonio!" Rosalia cried out shrilly.

"Answer me."

"Well, if you want the truth, you can have it. He's going to marry me. He loves me, and I—I love him with all my heart." She turned on La Cachirra, trying to free herself from the vicious grip. "D'you think you can prevent us? D'you think he's frightened of you? He hates you. He told me so. He wishes you'd never come out of prison."

"He told you that?"

La Cachirra shrank back. Rosalia pursued the advantage.

"Yes, he told me that; and he told me much more. He told me that you murdered Pepe Santi; that you were in prison for seven years; and he wished you were dead."

Rosalia hissed the words venomously, laughing with shrill voice when she saw the wretched woman shrink.

"And you ought to be proud that I don't refuse to marry the son of a murderess."

Then, giving La Cachirra a push, she leaped to the stairs. But the movement revived the woman, stunned by the horrible taunts. With a cry of brutal rage she sprang upon Rosalia, caught her by the shoulders and dragged her down. Rosalia turned and hit her in the face. La Cachirra drew a knife from her bosom and, with an oath, buried it in the girl's neck. Rosalia shrieked:

"Mother, she's killed me!"

She fell to the bottom of the stairs and lay huddled on the stones. Blood made a little pool between them.

HALF a dozen doors were flung open at the despairing cry, and people rushed to seize La Cachirra. The vixen backed against the wall and faced them, an expression of such ferocity on her face that none dared approach her. As they hesitated, Pilar ran down from the balcony shrieking, and the common attention for an instant was distracted. La Cachirra saw her opportunity and ran. She reached her room.

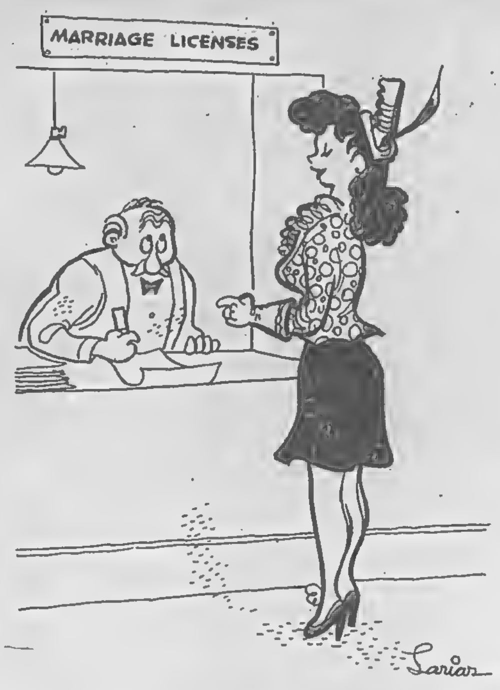
Suddenly the court was filled with people. Pilar flung herself down on her daughter with loud dreadful cries and would not let herself be dragged away. Someone rushed for a doctor, and someone else went for the police. The crowd surged in from the street. The doctor hurried in with a black bag in his hand. When the police came, a dozen people at once excitedly explained what had happened. They pointed to the door of La Cachirra's room, and the police broke it in. There was a scuffle before they came out with La Cachirra, handcuffed. The mob rushed forward, but the police surrounded her and beat the people off with their scabbards; but the crowd shook their fists and hurled curses at her. She glared back at them scornfully and her eyes shone with triumph. The policemen led her through the patio and they passed by the body of Rosalia.

"Is she dead?" asked La Cachirra.

"Yes," the doctor answered gravely.

"Thanks be to God!" she said.

THE END



"Leave the name of the man blank— They're going to fight a duel!"
LIBERTY

WAKE FOR A LADY

Continued from Page 48

Mrs. Madigan pointed at Gorgeous. "It's high time you asked this young woman some questions."

"I was just about to get around to that," Hogarth answered. "But first maybe you had better tell us what you meant by a crack you made at the shop, about this girl being with Mr. Madigan early this morning."

"This young woman here has been employed at my husband's shop for some time. He was always quite susceptible where women were concerned and this person took full advantage of it. My son kept me informed of what was going on."

"Begging your pardon, lady," spoke up Uncle Michael, "but there ain't one word of truth in anything you've said about my niece—and well you know it."

Mrs. Madigan continued, "At twenty-five minutes past one last night I was awakened by the telephone on my bedside table. A muffled voice said, 'I thought you would like to know that you can catch your two-timing husband red-handed. He and his good-looking cashier are locked up in his office right now.' "

GORGEOUS'S eyes glittered dangerously. "Oh, what a big foul lie that is!" she cried.

Hogarth addressed Mrs. Madigan. "What did you do then?"

"Nothing," she answered. "I did nothing at all."

"Was this before or after your son came in?"

"It was some time afterward," she said steadily.

Hogarth switched to Gorgeous. "Did you see Mr. Madigan after the party last night?"

"Yes," she answered in a small voice. "I met him in his office at one-thirty. The dance was over at one. Then Ward Wyeth wanted to take me home and it took a few minutes to convince him that I couldn't go with him. Then Uncle Michael came up and I had to go through the same thing with him.

"It took me only five minutes to walk from the Hall to the office," she continued. "I have my own key, so I let myself in. I noticed the clock on the wall said it was a little before one-thirty."

"Why did you agree to meet Madigan at that hour of the morning?" Hogarth's voice was flat, unemotional.

"Earlier in the evening," Gorgeous answered, "Mr. Madigan came up to congratulate me on winning. He'd had a little too much to drink, I guess. He kept patting my hand and anything else he could pat. Then he invited me to go over to his house for a champagne supper. But I knew Mrs. Madigan was out at the lake, so I refused. Besides I don't like champagne. Then he told me that I should be in pictures. So of course I *had* to talk to him.

"He said if I would meet him later he would tell me how I might get to Hollywood. I agreed to meet him at the shop. When he got there he started the patting business all over again but I put a stop to that. Then we talked business. He offered to finance me."

"He what?" we all chorused in unison.

"He agreed to lend me the money. That is, provided he could be my manager and collect twenty per cent of everything I earned.

"I agreed. Mr. Madigan had a typed contract he said would do until he could get a lawyer. I signed it and he opened the safe and gave me three thousand dollars."

In the May 10 Issue

The Natural History of Nonsense

By Bergen Evans

DO you believe hair can turn white overnight? Or that red enrages a bull? And wolves travel in packs? These and countless other fallacies are exploded in this hilarious collection of things you never knew till now. Your dinner companions will hate you for this.

A Full-Length Book

abridged to a reading time of one evening

"What did you do then?" Hogarth asked.

"I got out of there as fast as I could and ran home."

Gorgeous handed Hogarth the roll of bills I had seen earlier. He slowly counted out the money. It added up to exactly three thousand dollars.

I OPENED the door into my office. Tipped back in a chair with his feet propped up against my desk and manicuring his fingernails with a pocket knife sat a short, slender, swarthy man of about twenty-eight.

"I'm Tony Farino," he said. "I want to talk to you."

I grabbed the hat which had been perched on the back of his head and cast it toward the hatrack. Then I slapped his feet off the desk onto the floor.

I like people to be comfortable in my office, but not *that* comfortable.

"All right, talk," I said, sitting down at the desk.

"A little tomato with an Irish name came in here to see you this morning. She's got an idea she belongs in Hollywood. At first I thought I'd put her in one of my outfits. But she's got class. She might make the big-time. Your pal Ames hung around her so much last night I got no chance to tell her the plans *I* had for her. But I thought I'd let you boys know that if you're figuring on cutting in you'll have to deal with me."

I had been doing a slow burn ever since I had entered the room. Now I shouted at him, "You're right about just one thing. The gal has class—class of the sort your kind couldn't understand. Keep away from her or by God I'll see that this town is too hot to hold you."

Farino sneered. "So the kid got to you, too. That makes three: Ames, you—and me. And may the best man win. Suits me fine. Farino is always—the *best* man." He stood up and tossed a sheet of paper onto my desk.

It was a contract designating Farino as Gorgeous's agent and granting him a twenty per cent fee on all her earnings. It was signed "Veronica Gorgeous O'Hara," and underneath was scrawled "Tony Farino."

AT about a quarter of four Sid Ames dropped by and we went out to the late Spike Madigan's chateau, which was not near his plant but located on the opposite side of town in the exclusive country club district.

We found Mrs. Madigan reclining on a chaise-longue in her combination bed-sitting room. Uninvited, we sat down. "There are some questions we'd like to ask," Ames said.

"And by what authority?" she asked frigidly.

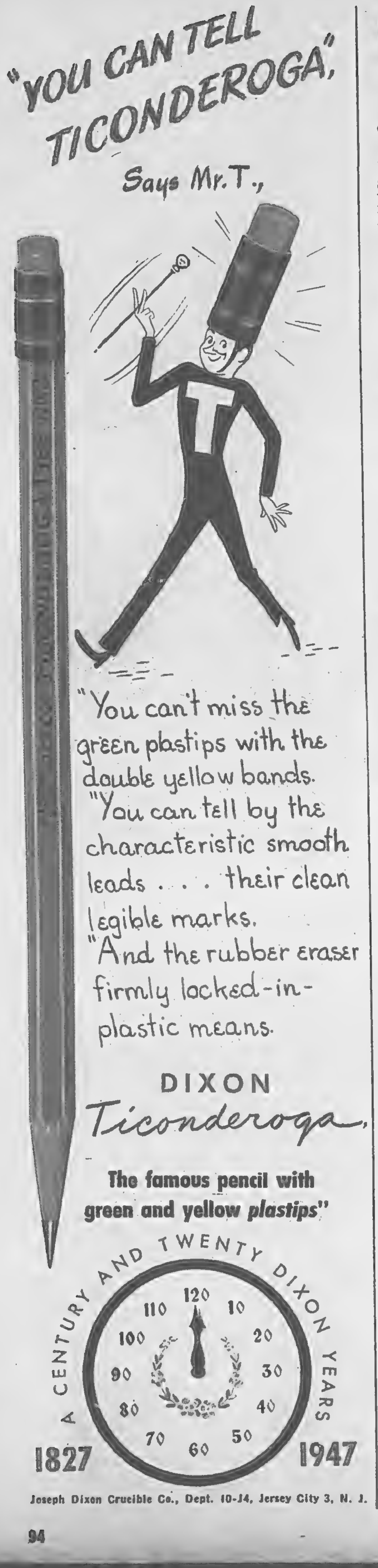
"None whatsoever," Ames replied grinning cheerfully. "I am a private operative, and I've horned in on this case. I'd like to know who it was that bumped Spike Madigan, and I expected maybe you'd have the same idea."

Then Mrs. Madigan said a strange thing. "I'm not certain that I would. My late husband had one virtue—the ability to make money. His numerous vices included some proficiency in the art of philandering, as your young Irish friend should know, and—"

"If you mean that Spike liked the looks of a pretty girl and enjoyed a good time, I guess you're right," Ames replied. "But that's no reason to wish him to end up with his head knocked in."

"Mr. Madigan and I have lived our separate lives for fifteen years."

"Then why were you so burned up about his meeting the little O'Hara girl at the shop this morning?"



"YOU CAN TELL TICONDEROGA,"

Says Mr. T.,

"You can't miss the green plastips with the double yellow bands.
"You can tell by the characteristic smooth leads . . . their clean legible marks.
"And the rubber eraser firmly locked-in-plastic means

DIXON
Ticonderoga

The famous pencil with green and yellow *plastips*"

A CENTURY AND TWENTY DIXON YEARS
1827 1947

Joseph Dixon Crucible Co., Dept. 10-J4, Jersey City 3, N. J.

WAKE FOR A LADY

"No wife likes to be made a fool of."

"Why did you tell Captain Hogarth that your son, Ward, came in at around one o'clock this morning? Isn't it a fact that you didn't hear him come in at all?"

She did not deign to answer.

"You know, Mrs. Madigan," Ames persisted, "if your son can be placed by witnesses away from this house at two or two-thirty this morning you might have some difficulty explaining that statement."

She shrugged. "It would be their word against mine," she said.

"Then if your son was in the house at the time it could not have been he who put the call through?"

"Certainly not," she answered indignantly. "What reason would my son have for doing such a thing?"

"Two pretty good ones," Ames answered. "He didn't like Mr. Madigan and he was sore at Gorgeous because she wouldn't give him any time."

"Absurd," Mrs. Madigan said. But her eyes revealed worry.

However, any opportunity to press the advantage was lost through the appearance of the maid, who said, "A boy just brought this letter for Mr. Ward. Says it's important."

The woman took the blue envelope. "Thank you, Lulu."

The maid left the room and Mrs. Madigan read the note. A startled look spread over her face. Then with an effort she smiled.

"These children," she said, and tossed envelope and note onto a near-by coffee table. The note dropped to the floor.

"Just another question or two, Mrs. Madigan," Ames said. "After you got that phone message, what did you do?"

"As I told the police, I did nothing at all."

"You did not go out?"

Mrs. Madigan suddenly said, "You say you are a private detective. I would like to engage your services."

Ames almost fell out of his chair. In fact he did drop to one knee before slowly coming to his feet. "I thought you didn't give a damn who knocked off your husband," he said.

"You put it rather crudely—but accurately," she answered. "But what I want to engage you to do is *not* to find the murderer. To use your skill to confuse and obscure the case. I will pay your fee if you will do that."

We moved slowly to the door. For the last five minutes Ward Wyeth had been standing in the hall eavesdropping. Now he had gone.

WE cut across by the golf course and then drove due west, heading for the industrial side of town.

"Are you going to accept Mrs. Madigan's proposition?" I asked Ames.

"I didn't say so, but I'll confuse the case. I've already started out by confusing her. She doesn't know whether I'm working for her or not."

"I suppose you noticed Mrs. M. didn't bother to answer your last question. The one about her going out after she hung up the phone this morning. It's a long drive from the country club area to Madigan's plant."

"Fifteen minutes at that time of the morning—if somebody was in a hurry," Ames said.

We were nearly out to Fortieth Street when he broke the silence. "I might give the good widow Madigan enough confusion to satisfy even her into paying a fat fee—and at the same time come up with the right answer. Then everybody would be happy."

"Well, you figure it out. I've got a business to run," I said, bringing the car to a halt.

The Golden Calf, despite its high sounding name, is a dump. It is fronted by a Greek named Nick Skulis. God knows who owns it.

The doorway was dark but unlocked. We entered a vestibule. Then we descended the stairs to the basement hall which at eight o'clock each night became a night club.

On the tiny dance floor eight girls were attempting a tap dance to the accompaniment of a piano. Sitting watching was a dapper figure with a hat on the back of its head.

"Cut it, Sammy," he spoke up sharply. Rising, he said to the girls, "You kids get your chow. Be back at eight."

"Yes, Mr. Farino," came back in a dispirited chorus.

All this time Ames and I had been standing quietly at the top of the steps. I thought no one was aware that we were there—until I felt a round, small and very hard object pressing in the small of my back.

"Don't look now," I said in an aside to Ames, "but we've got company."

"Yeah," he answered calmly. "We've each got one."

Farino whirled toward us with the speed and agility of a cat. "When are you two mugs going to learn to sleep on your own time? I suppose these guys were crawling down my back before you nailed them. Bring them here."

"March," growled a low voice behind us.

We marched down the steps.

"HELLO, Tony," Ames said. "We want to talk to you."

Farino ordered his two henchmen out of the room. "Big Nose take the head of the stairs," he snapped. "And you, Hymie, the back exit. Nobody comes in without my orders. Or *out*."

When the three of us were seated, Ames began, "This morning about half past one Gorgeous O'Hara says she signed a paper in Spike Madigan's office appointing him her manager. At nine o'clock the bookkeeper

Puzzle 410 4/26/47

went into Spike's office and found Spike stretched out on the floor as dead as Julius Caesar. A few hours later the contract shows up in your pocket. How come?"

A look of cunning spread over Farino's features. "She went to Madigan's for some other reason than she says, because she signed that contract with me at the Hall before midnight."

"Says you," Ames interjected.

"Yeah, says me. Old Man Madigan was on the make for her. When she went to his place he got excited and she had to knock him off to protect herself."

I STARTED up, but Ames held me back.

"Sure, she bumped him," Farino continued. "But, hell, no jury would convict as good-looking a broad as that. She'll be turned loose and her picture will be in every rag in the country. Why, I've got a gold mine."

"Police Captain Hogarth won't look at it your way," Ames said. "He'll figure maybe the girl is telling the truth when she says she left Madigan alive in his office about one-thirty. Maybe someone else visited him later. The paper that was on the desk meant power and control over a very beautiful girl. Money, if she had a successful career. So the visitor tries to take over. Spike puts up an argument, then a fight and so he's rubbed out. You turn up with the paper—"

"The hell with Hogarth."

"All right," Ames said. "If you bumped Madigan you'll probably fry for it. If you didn't, the truth about how you got that paper might keep you from taking a bum rap. You play it the way you like." He got up.

"Wait a minute, shamus," Farino hissed. "I guess we'll have to talk this over after all."

"You got something to say?" Ames asked.

"Yeah, Ames, I got something—"

Farino was interrupted by voices, followed by footsteps pounding down the stairs. The lookout whom Farino had called Big Nose rushed into the room, gun in hand. He was followed by a huge man whose chalk-white face was crowned by a heavy head of jet black hair and split across by a pair of inky and villainous-looking mustachios.

"What for you make my place your hangout, Tony?" he yelled. "Now the cops, she is here. A whole cars full!"

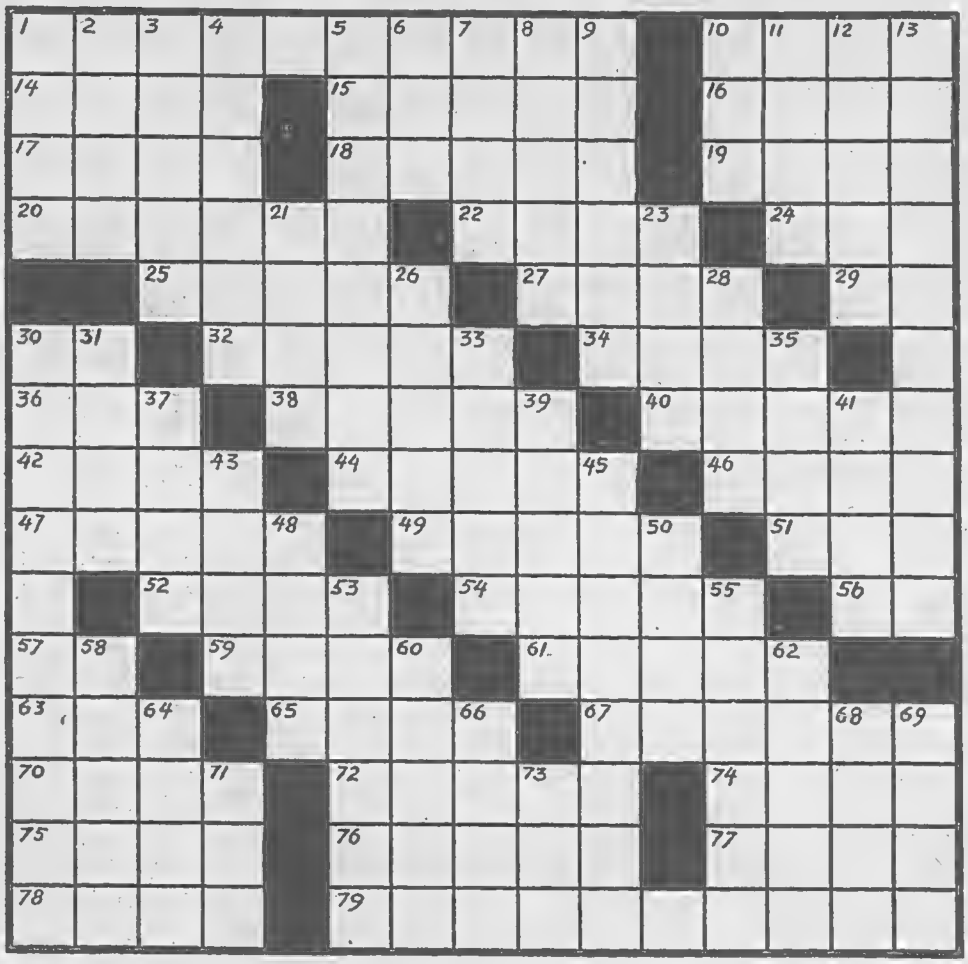
"Shut up, Skulis," Farino spat at him. He indicated me. "Take this guy in Skulis's office, Big Nose. Keep him quiet, and I mean *quiet*. You, Skulis, go with them. Nobody has seen me for months. Understand? I'll send Hymie in from the back door. Ames and me are going for a little ride."

WHEN the cops finally located Nick Skulis's office, he and I were playing gin rummy. Big Nose

(*Continued on page 96*)

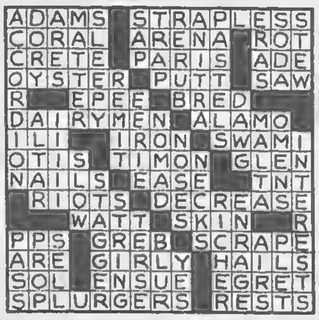
COCKEYED CROSSWORD

BY TED SHANE



HORIZONTAL

1 Deloused (German)
10 This is child's play
14 Cucumbersomely shaped
15 Kind of language used in telling off
16 Butterfly's lovely screech
17 Kind of trouble a lad of 17 is always getting into
18 What I wish the war would do—and a word that rhymes with it would begin
19 Place Hitler is reaching by dreamboat today
20 Slippery thing used for necking in the '90s
22 Little things bosses steal after lunch at the office
24 Kind of show that glorifies the understanding of the American Girl
25 Flappers, sleep in theatrical boardinghouse bathtubs
27 Buncha months
29 "Would you be good enough to place a decibel-deadener in your oral orifice?"
30 Short weight
32 Frozen watery mush
34 What 19-cents-a-pair nylons caused at Mercy's dept. store
36 What strikers do on the threshold of entering businesses
38 Early American doughboy
40 Human insect, *cf.* Nazi
42 They put money in doctors' pockets
44 It's short, but sweet
46 If you don't do it correctly, you'll get calloused in the end
47 Source of empty-headed radio jokes
49 He makes gods of gods
51 Guy you hate to love and vice versa
52 Assent with a silent "s"
54 Ye olde family road annihilator
56 He batted 1,000 with the Big Stick (abbr.)
57 A word with The People
59 Un-American Committee on Un-American Affairs
61 Mortimer Snerd of yesteryear



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C	R	E	T	E	■	P	A	R	I	S	■	A	D	E
O	Y	S	T	E	R	■	P	U	T	T	■	S	A	W
R	■	■	E	P	E	E	■	B	R	E	D	■	■	■
D	A	I	R	Y	M	E	N	■	A	L	A	M	O	■
I	L	I	■	■	I	R	O	N	■	S	W	A	M	I
O	T	I	S	■	T	I	M	O	N	■	G	L	E	N
N	A	I	L	S	■	E	A	S	E	■	■	T	N	T
■	R	I	O	T	S	■	D	E	C	R	E	A	S	E
■	■	■	W	A	T	T	■	S	K	I	N	■	■	R
P	P	S	■	G	R	E	B	■	S	C	R	A	P	E
A	R	E	■	G	I	R	L	Y	■	H	A	I	L	S
S	O	L	■	E	N	S	U	E	■	E	G	R	E	T
S	P	L	U	R	G	E	R	S	■	R	E	S	T	S

April 12 Answer

63 Hamburgerizer
65 Raven talk
67 House of 96
70 Cause of water falls (and rises)
72 He can't eat in a clean kitchen
74 *Vera*, speak! (anag.)
75 Kilroy's Pacific pal
76 Cow-belly wallpaper
77 What gossip columnists live on
78 Old clux who've never read The Egg and I
79 They make a devilish sound when you sound off noisily (two words)

VERTICAL

1 Burglar-greeters and-leaders-of-them-to-the-silverware
2 Live backwardly; sin forwardly
3 Jimmy Durante's are as large as a horse's
4 Former things Americans and Russians aren't acting like
5 Lucky the bridegroom's nose that is this during the ceremony!
6 What the doctor won't accept your appendix as
7 Now run by Shah Stalin
8 This will always be composed in the literary world
9 Profounder
10 Smack in the lip with a red stick (fem.)
11 What congressmen are in their sleep
12 Strong things dogs have for hamburger
13 A device these crosswords would wreck (two words)
21 Festive
23 Bad thing to sit under if you get seasick
26 Soft spot on the schedule; *upset* (anag.)
28 It's spreading in the European underground, causing uprisings
30 Time on my hands (two words)
31 Baby-bottom balm
33 Pansibus, vestibus, and coatibus in unum (pl.)
35 Kind of life the horse player leads
37 All work and none of this makes Jack
39 Chews rugs
41 This can blacken your reputation
43 Useless thing at the equator (slipping, aren't we?)
45 Burp vegetables
48 Twin vegetable
50 If this good thing is swiped, you lose everything
53 Home base
55 Old-timers live in this
58 Foreign Coventry
60 Create a bedlam in the boudoir
62 Kind of she-going officer
64 Paradise lost
66 Had the Nazis won, we'd all have grown one by now
68 Wiser thing not to do if you've been out on a bender (marriage)
69 What the terler does in Brooklyn to the engine
71 Things printers have desire under?
73 Congress Pulverizes Labor (abbr.)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in the next issue.

BOOK WAKE FOR A LADY
Continued from Page 95

sat close at my side, and remarked pointedly, "The boss says you keep your yap closed. Keep it closed."

"Now ain't this a pretty picture?" Jim Anthony, second in command of the Homicide Squad, stood in the doorway.

"What do I do for you?" Skulis asked.

"What do I do for you?" Anthony mocked. "I want Farino. Dig him out of whatever rathole he dove into."

"Farino not here," Skulis said calmly. "Not some days."

"We ain't seen him in months." It was Big Nose.

Anthony strode over to Hymie, the other gunman. "Where is your boss, punk?"

"I don't know."

Now Anthony turned to me. "What the hell are you doing here?" he demanded.

Big Nose moved closer, his gun pressing my ribs. I shrugged at Anthony and pointed at the cards. Anthony gave us all one final enraged glare, then stalked out of the room.

In the distance I could hear the rattle of crockery and silverware as waiters commenced setting the tables. Skulis went off about his business.

THE taciturn Hymie promptly curled up in an easy-chair and appeared to nap. Big Nose rebuffed several attempts to engage him in conversation and I finally gave up. By nine o'clock I was bored, tired, hungry and thirsty.

After a while, a chorus girl who answered to the name of Lulu Putz walked into the room looking for Skulis. "Does he know you boys are using his office?" she asked.

"We're watching *him*," explained Big Nose expansively, nodding in my direction.

"What's he done?"

"Nothing. We're holding him for. . . ."

"Shut your trap," stormed Hymie. But the girl's interest was quickened. "What's your name, mister?"

I told her my name. "Scram," Hymie said to the girl, moving her through the door.

"When do we eat around this joint?" I asked.

Somewhat to my surprise, Hymie readily fell in with the suggestion. He agreed to an arrangement whereby we could be seated at an obscure table in the dining room.

While we were in the midst of our meal the floor show commenced. It was pure arsenic. The girls were all heel beaters with overdeveloped stomach muscles. After a couple of numbers they bounced off-stage, and a pair of adagio numbers took over. Following this spasm the chorus came back for their big South American finale. This time the girls all wore huge sombreros.

There was something wrong with the line.

There had been only eight girls at the rehearsal this afternoon; and the same number in the earlier routines. Now there were nine; and one of them seemed younger than the rest. And prettier.

I looked up. Approaching us was the manager, Nick Skulis. "Whatsamatter you fellows?" he snarled at Big Nose and Hymie. "You no understand English good? Tony tell you keeps this fellow my office. Tony plenty mad. You go my office see how mad."

Nick's declaration that Tony was "plenty mad" proved to be sheer understatement. Farino's normally swarthy face was set and white. His clothing was disarranged and his coat torn. On his left cheek there was a long gash.

"Listen," he said, "because I'm telling it once. Just once. The dicks are after me. Somebody is trying to frame me into the hot-seat. On a murder rap. Somebody that knows where I live, what I eat, where I sleep. Not many guys know my business. Not many guys could figure where I'd take Ames tonight, or where I'd be. You, Hymie, you might. Or you, Big Nose."

"Aw, boss," they both muttered.

NOW he turned to me. "You're in this, smart boy. You go with me. Nobody takes me they don't drill you first. Understand?"

Ever since I had entered the place I had been taking a pushing around. I began to get mad. "All right, you little half-sized fugitive from a rat trap," I yelled at him. "Try and take me with you. I'll slap those shiny white teeth of yours upside down."

"You'll do what the boss says, pal," a rough voice behind me rasped. I felt a hot searing flash of pain as Big Nose accompanied his words with a slash across the back of my neck with his gunsight.

HARRY LAMPERT

"It's all right—we've rented this box for the season!" LIBERTY

"You, Big Nose," Farino barked. "Go get my car. Have it out back in three minutes. When I hit it give it everything it's got."

Big Nose was half-way out the door before Farino finished barking.

"Hymie," he ordered, "cover my back if the cops come in the front way. Hold them. You meet me at ten in the morning. You know where. Bring heavy dough."

"Okay, boss," Hymie responded.

"This is it," Farino said to me. "Get going."

AS he reached for his gun the door opened and one of the chorus girl bounced into the room. She was that ninth wheel of the chorus. The pretty one whose chapeau had practically covered her face. It still did, for that matter. In her hand was the biggest gun I'd ever seen.

Farino saw it and stepped backward to retrieve his own revolver but she stopped him. "Don't touch it, Mr. Farino," she said. "If you do I'll have to shoot you."

"And you other gentlemen keep your hands up," the girl continued. "All except you, Johnny. You can take this awful hat off my head."

"Gorgeous!" I cried.

Farino hissed, "Take the girl, Hymie."

Hymie's right hand flashed for his left armpit. It never made it. The girl's arm moved swiftly to the right and upward and then came an ear-splitting wave of sound. Hymie spun around like somebody had hit him with a baseball bat. Then he pitched forward on his face.

I grabbed the persuader from Gorgeous's hand and trained it on Farino and Skulis. Then I knocked Tony's revolver from the desk to the floor. "You mugs face the wall hands over head and quick," I ordered.

Then, grabbing Gorgeous by the hand, I ran as rapidly as I could along the corridor, until we struck the fresh air and the night.

We struck something else too—pure gold. For there at the rear entrance of the Golden Calf sat Big Nose at the wheel of a long low Cadillac Sedan. The rear door stood open and the motor was running.

Literally flinging Gorgeous into the tonneau I followed and hissed in the Farino manner, "Hit it."

Big Nose fed gas to the big car and we moved swiftly through the darkened street.

"Gorgeous," I whispered, "you are not only beautiful, but you are wonderful as well. How in the name of all your sainted Irish ancestors did you happen to be there?"

"Say, what is this?" demanded Big Nose from the front seat. "You ain't Tony. Where's Tony?"

I placed the cold muzzle of Gorgeous's enormous .44 against the back of his neck.

"No," I said. "I ain't Tony. It's me, pal. Remember? Just keep right on driving. . . ."

"All right, Gorgeous," I said. "Before I burst with curiosity let's have the story. How did you get me out of that room tonight? How did you know I was there?"

"Oh, that," Gorgeous said. "That was all because of Lulu Putz. She works daytimes at Madigan's. As an ironer. She being in show business and all, we talk a lot. Today was her day off from Madigan's so I took her to a movie and later we went home together. I told her about you and Sid Ames and what had happened to poor Mr. Madigan and all. And that was why she telephoned me to tell me that those men were holding you a prisoner. I hurried down there. The girls all wanted to help get you out, so it was decided I would be a chorus girl. I've practiced with Lulu at home lots of times."

"How did you know where I was?"

"Oh, Lulu pointed out the room. After the finale I got my pistol and walked right in. It was easy."

For ten minutes past, a part of my mind had been concerning itself with Ames. Now I ordered Big Nose to bring the car to a stop. He pulled up beside the curb in a deserted section of town.

"Listen, Big Nose," I said. "Where did Farino take Ames tonight?"

"I don't know."

"Maybe you didn't hear me," I rasped. "Where did they go when they left the Golden Calf?"

"I told you I don't know."

Turning to the girl I said, "Get his gun, Gorgeous."

Gorgeous leaned over the back of the seat and her hands went swiftly through Big Nose's garments. She came up with a .32 Colt Pocket Positive.

"I'll make it easier on you, Big Nose," I continued. "I heard Farino say, 'Not many guys could figure where I'd take that shamus tonight or where I'd be. You, Hymie, you might. *Or you, Big Nose.*' Remember?"

"I tell you I don't know," Big Nose cried.

"Figure it out, punk," I snapped, bringing the gun across his neck in a criss-cross motion.

"All right, mister," he said resignedly. "You got all the cards. He'd go out to see his mouthpiece, Counselor Langhorn."

"Drive us to his house," I ordered.

THE big car pulled over to the side of the road and our driver braked it to a stop. The headlights shone directly on two square brick columns, one on either side of a roadway. Suspended from these pillars were a pair of wrought-iron gates. They stood open.

"This is her, pal," Big Nose announced.

"Turn out those lights," I growled. "Then put the car in low and roll up the driveway as quietly as you can. When you get half way to the house pull off to the side and cut the motor."

Finally the big car slid off the road

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onto the grass and halted. Then Big Nose spoke. "Do you want I should wait here?"

We stepped to the ground together. Big Nose coming from the front seat and I from the rear placed me on his left. As he stepped forward I raised my right arm and brought the heavy butt of the old .44 with considerable force down on his skull at a spot slightly above his left ear. Big Nose never made a sound.

With a roll of adhesive tape I found in a first-aid box in the car I did things to Big Nose which would insure his staying *hors de combat* for quite a spell.

It wasn't until then that I realized Gorgeous was still in her abbreviated dancing costume.

"That finishes you off," I said sourly, "You can't go running around the countryside in *that.*"

She ran to the car and when she returned she was enveloped in a large blanket.

In a few minutes we mounted the steps leading to the front door of the massive house. I could feel the girl at my side trembling in excitement. I tried the door. It opened.

We moved unseeingly across carpet ankle deep in pile. Gorgeous bumped into some unseen piece of furniture. We both stood motionless, our hearts in our mouths. I had heard sounds.

Then after an agonizing moment the room was flooded in light.

EVANS LANGHORN stood at the foot of the stairway in front of us. He was a tall, heavy man with a leonine mane of black hair and broad coarse features. He wore a silk dressing gown over his trousers. "What is this?" he asked. "A stick-up?"

"Where is Ames?" I demanded.

Langhorn's face showed evidences of irritation. "There is some mistake here," he boomed. "Either stop this ridiculous game or I shall call the police."

"That might be an idea," I said dryly. "They might like to know that Tony Farino was here."

"Farino? Yes, of course he has been here."

"I think you had better do what Mr. Langhorn wants, Johnny," Gorgeous cut in.

"What does he want?" I asked peevishly.

"For you to put your gun away," she answered. "And for all of us to sit down and talk this over quietly."

We filed into a small study.

"My name is Knight," I said. "My partner, Sid Ames, was snatched tonight by a small-time bad boy named Tony Farino. We got information that Farino headed out here. We came out after Ames."

"Would you care to look for him?" Langhorn asked.

I turned on enough lights in that chateau to send Valley Electric stock up ten points. But I found nothing of interest. Except that in one bedroom, which I took to be Langhorn's, his coat, vest and tie were dumped in a pile on a chair.

When I got back to the den Gorgeous and Langhorn were in animated conversation.

"You didn't find Sid," Gorgeous said to me. I admitted that I had not.

"He hasn't been here," Langhorn interjected. "Miss O'Hara has told me something of the events in which you two have figured this evening. It ties in with Farino's earlier visit here."

"All right," I said. "Shoot."

"Tony Farino is a client of mine," he began. "I was in my study some two or three hours ago, engrossed in one of the volumes of my somewhat extensive criminological library, when Mr. Farino was shown in. He launched into a story of how he was about to be framed in the matter of the murder of Spike Madigan. I, of course, told him that if he were not implicated he had nothing to fear and suggested that he give himself up for questioning."

"What did he say to that?" I asked.

"He flew into a rage. He insisted that nobody was going to railroad him for any crime and that the police would not get their hands on him."

"What happened then?" I asked.

"He left abruptly," Langhorn answered.

His last words were interrupted by the roar of motors in the driveway outside.

We trailed into the hall. Langhorn opened the door. Nick Skulis stood framed in the doorway. Behind him was Big Nose, who made a lunge for me but desisted when Skulis barked: "Stop it."

"Good evening, Nick," Langhorn said quietly.

Skulis and Big Nose stepped into the hall. Somehow Gorgeous and I found ourselves standing on the porch. The door closed in our faces.

THE keys were still in Farino's Cadillac, and we got out of there fast. I insisted that Gorgeous go home, and I dropped her at her house. Then I headed for Ames's bachelor quarters in a small apartment-hotel off Main Street.

I walked down a semi-dark corridor and started to rap on his door. There came from behind the closed door the sound of hard-drawn, taut breathing. I whispered, "Sid?"

There was no answer.

I slipped the key, which Sid had insisted I carry, into the lock and swung the door wide. As I did so a light was hurriedly extinguished.

I closed the door. Then it was really dark. I moved toward the living-room, Big Nose's .32 in my hand.

Nobody moved; nothing happened. "I'm going to throw two shots into this room," I spoke. "If I'm lucky, one of them will get whoever it is standing over there."

That got action. The lights went

on. Mrs. Madigan stood opposite me, her eyes filled merely with annoyance.

"What are you doing here?" she demanded.

"Look," I said, putting the gun in my pocket. "This is my friend Ames's apartment. He has given me a key to it. Don't tell me he has given you one, too."

"I have employed Mr. Ames to work for me. I had information which I felt he should have. When I found that Mr. Ames was not here I decided to wait for him."

"And to amuse yourself by reading his mail in the meantime?" I gestured toward the open drawers in the desk. Papers were strewn about.

She shrugged. "You are impertinent, Mr.— What was your name?"

"Skip it," I said. "I'm only interested in one thing right now, Mrs. Madigan—the whereabouts of Sid Ames."

For a moment she hesitated. Then suddenly she nodded. "You will find Mr. Ames in there." She gestured toward the bedroom.

There was no living person in that room. Frustrated, I was about to return to the living-room when I suddenly heard a loud thumping sound from the bathroom. I flung open its door, turned on the light.

Ames was sitting in the bathtub, impotent rage spread over his face. His arms were pinioned behind him with strips torn from the shower curtain. His feet were similarly tied and firmly lashed to the spigot at the end of the tub. A washcloth had been stuffed into his mouth and tied firmly in place.

I worked frantically to free him. "Of all the half-witted idiots," he stormed when the washcloth came out. "Out there gabbing, while I beat my brains out against this damned tub."

"Wait a minute," I said, a bit peevish myself, "I'm not the guy who tied you up, remember."

We went back to the living room. Mrs. Madigan had disappeared.

"HOW do you like that?" Ames said. "I walk in like any correspondence-school detective and let a dame her size and age take me."

"You mean Mrs. Madigan?"

"Who else? I thought I got a whiff of perfume just before I took that conk on the beano."

"But how did she get up here?"

"That split-finger on the night desk has passkeys stamped out by the gross. A half saw-buck will buy a whole set from him. As to what she was after . . ." His hands searched rapidly through his coat pockets. They came away empty. "You remember during our visit with Mrs. Madigan in her *boudoir* this afternoon when the maid brought in the letter for Ward? Well, Mama just came to get it back."

"You had it?"

"Yes, I had it," Ames replied. "When Mrs. M. flung the letter onto that little table it slipped off to the floor. And when she stood up, her back was toward me for a second and I did a knee-dip and palmed the letter. When she couldn't find it, it would take her maybe two seconds to figure that I'd grabbed it."

"Who was it from? What did it say?"

Ames said, "As near as I can remember, 'Dear Ward—Do you take me for a dope? I have read the afternoon newspaper. What you told the police is not the truth. Only the two of us know about you last night. I think you had better see me. At once.' It was signed: 'May.'" He added, "Wyeth of course was lying when he told the police he went straight home from the dance."

"What about May?" I asked, and then something clicked in my mind. "Sid, there was a girl named May Bloomquist in the beauty contest. Gorgeous spoke of her as 'that busty May Bloomquist.' Do you suppose she could be the May of the note?"

"Why not?" Ames answered with enthusiasm. "Suppose Wyeth tried to date the winner after the dance. Getting a turn-down, he would go for this Bloomquist babe. But he would still be burned about Gorgeous. Perhaps he followed her. He sees Gorgeous go into the Madigan shop. Then he parks somewhere and goes back. Say. . . ."

"Sure!" I took up the tale of probabilities. "May reads in the papers about Madigan's murder; that Wyeth told the police he went directly home after the dance. May knows that isn't so. But does she go to the police? Not May. She writes her boy friend a note suggesting that they get together."

"And Mama intercepts the letter," Ames concluded.

"Yes, but how can Mrs. Madigan keep May quiet?"

"The very fact that Mrs. M. came after the note this late makes me think that Bloomquist has been taken care of." Then Ames said, "But I'm forgetting about you. What happened to you?"

I related my evening's experiences and then asked what had befallen him after he left the Golden Calf.

"Farino and I toured the back streets for an hour or so. He tried to pump me and got nowhere. I tried a little of that myself with the same result. Then we drove out into the country. He ordered me to get out and walk back to town. As soon as I could get a taxi I returned to the Golden Calf. Police cars covered the block. And you could have knocked me over with a lamp-post when they brought Farino out of there and took him off in the Black Maria." He yawned. "There's work for both of us tomorrow."

I AWOKE early. Farino's big car was still at the curb where I had left it, so I tooled it out toward the Golden Calf, left it near the place, and drove back my Buick.

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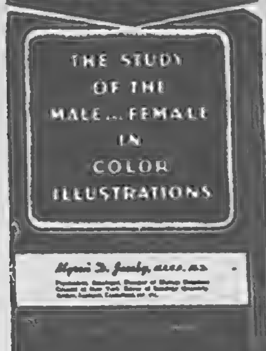
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Ames from bed. He agreed to meet me at his office in half an hour.

It took about fifteen minutes to find out where the Bloomquist girl resided. Another ten found us ringing the bell. The door was flung open.

May was a tall girl, and there was a lot of her to see for she had a thin silk negligee indifferently thrown around her. And she was pretty.

She was all eyes for Ames's six feet of frame and mussed brown hair. "Hi, junior," she said. "What gives?"

"We're from the morning paper," Ames began.

"He may be," she said, "but not you, junior. You're Sid Ames, a lousy private dick. But I don't care."

Ames walked past into the apartment. "That makes everything fine, baby," he said easily.

"Must *he* stay?" asked the girl, nodding at me. Ames said, "This is strictly a business call, babe. I bring him along for protection on my business calls.

"Look, honey," he went on. "You wrote a note to Ward Wyeth yesterday and it said: 'Do you take me for a dope? I read the newspaper. Only the two of us know what happened last night. Maybe you better see me, quick.' Don't argue about it because I read the note."

Only the girl's eyes betrayed any inner excitement. "A girl has got to live, junior." She gestured to the elaborate layout.

"Blackmail?"

"That's not a pretty word, junior."

"No, and it's not a pretty business for a kid."

WHEN she didn't say anything Ames went on, "Night before last you left the Hall with Ward Wyeth. It was a little after one. He drove around a bit. You finally tumbled that he was tailing somebody. A girl. She went into the Madigan Cleaning Shop. Then Wyeth did something. What was it?"

All the spirit seemed to drain out of the girl. "Yes, you're right. The party started breaking up about one. I thought that old lecher Spike Madigan was going to try and date me but he went off with Mr. Langhorn. Then Tony Farino did try and I turned him down. So when Ward Wyeth asked if he might take me home, I agreed."

"Then what?" Ames asked.

"Ward and I started home in his car. Then I saw that there was someone—a girl—walking along the sidewalk. We were keeping just behind her. She went into Madigan's place. I didn't know, though, until I read it in the paper that it was Veronica O'Hara."

"What did you do then?"

"We drove about two blocks past the place. Then Ward stopped the car near a drug store to get cigarettes."

"How long was he gone?"

"Ten minutes. Perhaps fifteen."

"Didn't you think that was a hell of a long time for him to get a pack of cigarettes?" Ames asked.

"I honestly didn't think much about it at the time," the girl replied. "It was only yesterday that I began to wonder."

"So instead of calling up the police you decided to write Wyeth a little note and scare the pants off him."

"What business has a girl like me got with the police?" she asked. "I merely wanted to talk with Wyeth. If he could convince me that he wasn't implicated in it and yet wanted me to keep my mouth shut about those fifteen minutes, it would cost him something. I didn't see him, though."

"I know you didn't. Ward never got your note. His mother intercepted it and he doesn't even know you wrote it. But you've seen Mrs. Madigan, haven't you?"

"Yes, she was here last night. She gave me five hundred dollars to forget that I'd ever heard of her son. I'm to get my letter back and another five C's as a final settlement this afternoon."

"Well, be sure you hang on to that note," Ames said. "Papa needs it. I'll be around after it about nine tonight."

BETWEEN mouthfuls of tender sirloin that evening Ames told me that Captain Hogarth had tried to hold Tony Farino on the evidence of the contract which Gorgeous said she signed in Madigan's office. But Evans Langhorn had slapped a writ of *habeas corpus* on him and the judge had turned Tony loose.

"For my money," I said, "Farino lifted that contract off Spike's desk just shortly after he got through using a heavy candlestick he had also found there."

"Maybe," Ames said. "But why then would Tony, the very next morning, boast that he controlled the girl's career? Farino is smarter than that."

I didn't have an answer for that.

"I'd really like to know how Farino got hold of that piece of paper," he continued. "I think it would tell us a lot. For example, that whoever visited Madigan must have come in immediately after Gorgeous departed."

"How do you figure that?" I asked.

"Gorgeous says she signed the contract Madigan had prepared and then Spike's clumsy attempts to make love to her scared the daylights out of her. He probably followed her to the door. When she wouldn't stay, he turned back to sign the paper and put it in the safe. Someone must have walked in at that point, for the paper never was signed by Madigan and the safe was left wide open."

We were walking toward my car when we heard, a long way off, the faint wail of a siren. My foot hit the starter button just as the blast of that siren reached us again—this time only a few blocks away. Then a black sedan flashed by going sixty. A second car followed with its red spotlight blinking on and off.

"Homicide Detail," said Ames thoughtfully. "Now where do you suppose they're going?"

"I know one way to find out," I said. We joined the police caravan.

The two cars came to a halt before the Madigan home. A swarm of cops was heading for the house. We joined the procession.

As we all walked into the living-room, there sat Mrs. Madigan in a highbacked armchair dressed as modishly as ever. Her cold gray eyes stared stonily at us. She didn't see us.

For Mrs. Madigan was dead—a tiny hole drilled in the left side of her forehead.

A FINGERPRINT man spent a long time around a desk to the left of the chair in which Mrs. Madigan was sitting. Finally he called Hogarth over. "Here's a print of a right thumb that looks fresh."

Hogarth said, "Take a couple of pictures of that print. Then take them down to headquarters and tell Cary I want them developed tonight. See if they match anything we've got in our files."

Then he turned around. Ames and I were practically breathing down his neck. "What is this!" he shouted. "Have you two got a wire-tap on headquarters?"

"We were on our way out to see Mrs. Madigan," I answered.

"Oh, so you can talk now," Lieutenant Anthony interrupted.

"Mrs. Madigan hired Ames yesterday afternoon," I told them. "She wanted him to work on the case involving her husband's murder. I've been helping him. We came to ask her a few questions."

"So now you haven't got any client," Hogarth said.

Ames shrugged. "I'll give you three to one that the court will rule Mrs. Madigan's *estate* is still my client."

Hogarth stalked away from us and went on with his examination of the room. Ames walked over to where Doc Leininger was examining the body. "What was it?" Ames asked pointing to the bullet hole.

Leininger shrugged. "It could have been a .25."

"How long ago?" Ames asked.

"No more than an hour," the doctor said. "Maybe less."

"How did you get your call?" Ames asked Ryan.

"An excited voice called in at 8:37 that there had been a murder at this address," the little policeman answered. "The sergeant on the switchboard couldn't even tell if it was a man or a woman."

Hogarth, Anthony, and a couple of detectives were going over the room with a fine-tooth comb. But they didn't see what I did—an eye which was peering through the crack of a door slightly ajar in the rear of the room.

I moved slowly toward that door. I reached it and passed through it, closed it silently behind me, and stood in the totally darkened room alone with the owner of the eye.

I began to sidle crablike along the wall in an effort to locate the light-switch. I had gone but a few feet when I heard the sound of a door being cautiously opened. I hurried my progress, and went knees over elbow across a chair. When I got to my feet again I heard the click of a latch as a door was being closed.

Finally I located the switch and clicked it on. The dining room in which I stood was empty.

I hurried into what appeared to be a corridor. At one end of it was a flight of back stairs. Hearing a noise overhead I started cautiously up this stairway. The second floor was dark. I didn't hear any suspicious sounds, so I continued on up.

The third and top floor corridor was long, straight and narrow. I moved along it slowly, my senses alerted.

Then someone stepped out behind me. Fireworks seemed to explode in my head.

Maybe I managed to yell before I passed out. At any rate I had the impression of hearing running feet from somewhere below. The next thing I knew I experienced the feeling in the pit of my stomach that you get on the big dip of a roller-coaster.

I OPENED my eyes. My nostrils were filled with the pungent odor of naphtha. I found I was lying on a soft pile of linens, cottons and silks.

Suddenly I was conscious that a light had been turned on and a voice called, "Here he is." It was Ames's voice. "He's all mixed up in that pile of clothes there."

Ryan's voice said, "He's right under an opening that must be a clothes-chute."

I managed to speak. "If I'm at the bottom of a soiled-clothes chute, then somebody pushed me down it. That's it! I remember now." And I told them about it.

"But where is the guy who conked you?" Ryan said. "We searched the place from top to bottom and there wasn't a soul here."

"How about Mrs. Madigan? I suppose a fay unlocked the door and then let himself in and shot her."

"Shortly after we missed you," Ames told me, "Ward Wyeth came in. Hogarth showed him his mother without any warning and the kid went over like a tree in a hurricane. If it was acting—and Hogarth seemed to think it was—it was good."

"Wyeth is a stinker," Ryan put in.

"Sure," I answered. "But that doesn't make him a murderer. I'd want a motive."

"Well, money is a pretty good motive in my book," Ryan said argumentatively. "Wyeth bumps his stepfather to get a wad of it. Then he decided to go for the jack-pot."

Ames interrupted. "After Hogarth got through with Wyeth the cop at the door let out a shout that he had

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nabbed a couple hiding in the bushes.

"I'll only take one guess," I said. "It was Gorgeous. I know it was."

Tim Ryan looked at me speculatively. "So you knew that the O'Hara girl and that uncle of hers were here," he stated with undisguised meaning.

His right hand suddenly grasped my left wrist. With his other hand he slowly pried my fingers open.

Ryan and Adams gazed spellbound at what lay in my open hand: five or six long silky hairs from a woman's head. They were a natural red in color.

"Just like the ones we found in Mrs. Madigan's hand," Ryan murmured softly. He got to his feet. "Johnny, we had better go downtown and talk to Hogarth."

CAPTAIN HOGARTH was holding a tea-party in his office. Only he wasn't serving tea. He was distributing smug righteousness to his fellow officers and guests. The fellow officers were Anthony, a stenographer, and a detective. The so-called guests were Gorgeous, Uncle Michael, Ward Wyeth, Evans Langhorn, and an assistant D. A.

Ryan, Ames and I walked in. Then Tim handed Hogarth the envelope in which he had placed the red hairs he had taken from my fist. The two of them held a whispered colloquy which the rest of us could not overhear.

"Did you conk me on the head, honey?" I asked Gorgeous.

"Oh, no, Johnny. I had gone to bed at home when the phone rang. Uncle Michael called me and said it was for me. When I answered a voice said, 'This is the police department. Captain Hogarth wants you and your uncle to come to the Madigan home at once.' "

"What time was this?" Evans Langhorn asked.

"It was exactly eight forty," Uncle Michael answered.

"And was this a man or a woman who phoned you?"

"I couldn't tell," Gorgeous replied.

"Eight forty was just three minutes after a voice, which also couldn't be identified, called the police and reported Mrs. Madigan's murder," Ames spoke up.

"Regardless of the outcome of this discussion," Langhorn stated, "it is obvious that you do not have the slightest evidence on which to hold *my* client, Mr. Wyeth. I demand for him the privacy to which his grief over his mother's passing entitles him."

Hogarth promptly passed the buck to the young man from the D.A.'s office. "Mr. King," he said, "that's up to you."

Now the young assistant D.A. had hold of a hot potato. He knew it, but he was game.

"He says they're slimy and disgusting!"
LIBERTY

"I think we might well release Mr. Wyeth in the custody of his attorney, Mr. Langhorn," he said. He then shot a tremulous look at Gorgeous. "And I'm certain we can excuse Miss O'Hara and her uncle for tonight," he continued. "I'll be personally responsible for them."

As he turned to me the door flew open and a police officer strode into the room.

"What is it, Cary?" Hogarth asked.

"Those prints taken from the Madigan house—I've identified the print of a right thumb. It belongs to Tony Farino. But while the print itself was undeniably originally made by Farino, he didn't place it on that desk. It was transferred there. All fingerprint experts know that there is a method of print transference devised by a man named O. E. Brown. Few, however, know the technique of it. Someone with that knowledge has placed Farino's thumbprint on that desk near Mrs. Madigan's body."

In the resulting confusion we were all allowed to depart.

BECAUSE the light coupé we were following was going not as we figured it should be but in the opposite direction, we tailed it. Ward Wyeth was alone in it. He pulled up before the apartment building where May Bloomquist lived. I pulled up a hundred yards farther along.

Ames got out. "I'm going in," he said over his shoulder. He was halfway to the door before I could catch up with him.

The door to May's apartment stood open. We entered and Ames called "May" a couple of times. The only response we got was the slamming of a rear door. By the time we got that door open all we could hear was the faint clatter of rapidly descending feet.

May Bloomquist was nowhere in the apartment, but I found a note wadded into a crumpled ball and flung behind a desk. It read:

> Junior:
>
> I waited for you until ten but I guess something held you up. I know you will come so I am leaving my door unlocked. Please lock it when you go out.
>
> I got a call from my mother tonight and she asked me to come home for a visit. Besides I think maybe it will be best for me to stay out of town awhile.
>
> The thing you want is in the little Chinese box on the coffee table.
>
> Love
> May

I started for the coffee table. "Save your effort," Ames said wearily. "It won't be there."

And of course it wasn't. Wyeth had beat us to it and made off with it seconds before our arrival.

I went into the bedroom to switch off the light there. Something about one of the twin beds caught my attention. Between mattress and box-springs was a woman's wig of long silky red hair.

THERE was little else on the front page of the *Clarion* the next morning but the Madigan murders. One thing seemed significant: Tony Farino was in the city jail on suspicion.

Ames and I stopped by Police Headquarters where he left the red wig with the officer in charge of the Crime Laboratory and asked that a comparison be made between hairs from it and those found clutched in Mrs. Madigan's and my hands. Then he got us in to see Farino.

"Tony," Ames began, "you're on a spot. Two murders have been committed. You've been tied into both. The police found a print of your right thumb on the desk in the room where Mrs. Madigan was killed."

"Police!" Farino spat at us. "All they want is a fall-guy—a patsy. I never been in Mrs. Madigan's house in my life. Langhorn'll have me out of here before noon."

"Listen, Tony," Ames said. "Lieutenant Cary, head of the Fingerprinting Division, says you didn't put that thumb print on the desk. He says it was a transfer. But Hogarth may believe something else. If the D.A. sees it his way then you'll go to trial."

Farino jumped to his feet and grabbed the lapels of Ames' coat. "Somebody is trying to job me," he hissed.

At this point the turnkey rattled the bars. "Time's up, boys," he said.

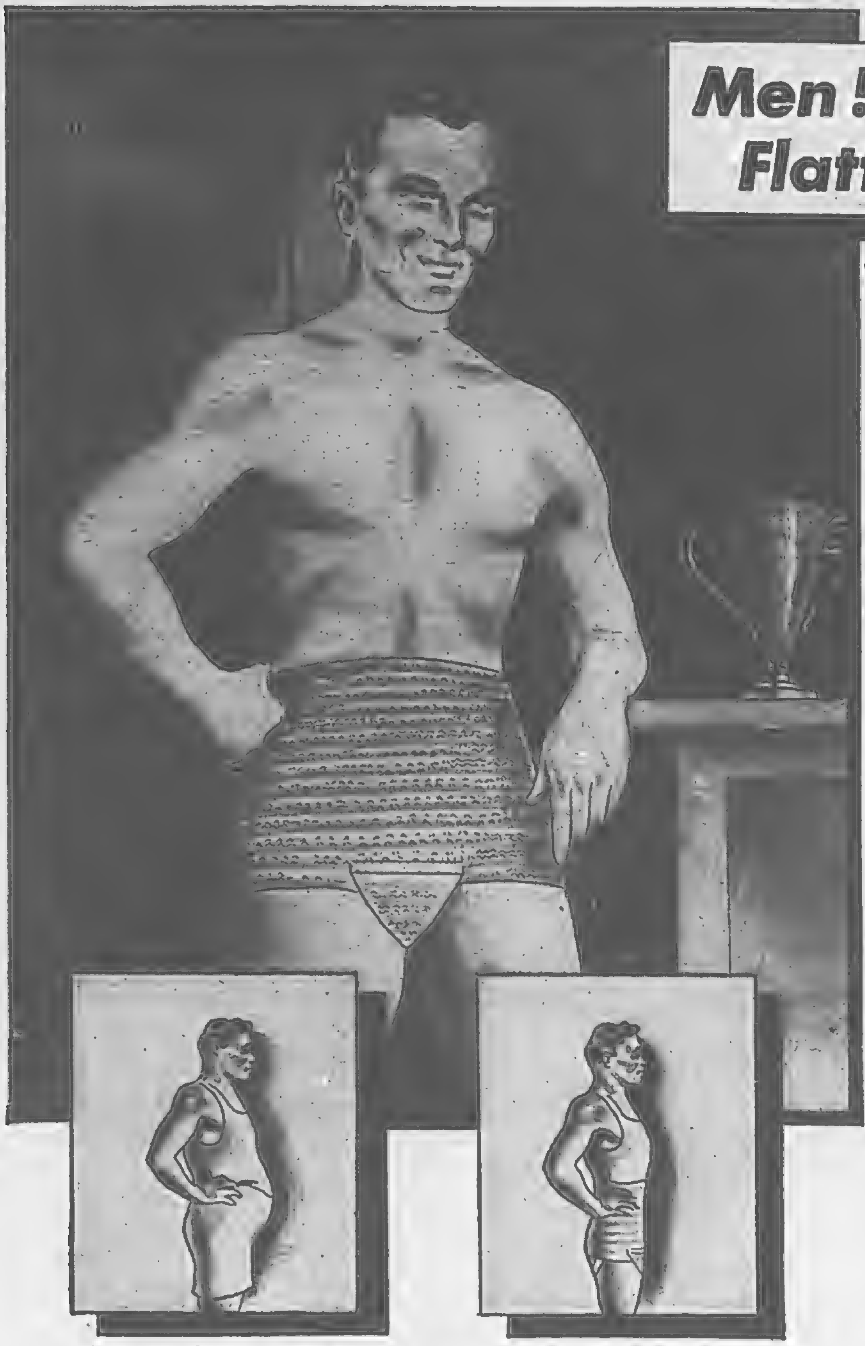
Out in the corridor Sid took a five-dollar bill from his pocket and said, "Charlie, I got half a saw-buck here that's yours for the answers to three questions."

The turnkey looked at the greenback and said, "O.K., doc."

"How many visitors has Farino had?"

"Just you guys now and his

(*Continued on page 104*)



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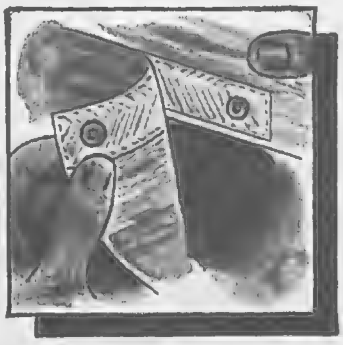

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WAKE FOR A LADY

Continued from Page 102

mouthpiece, Mr. Langhorn, when Farino was brought here yesterday."

"Can an attorney bring anything to a prisoner?"

"Things like fresh duds, smokes and the like, yes. But they got to be checked in at the office and we do the delivering. If you mean did the counselor slip something to Farino, he did not."

We went on over to the Police laboratory.

"These are human hairs," the man there told us, "but they came from a wig, as you know." He motioned to Ames to look through a microscope. "You'll notice several other hairs running parallel to them on the slide. Those were taken directly from a human head. That of Miss Veronica O'Hara. There is not even a faint similarity between the two. Miss O'Hara is a natural red; that from the wig henna dyed."

"How about the comparison between the hairs from the wig and those found in Mrs. Madigan's and my hands last night?" I asked.

"Exactly similar," the man answered.

"All right," Ames cut in. "Thanks a lot for helping us out. Send your report *and* the wig to Hogarth. Tell him I brought the scalp doily in."

THAT Ward Wyeth was nervous, wary and altogether jittery was apparent to me as I sat on the sidelines in Sid Ames's office.

"Ames, I want to hire you to prove I'm innocent," Wyeth blurted. "Innocent of these murders."

"Are you?" Ames asked evenly.

"Of course! You don't think I would deliberately kill my own mother, do you? I—I loved her!"

"Good," Ames replied. "She loved you, too. Enough to take a pretty mean rap for you. She thought you had killed your stepfather. She didn't want you caught."

"But I didn't do it," Wyeth protested excitedly.

"Did you go near the shop on your way home after the ball?"

"No, absolutely not. Why do you ask?"

"What was your mother doing again at the house last night? Wasn't she supposed to be in the country?"

"Yes," the young man said slowly. "That's the damnable part. Mother was busy settling up some of my stepfather's affairs until quite late. Then she was going to return to the country. She was upstairs when she must have heard the intruder and gone down to investigate."

"Who is your candidate for this murder rap?"

"I should think it would be obvious. Only one person is definitely known to have been on the scene of both crimes."

"You mean Miss O'Hara?" Ames asked softly.

"I mean Gorgeous O'Hara," Wyeth replied.

"When you get a mad on at anybody you really let yourself go, don't you?" Ames remarked casually. Then he added, "About that idea of yours for me to prove that you didn't do the killings. I can't do it."

"What!" The young man's handsome face became distorted with anger. "You're a detective, aren't you?"

"I already have one client in this case," Ames answered with equal emphasis. "I agreed in the interest of that client to confuse it so that *nobody* would solve it. Up to now I haven't had to work very hard. But if I took your assignment on I might have to go to work and prove you didn't do these killings. Then I wouldn't know whom to collect my fee from." He added evenly, "My client is your late mother. She is still my client. That means that her estate will receive my report and be responsible for my fee. So in a sense I guess that I am representing you, after all. You *are* the beneficiary under her will, aren't you?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Did your stepfather leave his estate to your mother?"

"I don't know; but I think so." For a moment Wyeth hesitated. Then the words came hurtling out. "Mother told me years ago that when she and Mr. Madigan were first married he made a will in which she was made sole executor and beneficiary. Then, when they started not getting along so well, he made another one, leaving to her only income enough to live comfortably. But she always kept that original will and said she would fight the later one. The first one is in her strong box at home now."

"But if the later will shows up, your earlier one won't be worth the paper it's written on," Ames said. Then, "Who drew it for your stepfather?"

"Mr. Langhorn. But he says that my stepfather may have subsequently again changed his mind and destroyed the copy he kept in his safe."

"Or someone may have conveniently destroyed it for him—and you—when the safe was burglarized the other night," Ames added softly.

AFTER Wyeth had left, Ames fished a cigarette out of his pocket and lit it. "That red toppiece," he said. "That looked like a plant from the first. I don't see how it could have been anybody else but Ward Wyeth. He stuck it under Bloomquist's mattress when he heard us coming."

"Where did he get it?" I asked.

"I'm guessing, of course," Ames answered, "but probably somewhere in the Madigan house there's a bunch of costume stuff like people wear to masquerades. Wyeth said that just before she went downstairs to her death, his mother was upstairs packing. Maybe she was packing a *red wig*."

"And how could he have known just *where* she was before she came down to investigate the noise?"

"That's just it! I'm certain he was in the house at the time his mother was shot. Nobody else would have known the house in the dark the way the guy you chased did. Nor just where that chute was located. When you yelled and he knew the cops were coming, he jumped in after you."

"Yes," I admitted. "But how about the red hairs I had in my fist? And those clutched in Mrs. Madigan's hand?"

"Either Mrs. M. had the wig in her hand when she came down to investigate the noise or it was lying around where her son grabbed it. Said son is a stinker, remember, and an opportunist. After Gorgeous gave him the heave-ho he promised him-

BANK
BANK
BTOBEY

"Would you like us to stick around?"

LIBERTY

self that he would get even with her. Here was his chance. He knew she was under suspicion in the murder of his stepfather, so he planted the hairs in his mother's hand. Giving you a handful was an afterthought. Then I figure he went outside, sneaked around to the garage and eased his car out the back way. Finally he drove up to the front entrance. The wig stayed hidden in his car until he dumped it in May's apartment."

"My God," I said excitedly, "Wyeth probably is the . . ."

Ames interrupted, "The one who telephoned the police that a murder had been committed and then telephoned Gorgeous that she was wanted there by the police."

"Do you think he also was the one who phoned his mother the night his stepfather was killed?"

"Certainly, Johnny," Ames replied.

After a couple of turns up and down the office he stopped in front of me. "I haven't quite got the rest of it . . ." His voice trailed off. "Let's go over to the Palace and catch a sandwich and a highball."

AT the Palace Hotel I was so delighted to see Gorgeous that I almost didn't mind the shock of finding her lunching with Evans Langhorn. Almost, but not quite.

"Join us," Langhorn boomed.

"You'll never guess where I found this young lady," Langhorn smiled. "At the City Hospital, bent on an angel's errand of mercy."

"I was only taking some flowers to Tony Farino's gunman, Mr. Hymie," Gorgeous said to me modestly. "It's the least I can do considering that I had to shoot the poor man to get you out of the Golden Calf."

Ames asked, "Were *you* also taking flowers to the hospital, Counselor?"

"No, no," Langhorn protested with a smile. "I was merely calling on one of my clients—temporarily detained there in the Police Ward."

"Mr. Langhorn was calling on Mr. Hymie, too," Gorgeous said simply.

"Did you get him out?" Ames asked the lawyer.

"Yes, I had an order for his release."

"I suppose you had earlier seen to Farino's release from jail and that he and Big Nose went out with you."

"I don't know what possible interest all of this is to you, Ames," Langhorn said. "But I have no hesitancy in telling you that Farino and his associate did accompany me."

"Why aren't you at work today?" I whispered to Gorgeous.

"I've quit my job so I can help you get me into pictures."

"Oh. Where is your Uncle Mike?"

"He's at work. He's driving his truck today."

"Did Hogarth or that D.A. guy say that was okay?"

"Oh, we didn't ask them. Mr. Langhorn told Uncle Michael not to worry about it."

"I suppose Mr. Langhorn told you to quit your job, too?"

"That's right," Gorgeous responded. "He—he—wants to help me to get a start in pictures, Johnny."

I addressed Langhorn. "Either Farino or the police has that contract which Tony claims Miss O'Hara signed with him. How Farino got it is a mystery. But having it, can he enforce its terms?"

"I'm afraid so, Knight," Langhorn replied.

"I didn't sign any paper for Mr. Farino at any time," Gorgeous insisted. "But I don't see why everyone worries about it so much. If Mr. Farino was not at the office the night of the murder, as he claims, then only two people can ever be absolutely certain how that paper got from where I signed it into his hands."

"What do you mean by that statement?" I asked.

Gorgeous replied, "Don't you see, only two people can be sure. Take Mr. Langhorn, for example. He believes I signed the contract earlier in the evening at the Hall."

"Not at all," Langhorn protested.

"Of course you do," Gorgeous insisted. "Several times you have remarked that Tony could hold me to it."

"That is an entirely different thing, my dear."

"Anyway," Gorgeous continued, "Ames and Johnny here think I signed the paper in Mr. Madigan's office and left it there on his desk. But they've only my word for it. But I *know* what I did. And so does one other person—the murderer."

"You haven't figured out what other person that might be, have you?"

"No," she answered. "But I will."

The waiter brought our sandwiches and drinks and Langhorn paid his check and departed. I arranged to pick Gorgeous up for dinner, and she too left.

IT was six thirty when I clicked on the desk lamp in my office. The telephone rang. Startled, I snatched the receiver and spoke into the mouthpiece. There was no response.

After a brief wait, I dialed a number. Gorgeous did not answer.

But she had told me at luncheon that she would go home after she'd seen a movie. Then why could I not reach her? Once again I dialed the number. Still no answer.

A sense of foreboding overwhelmed me. Slamming the telephone down, I unlocked a file cabinet and took from it my blue-steel .38 Police Positive and drove to 3500 Pine Street, where Gorgeous lived.

It was a small, neat one-story frame house, set well back on the lawn of its corner lot. The house was in darkness, but halfway up the walk I had the distinct impression that someone had struck a match near a front window and then momentarily shielded its flame with cupped hands.

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I stood still; but whatever it was, it was not repeated.

I took the short flight of steps leading to the dark porch in one stride. I stabbed at the bell button, but the only reward was the sound of a far-away chime. Nothing else happened.

I put my shoulder to the door and tried to spring it open. But it held. Finally, I stepped back and made a flying leap against it. It gave way with a rending of wood and metal and I catapulted into the hallway.

I hunted around for the light switch and clicked it on. No light resulted. I quietly slipped the revolver from under my coat and held it in readiness in my right hand. With my left I lit my cigarette-lighter and started through the house. I moved from room to room without encountering anyone. But . . .

The air had somehow become fresher, cooler. I held the lighter high over my head. Its flame flickered once, then went out. Frantically I spun the wheel. Finally it caught again.

Then I could see that I had reached the kitchen. Across from me loomed a huge dark rectangle. It was some moments before I realized that I was staring into the inky blackness of the outside night; that the back door stood wide open!

Someone had been inside the house and had rushed pell-mell out the back door as I had come in the front.

I opened another door and stepped into a dark living room. I walked across the floor, and suddenly the toe of my shoe struck some small object and sent it spinning across the carpet. Curious, I knelt down and groped about until I found the thing. It proved to be an ordinary folder of paper matches. My lighter had gone out, so I struck one of the spills and held the little packet before my eyes. Turning it over, I read: THERE IS ALWAYS SOMETHING DOING AT THE SIGN OF THE GOLDEN CALF. This, I grimly thought, would be a good time to check on it.

The neon sign which ordinarily shone brightly over the Golden Calf was unlit. A small white paper nailed on the door announced that the place was closed by the order of the Police Department.

I grasped the handle of the door and rattled it furiously. The huge padlock fell away from its hasp and staple and crashed to the sidewalk. I opened the door and stepped inside the dark vestibule. Then I groped my way to the stair-well.

Inching step by step downward into the darkness, I was almost at the turn when something happened which literally stood my hair on end.

From below came that familiar tinny musical sound of a badly out-of-tune piano. As I made the turn in the stairs a voice joined in the tune: *"I hate to see the evening sun go down. . . ."*

Why did Sammy, the Golden Calf's piano player, sit rehearsing in the dark?

Now I stood in the big hall. All about me tables were piled high with chairs. Some slight noise I had unconsciously made had alarmed the singer, and I could see him standing in the dim light peering into the darkness. I stepped out.

"What are you doing down here?" I demanded in a loud voice. "Don't you know this place is closed?"

"Sure, mister. But I work here."

I advanced on him threateningly. "Where's Skulis?" I snapped. "And Farino and his mob?"

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

SOLID ADVICE

Consider this, if you intend
To dress in slacks, my queens:
Be very certain that the end
Will justify the jeans.

—*Charles W. Schaefer.*

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Sammy stepped back a foot or two. He reached in his back pocket and his hand came out with a heavy leather-covered blackjack. He swung the leather shotbag at my head. I side-stepped. He missed. And then I hit him.

I really hit him. He landed on the floor and stayed there.

He didn't have a gun on him. I made certain of that. The blackjack I found under a table about ten feet away. I felt very good when I leaned over and started to pick it up. I didn't feel so good when a voice behind me said, "Stay just that way, Knight. Straighten up and I let you have it."

THE voice unloosed a torrent of invective at me. It gave me a blueprint of my decease. I would be liquidated with my own gun. Sammy would awaken with my Colt in his hand. The blackjack would be between us.

Sammy's interesting defense would be that I had broken in and attacked him.

"You won't get away with it," I growled.

He didn't even appear to hear. "The girl was a meddler like you," he went on. "She stuck her pretty nose in here the other night and pulled you out of one jam. But she won't help you tonight. She and that bungling uncle of hers are both out of the way." There was a low, almost maniacal laugh. "She stood in my way, and she didn't even know it. They'll find her and Callahan in his car in the river off Lips Island. The car went over the high embankment there. A watersoaked confession will make Callahan a triple murderer and a suicide, and that will wrap up all the murders in one nice little package. Everything neat, tidy, *safe.*"

All this time I had been half kneeling, half crouching with my back to my captor, the blackjack within inches of my right hand. My fingers grasped it. I sprang forward and pivoted. At the same instant I flung the heavy leather shotbag with all my force at the spot where his voice had indicated that my tormentor would be standing. But I missed him.

He fired—but he fired a second too late, for, although I had failed to hit him with the leather shotbag, I had miraculously shattered the single light bulb hanging from the cord above his head.

I saw the muzzle flashes of two explosions. But by that time I was on the floor and crawling as fast as I could on my belly. Finally I inched my way under a table.

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Suddenly from ten feet away came a long, low drawn-out moan, followed by heavy movements. Then a discordant cacophony of musical sounds crashed through the room as hands groped blindly along the piano's keyboard. I realized then that Sammy, the piano player, had emerged from his coma and hauled himself up.

My adversary, evidently thinking that I, wounded and staggering, had fallen against the piano for support, pumped two shots in rapid succession into what he thought was my body. I heard Sammy slump slowly down.

Then a gun clattered heavily on the floor; footsteps receded rapidly. I was left alone.

I started groping for my gun on the floor. Surprisingly, the lights came on. A sharp voice spoke. "What you do here?"

Gun in hand, I turned. Nick Skulis stood staring at me.

"What for you shoots Sammy?" he demanded.

"I didn't shoot Sammy," I barked. "What I want to know is how you got here so fast."

Skulis shrugged. "I pass door and see locks on ground. Think something screwball, so I come in."

Wearily, I marched Skulis into his office. At no time did I let him forget the gun I held in my hand. I picked up the telephone, dialed and asked for Captain Hogarth.

A voice inquired who it was that wanted him. I gave my name. Finally Hogarth's rough voice came over the wire. "Where are you, Knight? We've been combing the town for you. Ames is here with me. We're at the Callahan house on Pine Street."

"I'm at the Golden Calf. Have you found the girl?"

"Yes, we've found her," Hogarth answered. "She's here. You stay right where you are until I can send an officer to pick you up."

"The hell with you!" I shouted. "I'll be there before your flatfoot is out the door." And I flung the receiver onto its cradle and yelled at Skulis, "Get going, ghoul! This is the pay-off."

HALF-WAY up the walk to Gorgeous's house, Sid Ames met us. He took my arm.

"Get hold of yourself, Johnny boy," he said. "I've got some rough news."

My heart sank. "Then Gorgeous is . . . ?" I couldn't finish.

"Yes."

"But Hogarth told me she was here."

"She is," Ames said sadly. "We brought her. You knew about the accident?"

"Yes," I answered dully. "But it wasn't any accident. It was . . ."

"Take it easy, Johnny. I know how you feel about it. But we've got a job to do. Let's get it done."

"What about Mike?" I asked.

"He's in the hospital. He hasn't regained consciousness, but the doctors say he'll probably pull through."

"Then he can identify the killer?"

"We won't wait for that, Johnny. I've known since early this morning. But I couldn't prove a thing. The only way that I could get all the people I needed here tonight was through the cooperation of the cops."

As we were about to mount the steps Ames again laid his hand on my arm. "I know what I'm doing, Johnny," he said quietly. "Don't start throwing punches in there. Right now I think they're worried. They're all sitting around as if they were at a wake— Oh, I'm sorry."

"Don't be, Sid," I answered. "In a sense it is a wake. She was gay and gentle—and very Irish. I think she would have liked the idea of it—a wake for a lady."

TOGETHER we went on into the house. Ames perched on the living-room table. Tony Farino sat on his right. Next to him sat Big Nose, and then Hymie.

"There has been a design running through this series of murders," Ames finally spoke. "The murderer attempts each time to shift the blame and cast suspicion directly on someone else: The missing contract from Madigan's office, the red hairs clutched in Mrs. Madigan's hand, the Callahan confession."

"And if you want another one," I cut in dryly, "you can add the fact that I was to have been bumped off at the Golden Calf. It didn't work out that way."

"Nothing worked out quite like the murderer intended," Ames replied. "But it was from no lack of either clever planning or persistent trying. From his point of view it was probably bad luck."

"All right, who had all this bad luck?" Captain Hogarth demanded.

Ames did not answer him directly. "There was also a second, seemingly minor, pattern involved," he continued. "That was in the telephone calls. What bothered me was that the first pattern indicated a careful planner and a daring executer, whereas the second pointed to a crafty, sly person. Finally I realized that we had two separate and unrelated patterns to think about!"

"What about Farino's thumbprint at the Madigan house?"

"That print," Ames said, "is going to hang the murderer."

For a moment there was no sound in the room. Then Ames turned to Ward Wyeth. He said, "Wyeth, I can give you a break and wait until your attorney, Mr. Langhorn, gets here before going on if you'd prefer it."

Wyeth quickly stammered. "B—b—break? Why should I want any break? I'm not implicated."

"Wyeth," Ames said crisply, "I'm surprised the cops haven't had you figured out before this. You always hated your stepfather, and your mother was just somebody to lavish money and attention on you."

"That's a lie!" Wyeth shouted, his face white.

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BOOK

WAKE FOR A LADY

"Wyeth has had it in for the O'Hara girl for weeks," Ames continued. "The night of the contest he followed her to the cleaning shop in his car. With him was a girl named Bloomquist. He stopped at an all-night drug store. There was only one call from the telephone in the store between one and two o'clock. It was made to the Madigan home at exactly one twenty-five. He made that call to his mother. He could have gone back to the shop. There was plenty of time.

"There were two more calls made after the second killing, one to the police and the other to Miss O'Hara. Both were made from the house, as I suspect you've found." Hogarth nodded. "Wyeth made them, conforming to pattern."

"You can't prove a word of this," Wyeth interrupted.

"Don't bet on it," Ames answered. "Or that I can't prove you were the one who dropped Knight down the chute and planted the red hairs in his fist as well as in your mother's. You're hooked."

Flanked by a couple of assistants, Hogarth approached the cowering Wyeth.

"Ward Wyeth," he roared, "I arrest you for the murder of . . ."

A heavy footstep sounded in the hallway. It was followed by a booming voice which interrupted with, "Here, here! What is this about murder? You can't do this, Captain. Mr. Wyeth is *my* client."

I rose and quietly slipped into an adjacent room just as Lawyer Evans Langhorn strode in.

I WAS in a large bedroom. A floor-lamp directed its dim light in such a fashion as to outline indistinctly the room's furniture.

Across the room I could distinguish a bed against a wall, and on that bed a recumbent figure. I forced myself toward it.

Gorgeous lay there as lovely as I had ever seen her. Her eyes, which were open, appeared to regard me solemnly. I backed away. Then an awesome thing happened. The lovely green eyes appeared to be obliquely following my retreating figure.

Before I could recover from this shock, the miracle occurred. The luscious red lips parted and spoke. "Johnny."

I rushed to the bedside again. "Gorgeous!" I cried. "You are alive. Alive and unharmed!"

"Yes, Johnny," she replied. "The car caught in a crevice after it had fallen only a few feet. Uncle Michael, poor dear, hit his head against the windshield but I wasn't scratched."

"But they told me that . . . How could Ames, how could you, have let me believe such a thing?"

"Poor Johnny, I'm sorry. But there was no other way. You were lost somewhere and Ames wanted to set a trap for—for the murderer."

"He could have told me outside," I said bitterly.

"Please, Johnny!" It was a command. "You must speak quietly. And you must leave quickly. *He* may come any minute." Then her voice filled with panic. "Someone is coming now. Quick! Hide!"

A tall folding screen stood some five feet from the foot of the bed. I darted behind it. I heard then the slow turning of the knob of a door.

The figure quietly closed the door. He advanced to the bed and stood looking down at Gorgeous.

"You are truly beautiful, my dear," he said. "You were made for gaiety and pleasure. But you decided to think."

He turned as if leaving. Then swiftly he swung about. "Could it be possible that I saw movement in those lovely breasts?" he whispered. He bent lower over her.

Suddenly her eyes were open. "Yes, I am alive, Mr. Langhorn. You see, you didn't kill me, after all."

Evans Langhorn came erect, his huge figure towering over her. "So I see, my dear. A very grievous mistake. One to be rectified." Without warning he whipped out a little automatic, and then in a voice icily menacing he called, "And you behind that screen, you can come out. With your hands above your head." I obeyed.

As cool as he was, I gave him a shock. He had thought that I was on the floor at the Golden Calf. But he quickly regained his aplomb.

"Ah, Mr. Knight," he said slowly. "You prove surprisingly indestructible. Now I will have *two* jobs to do over again. A great pity."

"Langhorn," I countered, "you can't get away with it. Ames and the police are in the next room." I started toward him.

He retreated a few steps. "Make any sort of outcry, either of you," he whispered sharply, "or you, Knight, come one step nearer, and I shoot."

I kept right on toward him.

"You mistake my meaning," he warned. "Take one more step and I shoot not you, Knight, *but the girl.*"

That stopped me. For he meant it —there was no doubt about that. He was a killer—a ruthless murderer.

"You two will go out the back way with me," he continued rapidly. "We will pick up my car and be out of here before any of us are missed. Skulis will create a diversion to see that we have a start."

"So Skulis is your man Friday?" I asked.

"Of course. You will move now, please."

Gorgeous swung her legs over the side of the bed.

"And you are the mysterious owner of the Golden Calf?" I asked.

"Yes, certainly," Langhorn snapped.

Damn it, where was Ames anyhow? This was supposed to be a trap. Well, the murderer was in it! And he was walking away with the bait.

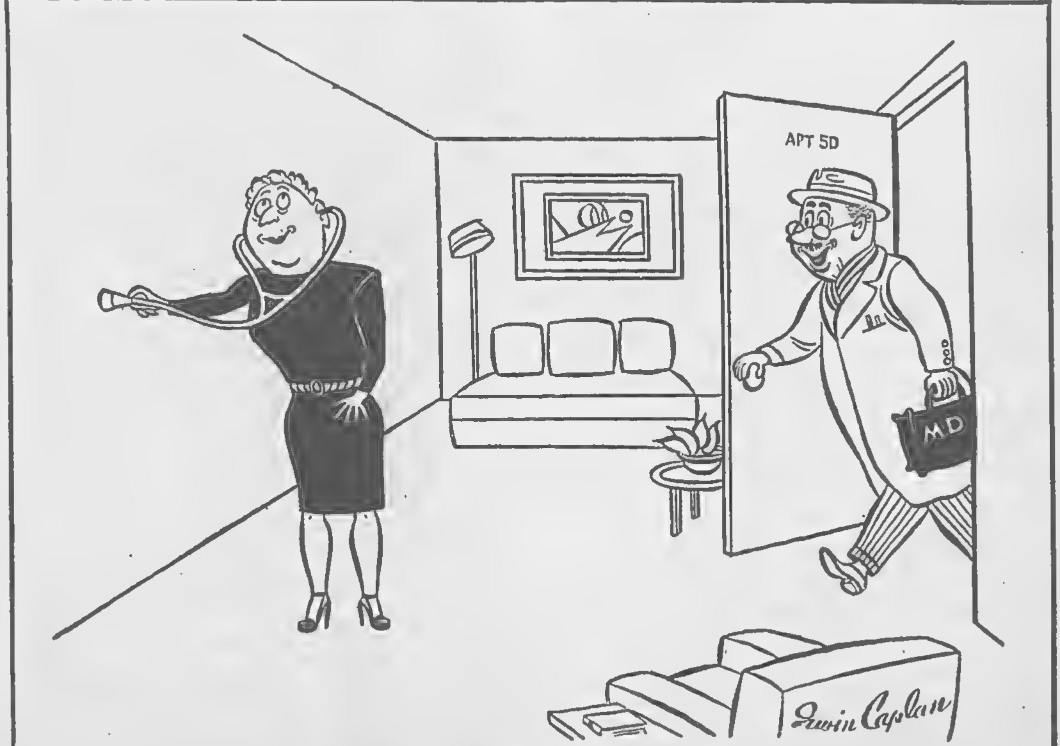
Langhorn had been maneuvering into position to herd us out the door. "This is your last warning," he snapped. "Move."

Suddenly behind us a voice spoke: "Drop that gun, Langhorn, and reach for the ceiling."

Sid Ames stood in the other doorway. But Langhorn did not drop his gun. Instead, he shouted, "I'll shoot the girl!" Then he fired.

He wasn't fast enough, for she had somersaulted over the bed and onto the floor.

Two more shots were fired, only one of them from Langhorn's gun. The other came from the doorway where Ames, gun in hand, was closing his murderer's trap.



"Good evening, dear, anything new?"

LIBERTY

Charles Evans Langhorn, lawyer, criminologist and murderer, drew himself up to his full height, calmly gazed at the group now crowding into the doorway—and then plunged forward on his face in death.

"WILL they let us see Uncle Michael?" Gorgeous asked. Ames assured her they would. The three of us were driving to the hospital.

"What first put you on to Langhorn?" I asked him.

"Several things in connection with your visit to his place," he replied. "A normally orderly man throwing his clothing on a chair indicated that Farino had upset him more than he admitted. His tossing you out on Skulis's arrival pointed in the same direction. But it was his failure to mention that Tony had left via the back door without bothering to open it that really . . ."

"So that's where Farino got cut and mussed up?"

"Yes. We got him to admit tonight that he and the counselor had quite a row and that when Langhorn threatened to call the police, Tony went right through a glass door. But it was really something May said which made me certain that Langhorn was our man. She said that, the night of the first murder, Madigan and Langhorn had left the hall together."

"I suppose that after he dropped Madigan he later went back to the shop," I surmised.

"He must have gone back to try a little polite blackmail," Ames replied. "Langhorn, being a big spender, had, I suspect, been putting the bite on Spike Madigan for years. Maybe Spike was beginning to ask for a little of it back. The lawyer didn't like it, so on the way home the night of the beauty contest he probably decided to go back and do something about it.

"He must have missed Gorgeous by seconds. But finding the safe open and being fairly certain that his I.O.U.'s were in it, he figured that this was his chance. I doubt if he had much compunction about killing Spike. Then in the safe he found not only his own laundry tickets, but a big pile of moola in cash and a will. After he had rifled the safe he saw the paper on Madigan's desk."

Gorgeous stirred restlessly. "I signed the contract in Mr. Madigan's office, you know," she said.

"That's right," Ames answered. "I never doubted it, but I couldn't figure how it turned up in Farino's possession. Tonight he told us Langhorn, wanting to throw suspicion on someone, mailed the contract to him on the way home that night."

"Why did he kill Mrs. Madigan?" Gorgeous asked.

"He called on Mrs. Madigan that first afternoon. He made it plain to her that if the copy of the new will was missing from the safe he had the only other copy in his office file. Actually he knew that he had both copies. Moreover, he probably intimated that if Mrs. Madigan still had the original will and cared to file it for probate, she would fare much better—provided that the later will never turned up. It didn't take her long to catch the drift. All she needed worry about was how to get the other copy from Langhorn. He said she could have it—at his price."

"I can imagine that was plenty," I said.

"You're right. She stalled for time. He came back the next night for his answer—and didn't like what he heard. Mrs. Madigan had figured out that the only reason he could have been so certain the arrangement he proposed was a safe one was that he had both copies of the will. That could mean only one thing—that he had killed Spike. She took the play away from him, and he made his decision on the spot."

AMES'S voice was beginning to sound tired now. "Langhorn was both an egotist and an opportunist. Here was a chance to put both murders onto Tony Farino. He had earlier that day secured Farino's fingerprints on his cigarette-case. I did the same thing myself later to be certain. Being a student of criminology, Langhorn knew that system of print transference. My guess is that he intended to plant Farino's prints in Madigan's office and then have them discovered later. Here was a better use for them. He left Tony's thumbprint right beside Mrs. Madigan's body. Everything looked fool-proof to him. But he didn't figure on as good a man as Cary being around."

"I can't understand why Mr. Langhorn would want to kill me," Gorgeous interjected.

"You said something at lunch that scared him," Ames replied. "You stated that only two people could know the truth about that contract—you and the murderer. He was afraid you had worked the answer out—and he couldn't afford to take chances. He probably considered Mike's walking in as another piece of his providential luck. He could make your uncle the murderer through a phony confession."

We were almost at the hospital. Gorgeous sighed and put her head on the back of the seat between us. "Do you suppose Uncle Michael will be up and about before I—before I . . ." She finished with a rush. ". . . before I leave for Hollywood?"

"Do you still want to go there?" I asked quietly.

A prolonged silence followed that question. Finally Veronica Gorgeous O'Hara gave me her answer. "I don't know," she said haltingly. "Before all these terrible things happened it was the only thing in life I wanted. Now I'm not so certain. Oh, Johnny, wouldn't it be awful if it turned out that I *didn't* want to go now?"

It wouldn't be awful at all, I thought. No, not at all.

THE END

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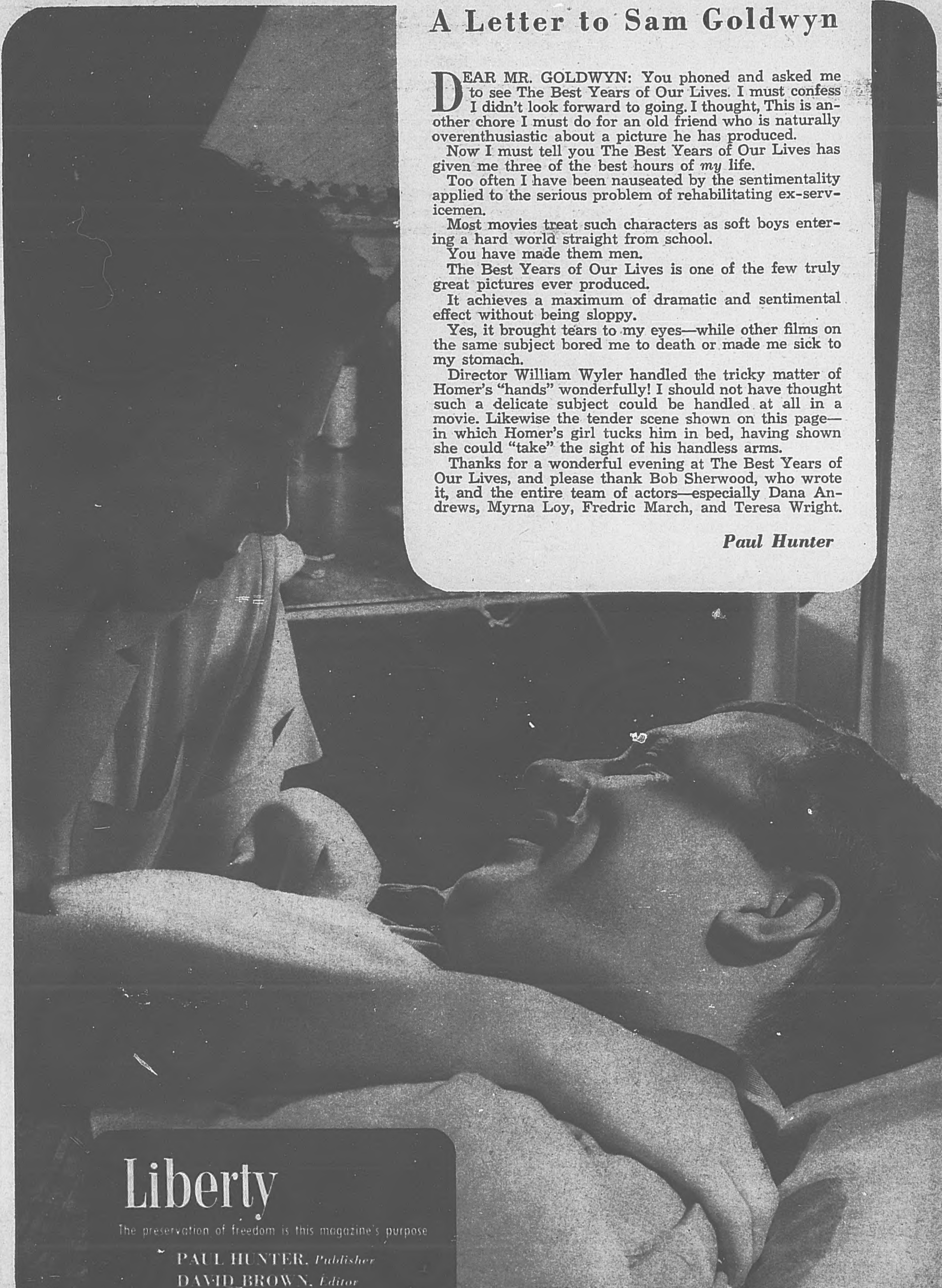
It achieves a maximum of dramatic and sentimental effect without being sloppy.

Yes, it brought tears to my eyes—while other films on the same subject bored me to death or made me sick to my stomach.

Director William Wyler handled the tricky matter of Homer's "hands" wonderfully! I should not have thought such a delicate subject could be handled at all in a movie. Likewise the tender scene shown on this page—in which Homer's girl tucks him in bed, having shown she could "take" the sight of his handless arms.

Thanks for a wonderful evening at The Best Years of Our Lives, and please thank Bob Sherwood, who wrote it, and the entire team of actors—especially Dana Andrews, Myrna Loy, Fredric March, and Teresa Wright.

Paul Hunter



Liberty

The preservation of freedom is this magazine's purpose

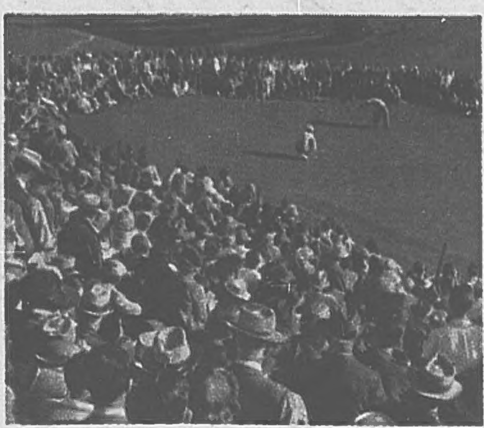
PAUL HUNTER, *Publisher*
DAVID BROWN, *Editor*

APRIL 26, 1947

Short, short story for golfers

1864 **If you're one** of this country's millions of golfers, here's how you got that way: 83 years ago, when Corby's had been a well-known Canadian whiskey name for six years, the first golf club was formally organized in England.

1913 **Through the years,** Englishmen perfected the game, but only a few Americans played golf. Then in 1913, when Corby's reached its 55th year of Canadian fame, a Boston caddy defeated the world's top players in match play.



1935 **Golf was news** in Corby's 77th year as a great Canadian name. There were 5,727 courses and 13 million players in the U.S. An American golfer had won the British Open, British Amateur, U.S. Open and U.S. Amateur in a single season.

CORBY'S
Reserve
N Corby
BLENDED WHISKEY

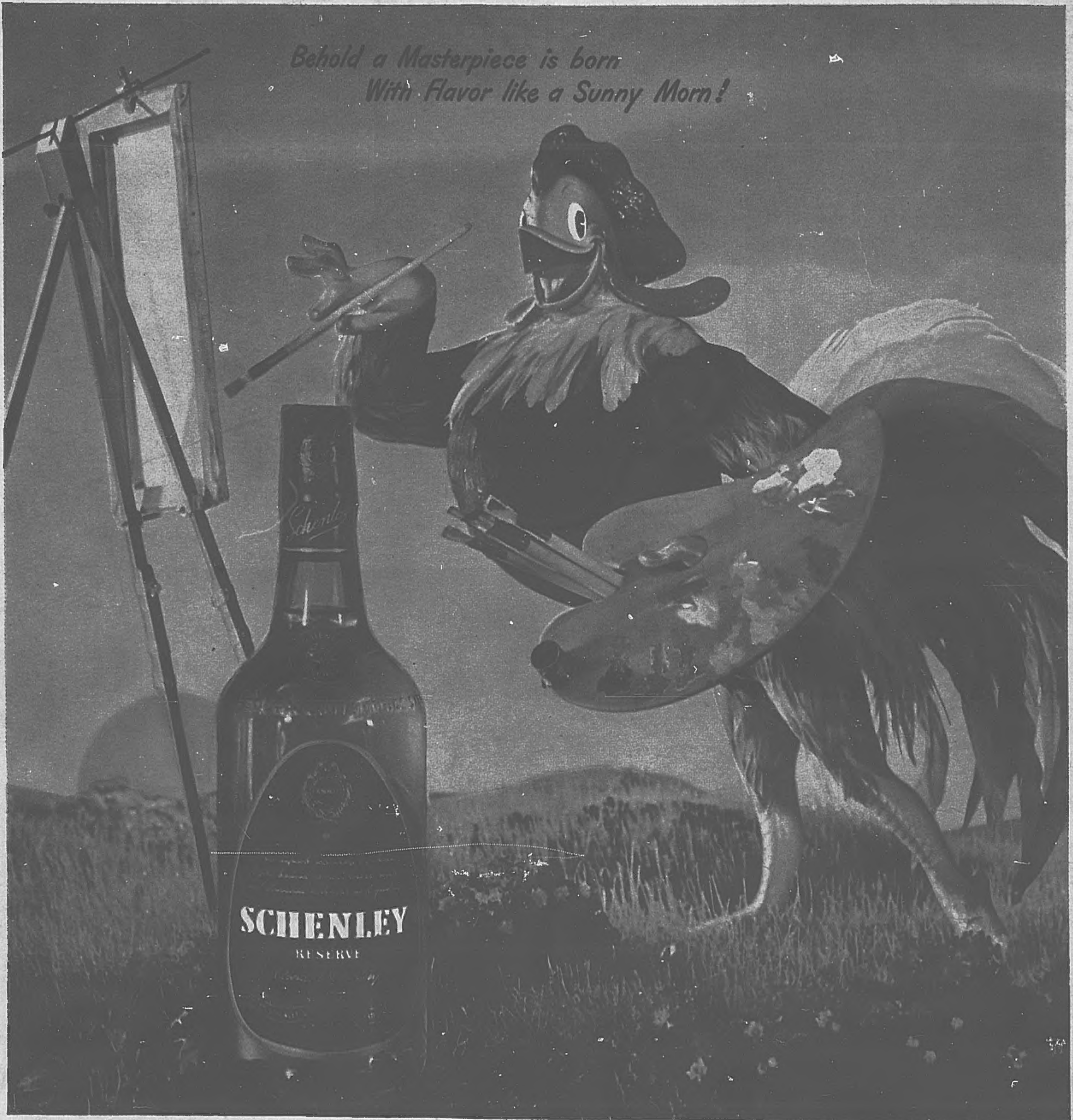
1947 **Got an urge** to get out on the links? If so, you're like millions of others who are expected this year to bring U.S. golf back to its 1935 peak. And to toast an exceptional round, *you'll make a happy choice if you select Corby's.* Light, sociable Corby's is as *perfect as par* for favorite drinks. Next time you stop at your bar or package store, ask for the whiskey with a grand old Canadian name.

Look for me on every Corby's bottle

CORBY'S

A Grand Old Canadian Name

PRODUCED IN U. S. A. *under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender*
86 Proof—68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits—Jas. Barclay & Co., Limited, Peoria, Ill.



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QUALITY

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